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THE
HYMNAL

of the
Reformed Church in the United States.

A Selection of Hymns and Tunes

for

→ CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. ←

Prepared by a Committee appointed by

THE GENERAL SYNOD.

"Praise ye the Lord, Praise God in His Sanctuary."

CLEVELAND, O.:

CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE REFORMED CHURCH,
1134—1138 Pearl Street.

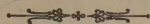
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By the

GENERAL SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

PREFACE.



The Committee, to whom was intrusted the work of preparing a Hymnal for the use of "The Reformed Church in the United States", has endeavored faithfully to abide by the instructions given at the time of its appointment at the meeting of the General Synod at Akron, Ohio, June 1887, viz: "To prepare such a Collection as may, in the judgment of the committee, be best adapted to the needs of the Reformed Church in the United States."

In now presenting to the Church the results of its long and arduous labors, the committee desires, first of all, to return most devout thanks to the great Head of the Church for His most gracious guidance and help, and to pray that this Collection of hymns of praise may, for many years to come, redound to His increasing glory in the service of the Sanctuary; and furthermore to express the hope that this Hymnal may prove to be truly suited to the needs of the people of the Reformed Church, and be abundantly blessed to their spiritual edification and profit.

To choose from the vast amount of material at hand, and to decide what hymns should be admitted to the Collection and what excluded, has been no easy task. On a careful examination, however, it will be found that very few, if any, of the good old hymns, endeared to our people from long usage, have been omitted; while on the other hand the claims of the more valuable amongst the modern and popular compositions have by no means been disregarded.

In preparing this Collection, the aim has been not only to choose the best hymns, but also to select the best music available (some of it at a very considerable cost for copyright privileges), and furthermore so to adapt the tunes to the words as at once to gratify a cultivated literary and musical taste, and to insure the hearty enjoyment of the people. Of necessity by far the larger number of tunes are old. They have been so long in use, and are so enshrined in the best affections of God's people, that to omit them would have been a serious offense. At the same time, also, much of the music will be found to be new. A vast number of so-called "popular tunes", whose favor is as surprising as it is ephemeral, have been studiously avoided; but those tunes of a more recent composi-

tion which appear to possess permanent and intrinsic value, have been as carefully admitted.

It is now the pleasant duty of the Committee to acknowledge the uniform courtesy and kindness of many brethren in the ministry, and amongst the laity of the Church, during the preparation of this work, and more particularly to express their obligation to the following persons—

To Mr. H. T. Buckley, organist of Third Street Reformed Church, Easton, Pa.: to Mrs. H. M. Kieffer, of Easton, Pa.: and to Miss Lizzie May Fitz, of Martinsburg, West Va., for valuable assistance in the musical part of the work.

To Bishop J. H. Vincent; to Miss Alice Nevin; to Dr. E. P. Parker; to Professors J. H. Kurzenknebe, E. C. Zartman, Fred. Schilling and Ira D. Sankey for special privileges in the use of tunes of their composition.

To the following musical composers and publishers for permission to use tunes of their composition or ownership — Oliver Ditson & Co., Biglow & Main, John Church & Co., Mrs. Sarah N. Holbrook, Mrs. Lizzie Tourgee Estabrook, Mr. U. C. Burnap, Mr. Theo. E. Perkins, Mr. John R. Sweney, Mr. Wm. G. Fischer; also to The Publication Board of the Reformed Church for permission to use the hymns composed by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Nevin, and for all music selected from "Tunes for Worship" by Prof. Henry Schwing.

And finally to Prof. Henry Schwing both for permission to use music of his composition, and for his valued services in editing the musical part of this collection.

May this Hymnal commend itself to the people of the Reformed Church in the United States. May it soon become the one book of praise in common use throughout all sections of the Church. And may God abundantly bless it to His service for many years to come.

H. M. KIEFFER,
J. A. HOFFHEINS,
JOHN M. SCHICK,
H. H. W. HIBSHMAN.

NOTICE.—Many hymns and tunes in this collection, as well as the arrangements and adaptations of music, are introduced "by permission", either purchased or given; and, therefore, can not be used without the consent of the authors or owners of the Copyrights.

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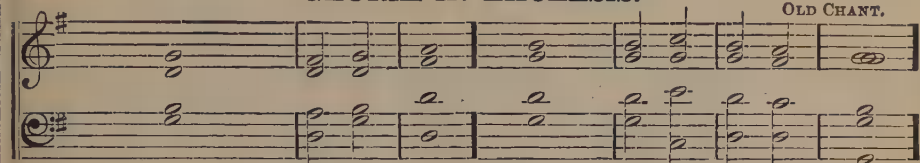
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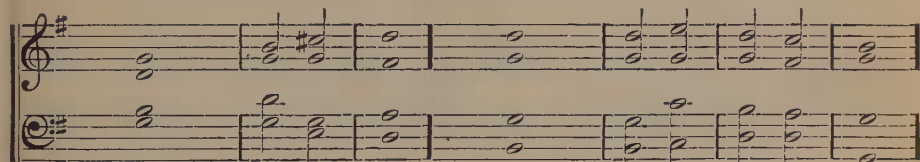
Reformed Church in the U. S.

I GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

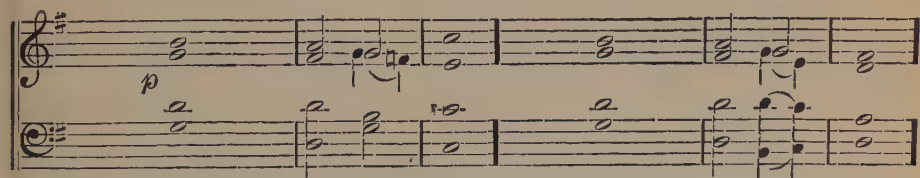
OLD CHANT.



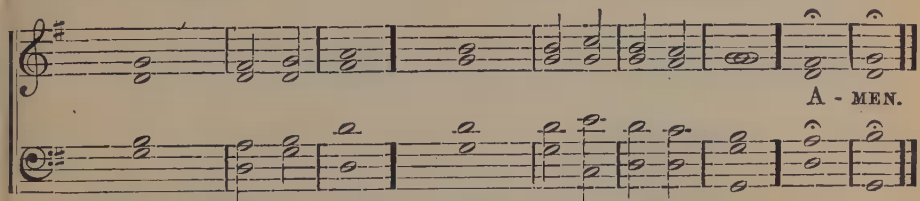
GLORY be to | God on | high: || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee: || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King: || God the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of God,
| Son — | of the | Father,



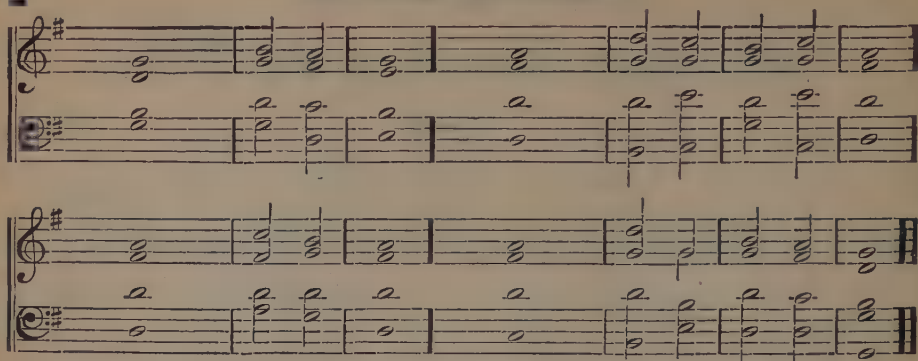
That takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on — | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on — | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: || have mercy up- | on — | us.



A - MEN.

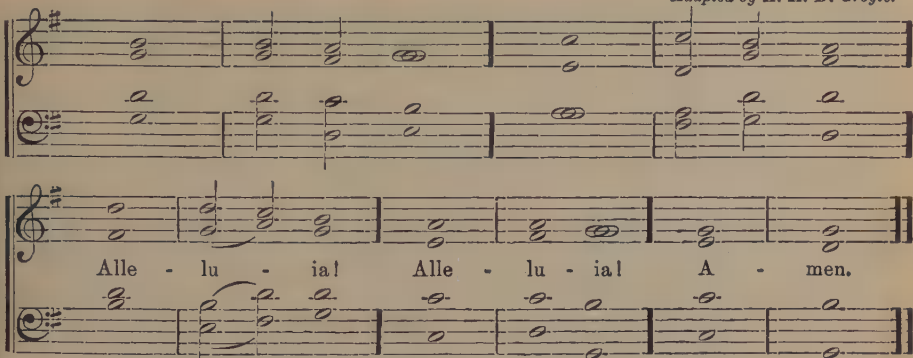
For Thou only | art — | Holy: || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost: || art most high in the | glory of
| God the | Father. || A - MEN.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.



1. We praise | Thee, O | God ; || We acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.
2. To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud : || the heavens and | all the | powers there- | in.
To Thee Cherubim and | Sera- | phim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
3. Holy, holy, holy Lord | God of | Sabaoth, || heaven and earth are full of the |
majesty | of Thy | glory.
The glorious company of the apostles | praise— | Thee : || the goodly fellow-
ship of the | prophets | praise— | Thee :
4. The noble army of martyrs | praise— | Thee : || the holy Church throughout
all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | Thee,
The | Fa— | ther, || of an | infinite | Majes- | ty ;
5. Thine adorable, true, and | only | Son : || Also, the | Holy | Ghost, the |
Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, | O— | Christ : || Thou art the everlasting | Son—
| of the | Father.
6. When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst humble
Thyself to be | born— | of a | virgi
When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || Thou didst open the
kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
7. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to | be our | Judge : || we therefore pray
Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious
| blood.
8. Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting.
O Lord, | save Thy | people, || and | bless— | Thy— | heritage.
9. Gov- | ern— | them, || and | lift them | up for- | ever.
Day by day we | magnify | Thee : || And we worship Thy name ever, | world
with- | out— | end.
10. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.
O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us, || have | mer- — | cy up- | on us.
11. O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust is | in— | Thee.
O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted : || let me | never | be con- | founded.

THE STRAIN UPRaise.

Adapted by A. H. D. Troyte.

- 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | lu-ia!
To the glory of their king shall the ransomed | people sing,
|| Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 2 And the choirs that | dwell on high,
Shall re-echo | through the sky, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 3 They in the rest of Para- | dise who dwell,
The blessed ones with joy the | chorus swell, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 4 The planets glitt'ring on their | heavenly way,
The shining constellations, | join and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on | pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings, | wildly bright,
|| In sweet con- | sent unite || Your Alle- | luia!
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost, and | summer glow,
|| Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious | forests sing, || Alle- | luia!
- 7 First let the birds with painted | plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's | praise and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 8 Then let the beasts of earth, with | varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn and | cry again, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | norous, || Alle- | luia!
|| There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus, || Alle- | luia!
- 10 Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean cry, || Alle- | luia!
|| Ye tracts of earth, and conti- | nents, reply || Alle- | luia!
- 11 To God, who all cre- | ation made,
The frequent hymn be | duly paid: || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | mighty loves: || Alle- | luia!
|| This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ, the | King approves:
|| Alle- | luia!
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | wakening, || Alle- | luia!
|| And children's voices echo, answer | making, || Alle- | luia!
- 14 Now from all men | be outpoured || Alleluia | to the Lord;
|| With Alleluia, | evermore || the Son and Spirit | we adore.
- 15 Praise be done to the | Three in One. | Alle- | luia!
|| Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia! || Amen.

4

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANÇ.

1. Thee we a-dore, e-ter-nal Lord, We praise Thy name with one ac-cord;
Thy saints, who here Thy good-ness see, Thro' all the world do wor-ship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord, we trust in Thee;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be!

Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

5

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. Be Thou, O God, ex-alt-ed high; And as Thy glo-ry fills the sky,
So let it be on earth dis-played, Till Thou art here, as there, o-beyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 't is bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

6

ONIDO. 7s, D.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. God e-ter-nal, Lord of all! Lowly at Thy feet we fall: All the world doth worship Thee;

We a-midst the throng would be; All the ho-ly an-gels cry, Hail, thrice ho-ly,

God most high! Lord of all the heavenly pow'rs, Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise ;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy children here to do ?
With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine ;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy cross are heard to boast ;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them Thy cross would bear.
All Thy Church, in heaven and earth
Jesus, hail Thy spotless birth ;—
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among Thine own !

J. E. Millard, tr.

Sovereign Father, Heavenly King !
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

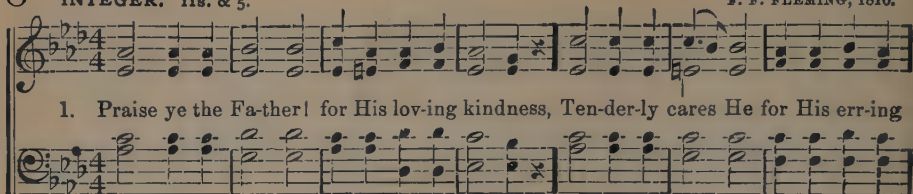
2 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
God of power, and God of love ;
Christ our Lord and God we own,—
Christ the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away ;
Powerful Advocate with God !
Justify us by Thy blood.
Hear, for Thou, O Christ ! alone
Art with Thy great Father One ;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee ;—
One supreme eternal Three.

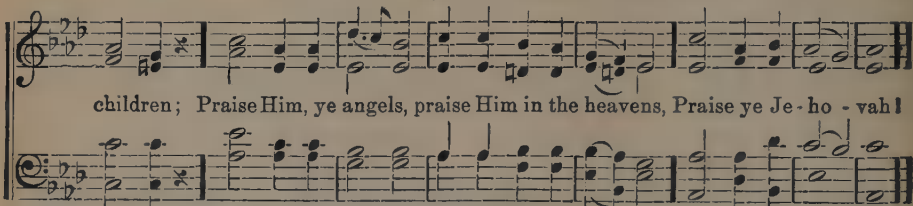
C. Wesley.

7

1 GLORY be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.



1. Praise ye the Fa-ther! for His lov-ing kindness, Ten-der-ly cares He for His err-ing



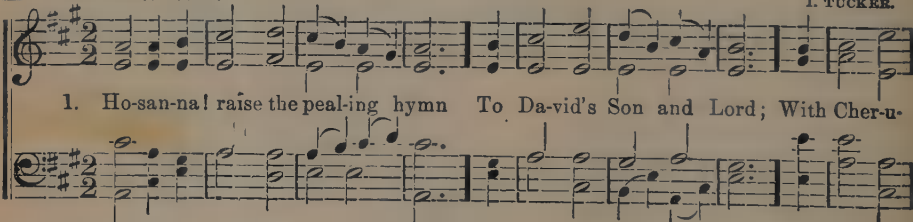
children; Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His
compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen
people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men
and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

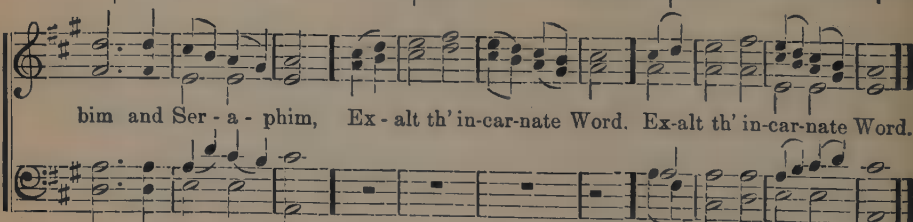
3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of
Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy
Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God!

DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



1. Ho-san-na! raise the peal-ing hymn To Da-vid's Son and Lord; With Cher-u-



bim and Ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' in-car-nate Word. Ex-alt th' in-car-nate Word.

2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

5 O Saviour! if redeemed by Thee
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.

1. { Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its fullness stored; } Hear'n is still with anthems ringing;
 { Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! }

Earth takes up the an - gele' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,
 And our love His gifts excite:
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most high!

R. Mont.

11 REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s.

H. SMART.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! best and sweet-est Of the hymns of praise a - bove! Al - le - lu - ia! thou re - peat-est,

An - gel host, these notes of love, This ye ut - ter, This ye ut - ter, While your gold - en harps ye move.

2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky!
 Alleluia! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
 We, poor exiles,
 Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn:
 Alleluia! sounds of sadness

Best become our state forlorn:
 Our offenses
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to Thee:
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Make us all Thy joys to see!
 Alleluia!

Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler. 1837.

12 SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { God bless the calm and ho - ly cheer, That ush - ers in the Christian year; } { Lifts us, with its mys -
And, what-so - e'er of gloom or shade, Sea - son or sor - row may have made, } { In - to the lights which

te - rious pow'r, Out of the dark and dy - ing hour } Round chil - dren of th' e - ter - nal day.
er - er play Round chil - dren of th' e - ter - nal day.

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Blest Advent of our ling'ring Lord!
How high the hope, how sure the word,
That thus, with every year's return,
Makes our dull hearts within us burn
For that long-sought and promised day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And Christ from highest heav'ns shall come
To take His waiting people home.

3 Since childhood's early hours, our eyes
Have watch'd the east for red'ningskies,
Year after year has Advent brought
Nearer to us the prize we sought;
But still it lingers—O that we
Were more prepared to welcome Thee!
Thine Advent, with its angel throng,
Would not be tarrying, Lord, so long.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1857.

13 ALTON. 3s, 7s, 4s.

HENRY SMART. 1868.

1. O'er the distant mountains breaking, Comes the red'ning dawn of day: Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking, Rise and sing, and watch
and pray;

Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

Tis thy Saviour, 'Tis thy Saviour, On His bright re - turn - ing way.

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lonely station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee:
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see.
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

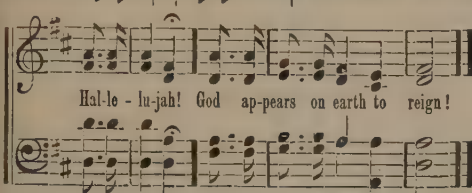
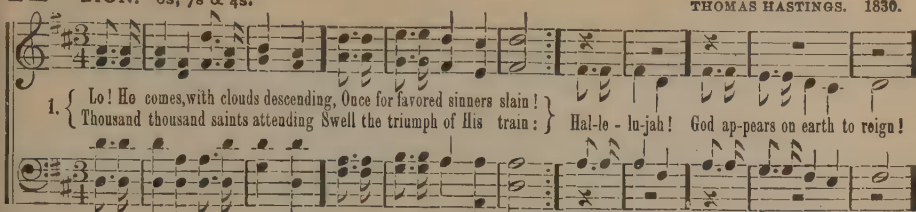
3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine,
When, O when, shall I the gladness

In Thy bright and promised land.
5 With my lamp well trimmed and
burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home:
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

J. S. B. Monsell.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

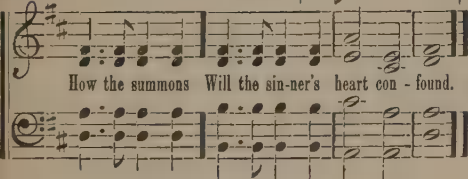
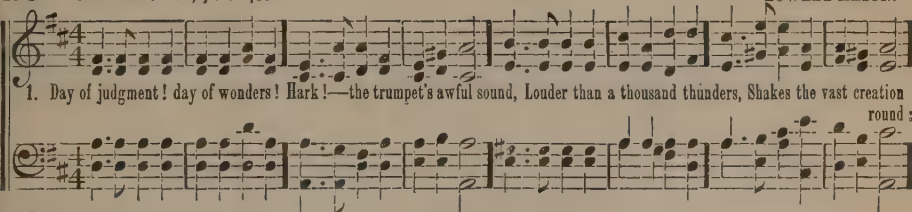
5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit
Take Thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
O come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down.

*Charles Wesley and John Cennick.
Altered by M. Madan.*

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, this God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His look, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say,—“Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall My love and glory know.”

John Newton. 1774.

16

GERTRUDE. C. M. 8 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1. Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be Up - on the heav'n's dis-played, And earth and its in - hab - i-tants Be

ter - ri - bly a - fraid: For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear, But girt with all Thy

Fa-ther's might, His judgment to de - clare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy holy hand?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

George W. Doane.

17

GROSTETE. L. M.

HENRY W. GREATORREX, 1849.

1. That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-way!

What pow'r shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead!—

3 Oh, on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hymn of 13th century.

18

MAGILL. 11s.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. A voice from the des-ert comes aw-ful and shrill; The Lord is ad-vanc-ing; pre-pare ye the way!

The word of His prom-ise He comes to ful-fill, And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

Per. T. E. PERKINS.

- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
He cometh! our King, our Redeemer is nigh!
- 3 The beams of salvation His progress illumine,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Drummond, 1585-1649.

19

BONAR. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1858.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come; And we shall be with those that rest
D. S.—wash me in Thy precious blood

Fine. Refrain.

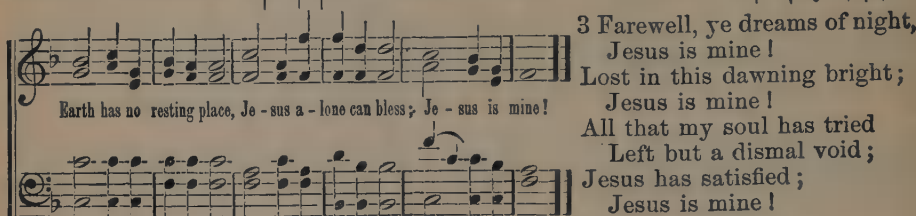
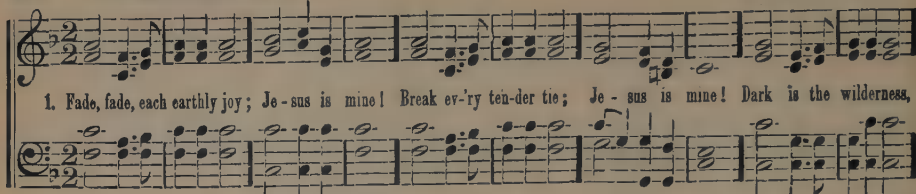
A—sleep with-in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O
And take my sins a-way.

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

- 2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—REF.
- 3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,

- A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—REF.
- 4 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.—REF.

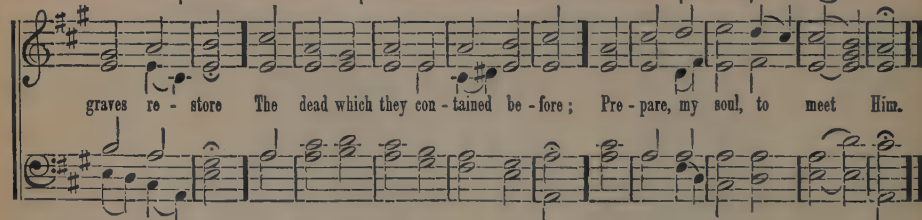
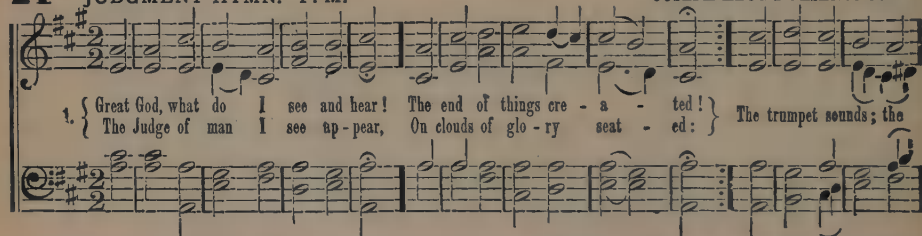
Horatius Bonar, 1857, ab.



2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

Mrs. Bonar.



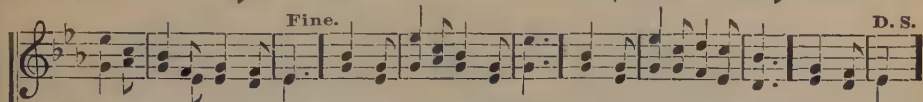
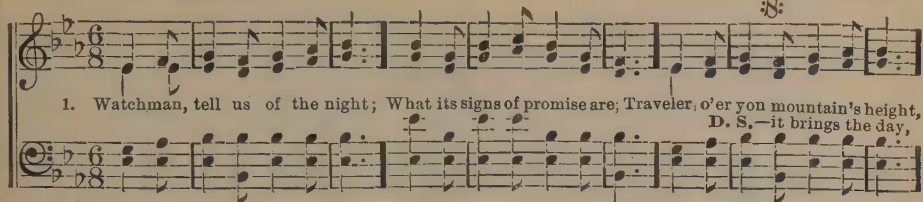
2 The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



See that glory-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell? Traveler, yes;
Promised day of Is-ra-el.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

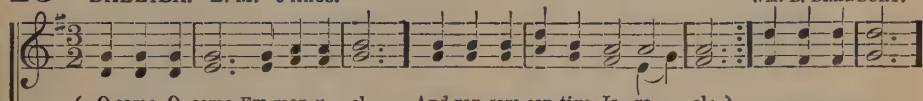
3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

John Bowring, 1836.

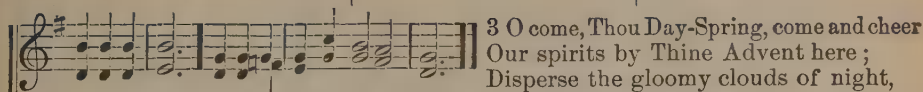
23

DALLIBA. L. M. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

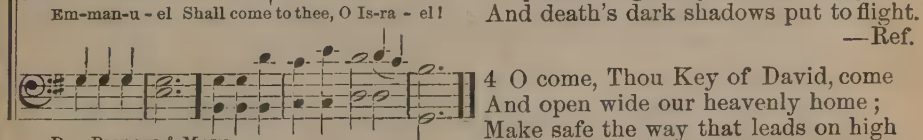


1. { O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el; } Re-joice! re-joice!
{ That mourns in low-ly ex-ile here, Un-till the Son of God ap-pear. }



Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el!

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
—Ref.



Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high
And close the path to misery.—Ref.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
—Ref.

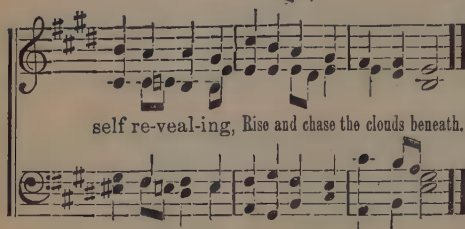
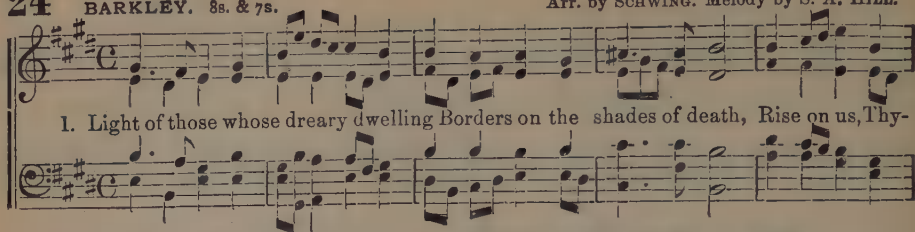
5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—Ref.

Latin Hymn, 12th century.

24

BARKLEY. 8s. & 7s.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by S. A. HILL.



2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;

Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Chas. Wesley, 1744.

25

1 Crown His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion, never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore Thee,
Thee, our Saviour; Thee, our God!
From His throne His beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

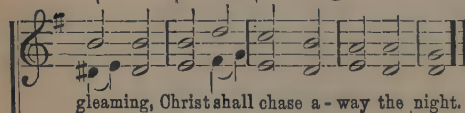
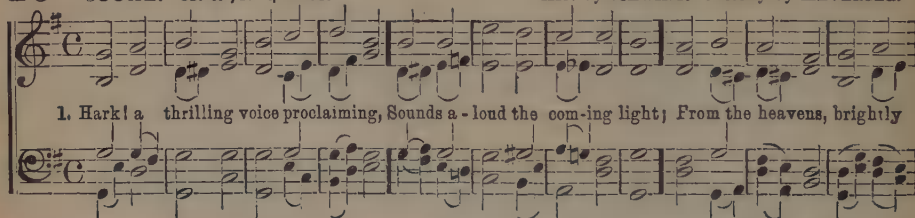
4 Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Wm. Good.

26

COOKE. 8s. & 7s. 4 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by HAVERGAL.



2 Souls, immersed in sin, and torpid,
Wounded by its venom'd stings,
Now shall rise: for lo! the Day-Star
Comes with healing in His wings.

3 From on high, the Lamb, commissioned
To remove our guilt, appears:

Let us all, to gain His pardon,
Pray with penitential tears—

4 That, when at His second Advent,
Clouds of glory mark His path,

And the world in fiery deluge
Sinks beneath His dreadful wrath;—

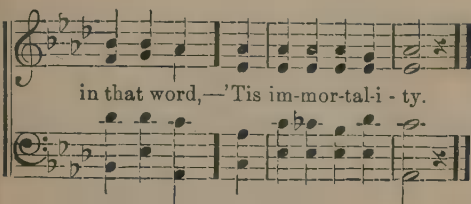
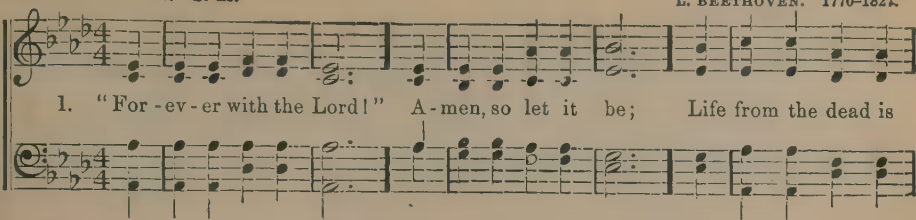
5 We may not for sins be driven
Exiles into endless doom,
But, beneath His strong protection
Sheltered, reach eternal home.

Ambrose.
Translated by E. E. Higbee.

27

GORTON. S. M.

L. BEETHOVEN. 1770-1827.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

6 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

7 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

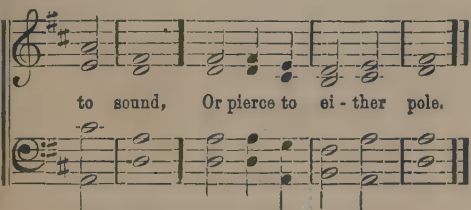
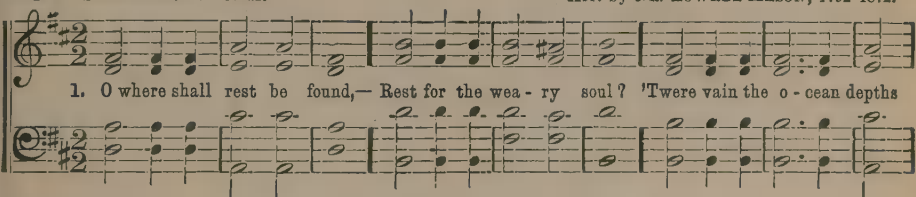
8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery. 1885.

28

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

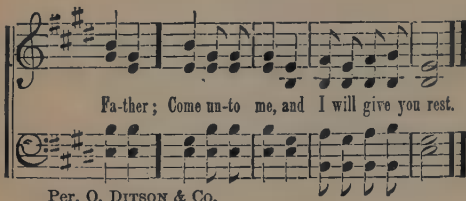
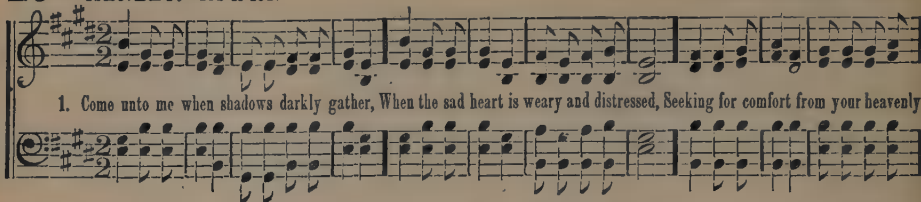
5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery. 1819.

29

HENLEY. IIS & IOS.

LOWELL MASON. 1854.



Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,

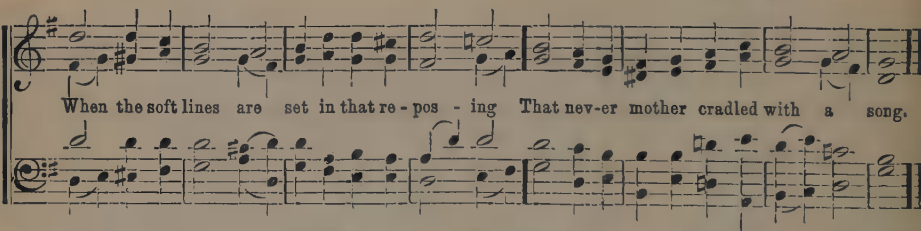
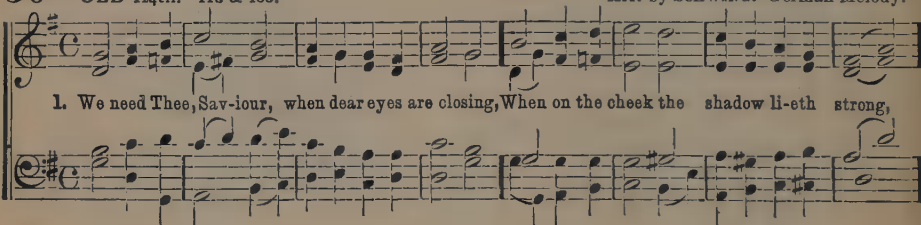
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

Mrs. C. H. Estlin, 1839.

30

OLD 124th. IIS & IOS.

Arr. by SCHWING. German Melody.

2 Then most we need the gentle human feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,And that great love divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

3 Then most we need the voice that while it weepeth

Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith—
“Weep not, thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth;

Only believe, for I have conquered death.”

4 Then most we need the thoughts of resurrection,

Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and woe,

But ever in the fulness of perfection,
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

5 Didst Thou not enter in when that cold sleeper

Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,

Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?6 Come to us, Saviour! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and helpless grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of resurrection,

Bring us the comfort of a true belief.

7 Come! with that human voice that breaks in weeping,

Come! with that awful tenderness divine,
Come! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,

But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

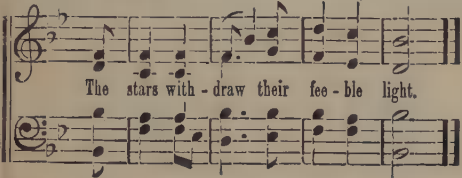
31

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. The Lord will come—the earth shall quake, The hills their fixed seat for - sake; And, withering from the vault of night,



The stars with - draw their fee - ble light.

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain,
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy,—“The Lord is come!”

Reginald Heber, 1811.

32

2 The Lord will come,—but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come,—a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,—
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,
Praise Him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne;
Though gloomy clouds His way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

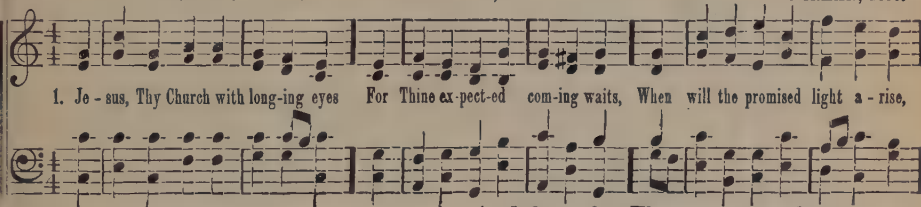
4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Isaac Watts.

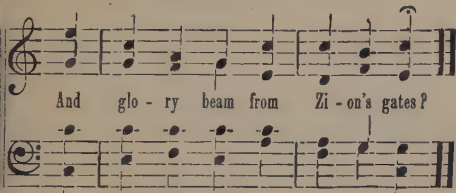
33

WINCHESTER. L. M.

GERMAN, 1690.



1. Jo - sus, Thy Church with long-ing eyes For Thine ex-pect-ed com-ing waits, When will the promised light a - rise,



And glo - ry beam from Zi - on's gates?

And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

Wm. H. Bathurst.

34

1 When shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, for Thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear:
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear,
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

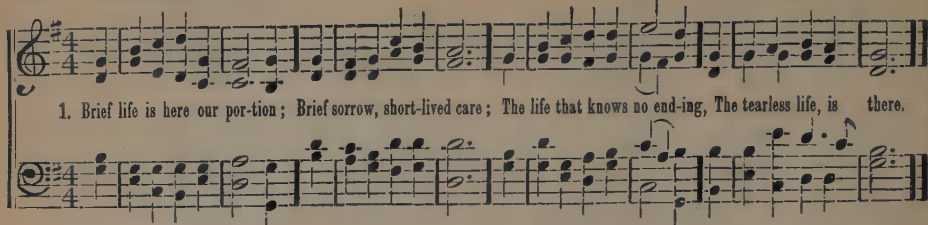
2 O come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

3 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;

35

ALPHEGE. 7s. & 6s.

REV. H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1806-1876.



1. Brief life is here our portion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no end-ing, The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

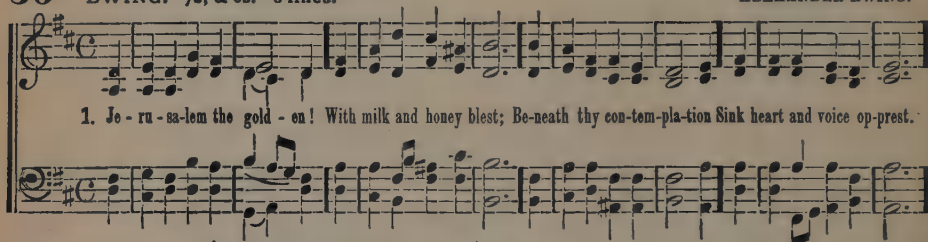
5 But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
7 There God, our king and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever
And worship face to face.

*Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Trans. Jno. M. Neale.*

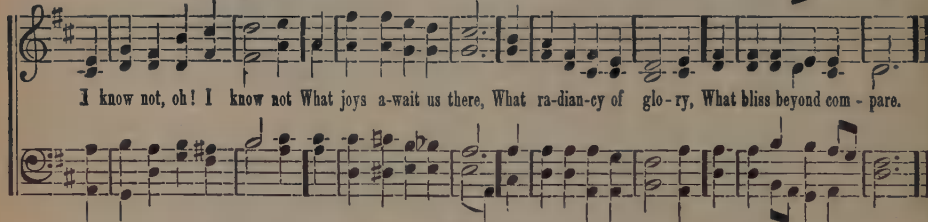
36

EWING. 7s. & 6s. 8 lines.

ALEXANDER EWING.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Be-neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-prest.



I know not, oh! I know not What joys a-wait us there, What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

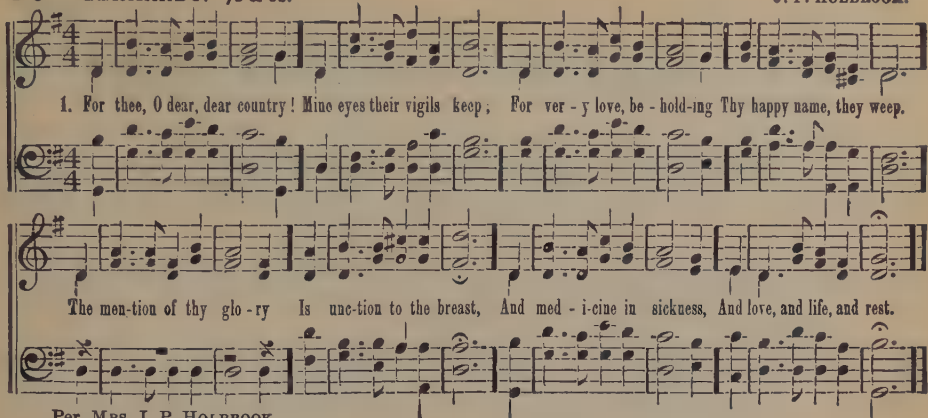
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

*Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Trans. Jno. M. Neale.*

37

GERHARDT. 7s & 6s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



Per. MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- 2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrim's far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

*Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Trans. J. M. Neale.*

38

- 1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.
- 4 O happy, holy portion,
Refec-tion for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest:
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light,
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

*Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Trans. Jno. M. Neale, 1861.*

39

SKYLES. S. M.

Arr. by Schwing. Choral.

1. Come, king-dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love! Shed peace, and hope, and joy,

a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;

And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family. *John Johns, 1837.*

40

1 O Saviour of our race,
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,
To this my longing heart!
2 Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart;
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.
3 Thou art the Life, O Lord,
Sole Light of life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.
4 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away;
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day. *Catharine Winkworth.*

41

AHIRA. S. M.

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil-lows take; Loud to the praise of Love di-

vine, Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;

Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

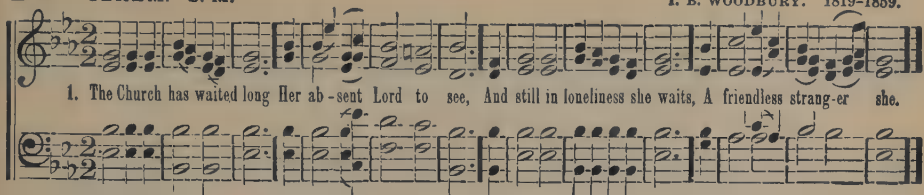
4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;

His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

5 Wait, till the shadows flee;
Wait thine appointed hour;
Wait, till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal His love with power.

6 The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But that it flowed for thee!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood ?
- 3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
- 6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

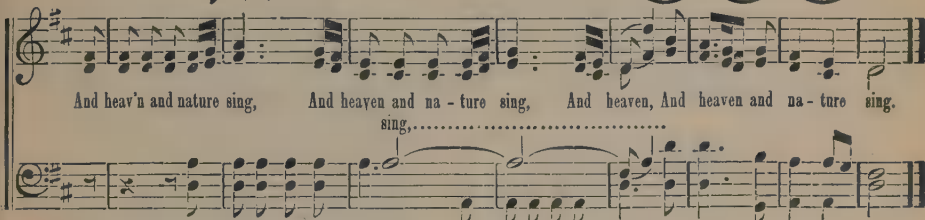
H. Bonar, 1856.

43

- 1 The Son of Man shall come
With angel hosts around,
'Mid darkening sun, and falling stars,
And trumpet's solemn sound.
- 2 Awake, ye slumbering souls,
It is no time for rest ;
He comes, as comes the lightning flash
Shining from east to west.
- 3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day ;
Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 4 Help us to wait the hour
In toil and holy fear,
When, manifested with Thy saints,
Thou shalt again appear.
- 5 Then, when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth Thine angel band
To gather us to Thee.

H. W. Beadon.

44



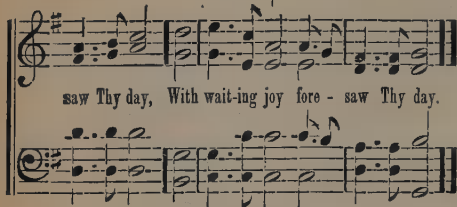
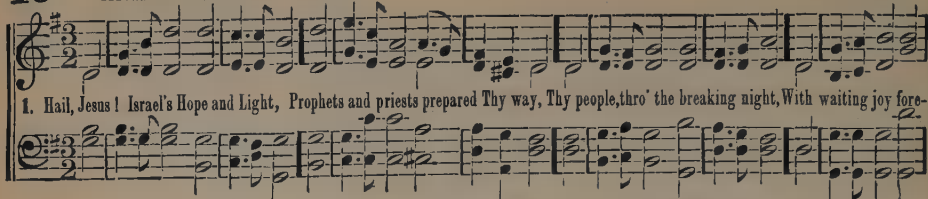
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
- 4 He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

45

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.

VANHALL.



- 2 By Jacob's Star the Gentiles found
Light on their mystic longings poured;
Wise men from dismal regions round
Bowed at Thy manger and adored.
- 3 Thy Advent, Lord revives the world;
Thy life shall waiting nations know;
The banner of Thy truth unfurled,
Shall glorious on the mountains glow.
- 4 The vales, where darkness lingers last,
Now kindle in prophetic light;
The morning breaks! for ever past
The fearful reign of ancient night.
- 5 Hail, glorious Advent! heavenly birth!
Shout, saints, in triumph Christ appears;

Good-will to men, and peace on earth,
Shall reign throughout the golden years.

46

1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh:
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Earth, air, and sea, with joy elate,
For their Creator's Advent wait;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

3 We, too, will greet our coming God,
And cleanse our hearts, and smooth the road—
And make within a place of rest,
Meet home for such a royal Guest.

4 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thine aid, like withering grass,
Man into nothingness must pass.

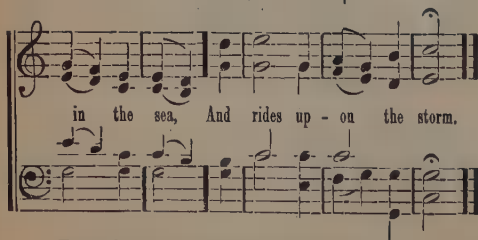
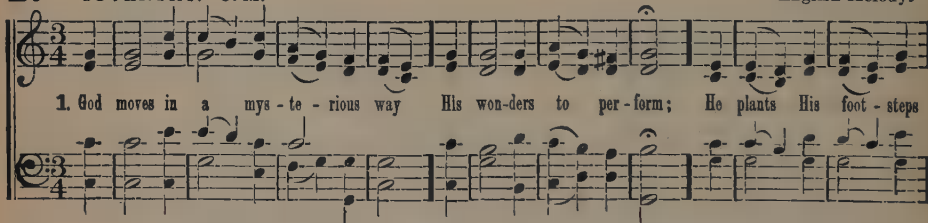
5 To heal the sick stretch forth Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Reveal Thy face and joy restore,
And make earth Paradise once more.

Latin Hymn.—Translated by J. Chandler.

English Melody.

47

COVENTRY. C. M.



- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

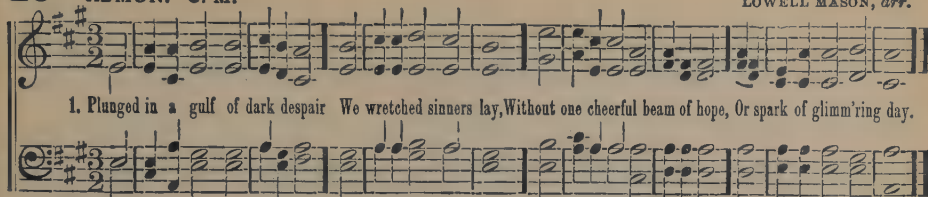
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1772.

48

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glim'm'ing day.

■ With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

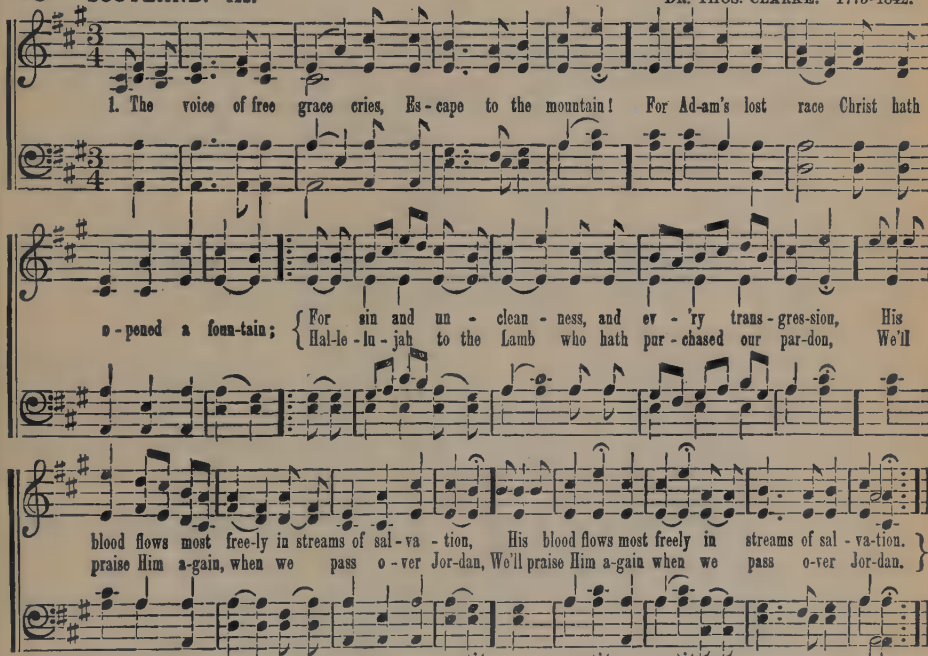
5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

49

SCOTLAND. 128.

DR. THOS. CLARKE. 1775-1842.



1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain! For Ad-am's lost race Christ hath

o-pened a foun-tain; { For sin and un-clean-ness, and ev-ry trans-gres-sion, His
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb who hath pur-chased our par-don, We'll

blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion.
praise Him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan, We'll praise Him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan. }

2 Ye souls that are wounded, oh, flee to the
Saviour,
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor!
Your sins are increasing, escape to the moun-
tain—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the
fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 O Jesus, ride onward, triumphantly glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, Thou art more than
victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congrega-
tion,

While angels and men raise the shout of salva-
tion.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to
the shore;

With harps in our hands, we'll praise Him
the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of
the river,

And sing of salvation forever and ever!

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

R. Burdsall.

50

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Fair vis - ion! how thy dis - tant gleam Brightens time's sad - dest hue:
Far fair - er than the fair - est dream, And yet how strange - ly true.

2 With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles:
Vain is the Tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

3 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain,
And welcome sorrow too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

4 Come crown and throne, come robe and
palm,
Burst forth, glad stream of peace:
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

5 When shall the clouds that veil thy
rays
Forever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
When shall thy gladness dawn?

Horatius Bonar.

51

1 Awake, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left His throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay. *Anne Steele.*

52

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely poured
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

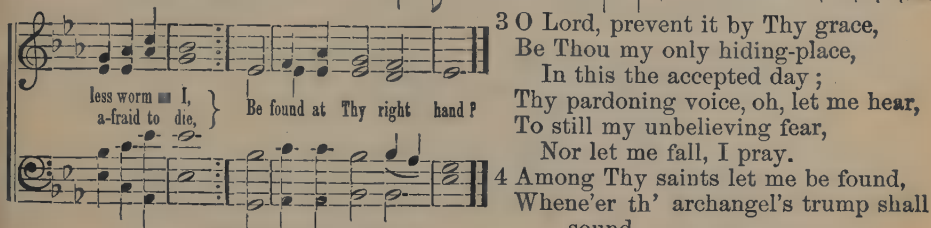
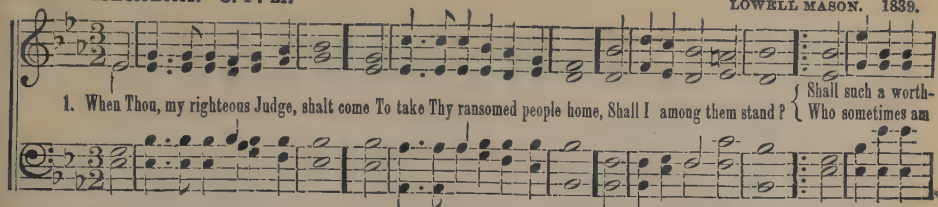
5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON. 1839.



2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

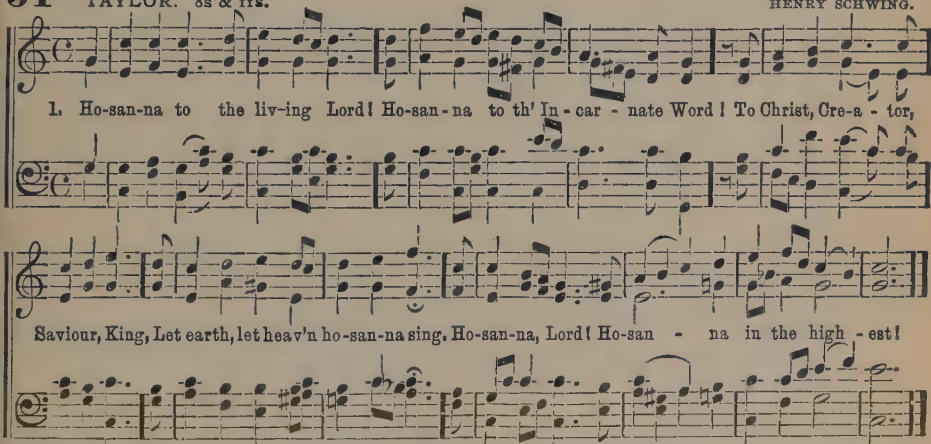
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Courtesy of Huntingdon, 1772.

54

TAYLOR. 8s & 1rs.

HENRY SCHWING.



2 "Hosanna, Lord!" Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna, Lord!" Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound,
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this, Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

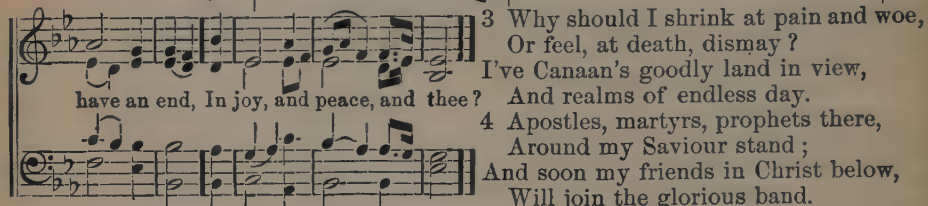
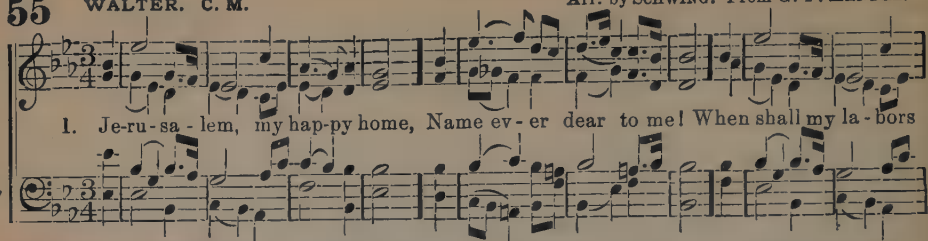
5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

Reginald Heber, 1811.

55

WALTER. C. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. From G. F. HANDEL.



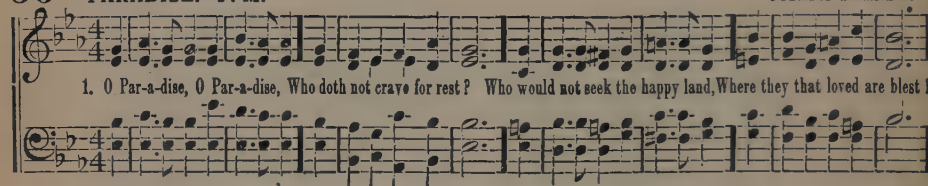
2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Latin Hymn, 8th century.

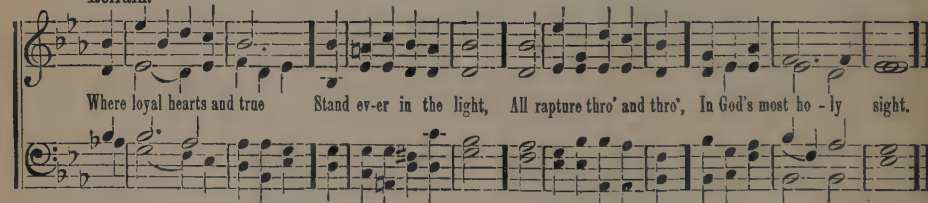
56

PARADISE. P. M.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



Refrain.



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.
3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth,

As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.
5 O Paradise, O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destined for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.
6 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

57

ELVEY. 7s. 8 lines.

SIR GEORGE ELVEY.

1. Hark! the song of ju-bi-lee, Loud mighty thunders roar, Or the ful-ness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore;

“Hal-le-lu-jah! for the Lord God om-nip-o-tent shall reign!” Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis
done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son,

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery, 1819.

58

MUNICH. 7s, 6s. D.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. { Re-joice, all ye be-lievers! And let your lights ap-pear; } The Bridegroom is a-ri-sing, And soon He draweth nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle; At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
Where sorrow is no more;
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

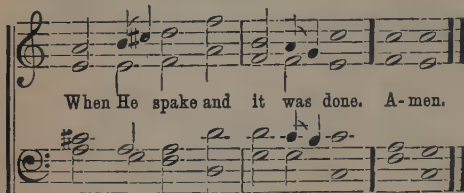
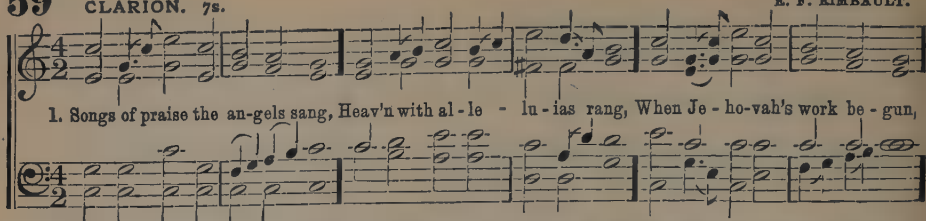
4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1709.

59

CLARION. 7s.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



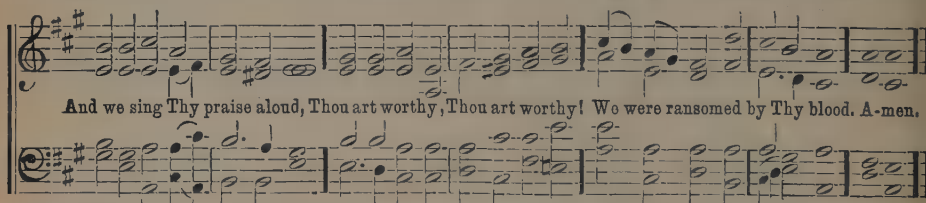
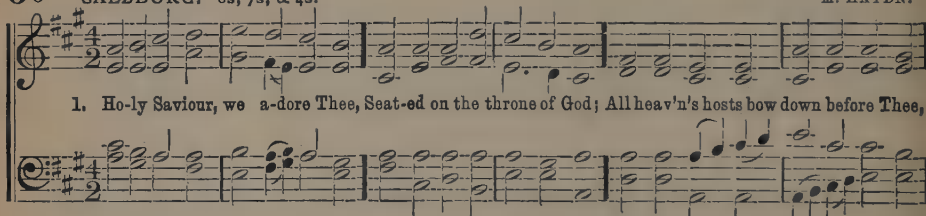
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery.

60

SALZBURG. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

M. HAYDN.



2 Saviour, though the world despised
Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for Thou hast died.
3 And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;
What besides could be expected

Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?
Thou art worthy!
Thou from earth hast set us free.
4 Haste the day of Thy returning,
With Thy ransomed Church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then,
Thou art worthy!
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

Samuel P. Tregelles.

61

MEDELSSOHN. 7s. D.

FELIX MEDELSSOHN. 1809-1847.

1. Hark! the her-ald angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!

Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem! With th'an-gel-ic

host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord; Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb:

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail th'incarnate Deity! Pleased as man with men to dwell; Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of Righteousness! Risen with healing in His wings; Light and life to all He brings; Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

C. Wesley, 1739.

62

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Calm on the list-'ning ear of night. Come heav'n's mel-o-di-ous strains, Where wild Ju-de-a stretches far Her silver-man-tled plains.

3 The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply; And greet, from all their holy heights, The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm, And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring— "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's eternal King!"

E. H. Sears, 1888.

63

CAROL. C. M. D.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1861.

1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old, From an-gels bending near the earth To touch their
harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all gracious King." The world in sol-emn
still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

Per. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

- Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

- 3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1859.

64

REMSEN. C. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus, I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it
out so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Per. MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

65

ADESTE FIDELES. P. M.

M. PORTOGALLO, ab. 1790. ARR. BY EDW. J. HOPKINS.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful-ly tri-umph-ant, To Beth-le-hem hast-en now with glad ac-cord,

Lo! in a man-ger, Lies the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-dore Him! O come, let us a-dore Him!

O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 God of God Almighty, Light of Light eternal,
Thou hast not, O Christ, the Virgin's womb
abhorred;
Very God of Very God, begotten not created:
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

3 Shout Alleluia, all ye choirs of angels,
Rejoice, heav'nly citizens, with glad accord,
Glory to God! to God on high be glory!
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

4 Here, Lord, we would greet Thee, born this
happy morning,
O Jesus, forever be Thy name adored,
Word of the Father, now for us incarnate!
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Latin Hymn. 15th century.

66

ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. 1837.

1. To us a Child of hope is born; To us a Son is giv'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,

Him all the hosts of heav'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!
- 3 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morrison, 1781.

67

GLAD TIDINGS. 10s & 11s.

CHARLES AVISON.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King!

1. Zi-on, the mar-vel-ous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the Highest, how low-ly His birth!

Repeat 1st Chorus.

The brightest arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up-on earth!

Chorus after last verse.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King!

Mes-si-ah is King! Mes-si-ah is King!

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies;
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

W. A. Muhlenburg, 1826.

68

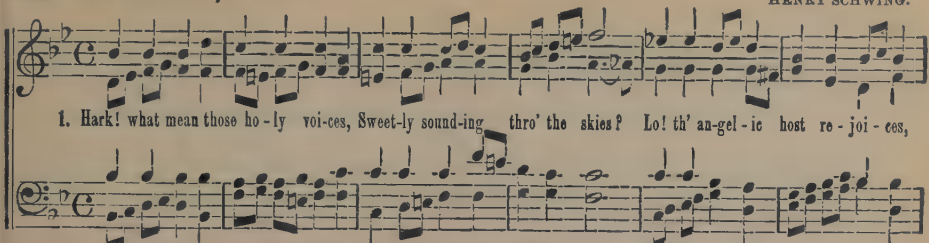
8s & 7s.

1 Hark! the sound of angelvoices,
Over Bethlehem's starlit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes to earth to reign.
2 See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

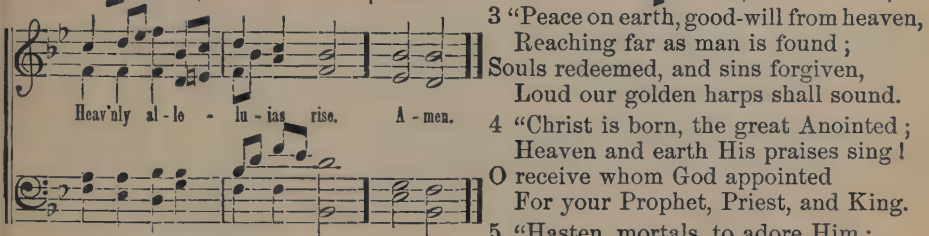
69

EDNA. 3s & 7s.

HENRY SCHWING.



1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies? Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re-joice,



Heav'nly al-le - lu - ias rise. A - men.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

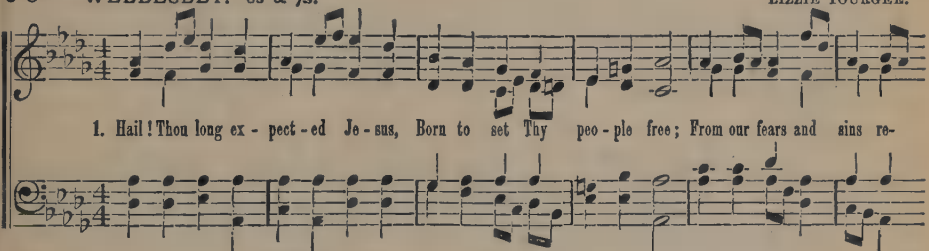
5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood, 1825.

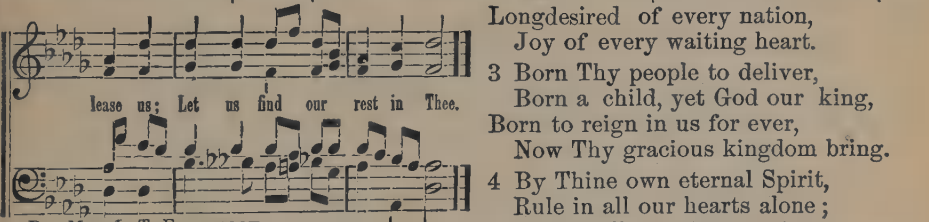
70

WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s.

LIZZIE TOURGEE.



1. Hail! Thou long ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free; From our fears and sins re-



lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.

Longdesired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Chas. Wesley, 1744.

PER. MRS. L. T. ESTABROOK.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;

68 Continued.

3 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to eastern sages,
Radiant now with Gospel light.

(3)

4 Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

71 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER. 1766-1853.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev' - ry tongue;

His rich dis - play of grace de - mands A new and no - bler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise
Prepare the Lord His way.

5 Behold, He comes ! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

Isaac Watts.

72 NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

J. CLARK. 1770-1836.

1. O Thou, who by ■ star didst guide The wise men on their way, Un - til it came and

stood be-side The place where Je-sus lay;

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

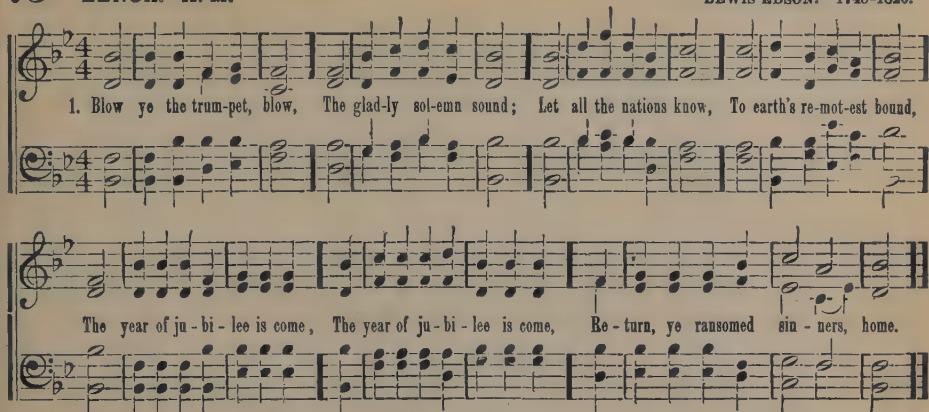
4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

John Mason Neale. 1850.

73

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON. 1748-1820.



1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,
The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Be-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,

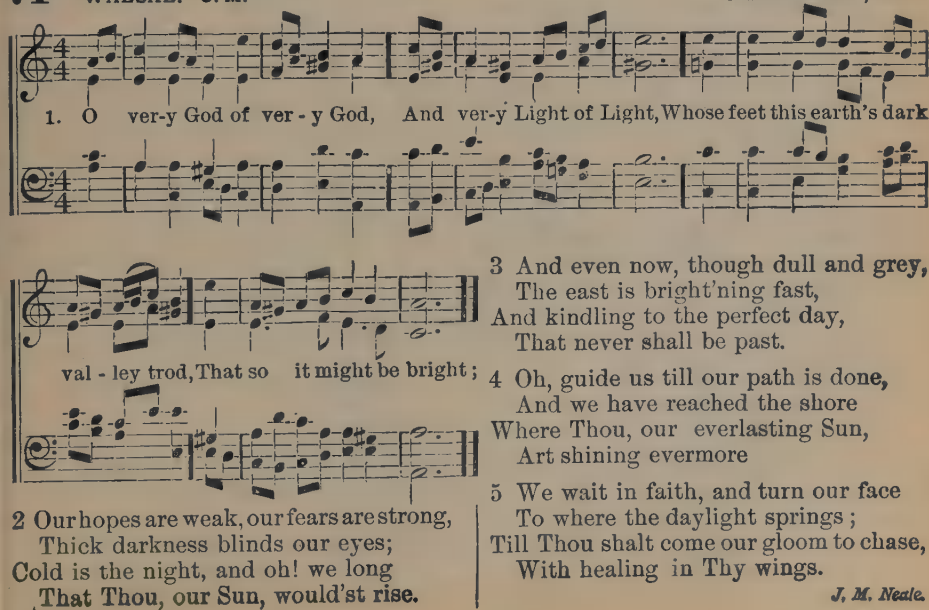
- Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

74

WALSAL. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, 1695.



1. O ver-y God of ver-y God, And ver-y Light of Light, Whose feet this earth's dark
val-ley trod, That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and oh! we long
That Thou, our Sun, would'st rise.

3 And even now, though dull and grey,
The east is bright'ning fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore

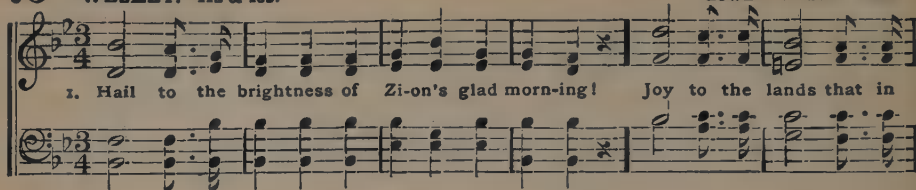
5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs;
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

J. M. Neale.

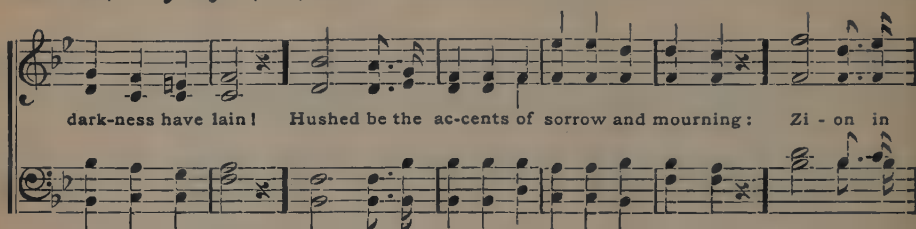
75

WESLEY. 112 & 108.

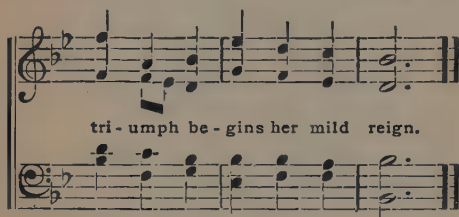
LOWELL MASON. 1830.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the lands that in



dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sorrow and mourning: Zi-on in



tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,

Long by the prophets of Israel fore-told;

Hail to the millions from bondage return-ing,

Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing;

Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountaintops echoes are ringing,

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;

Fallen are the engines of war and com-mo-tion;

Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1880.

76

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;

Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devo-tion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

77

BOUSH. ♩ & 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by C. MEINEKE.

1. To the name of our sal-va-tion, Honor, worship, thanks, we pay; Which for many a gen-er-a-tion

hid in God's fore-knowledge lay, But with ho-ly ex-ul-ta-tion We may sing a-loud to-day.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration;
'Tis the name of victory;
'Tis the name for meditation
In this vale of misery;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we Thy name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring.
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upwards soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Latin Hymn, 15th Century. Translated by J. M. Neale.

78

HEIDELBERG. C. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1. High let us swell our tune-ful notes, And join th' an-gel-ic throng; The an-gels no such

love have known, As we, to wake their song.

3 Justice and grace with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn:
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
"The promised Child is born."

4 Glory to God in highest strains
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory then by us proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

2 Good-will to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

Philip Doddridge, 1749.

79

ANGELICA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

By per. W. B. GILBERT.

Voices in Unison.

1. An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang ore-

a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth. Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,

Cres.
Worship Christ, the new-born King! A - men.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing:

Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
AMEN.

James Montgomery, 1819.

80

NAILLE. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by BRETHOVEN.

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God: The se-cret of the Lord

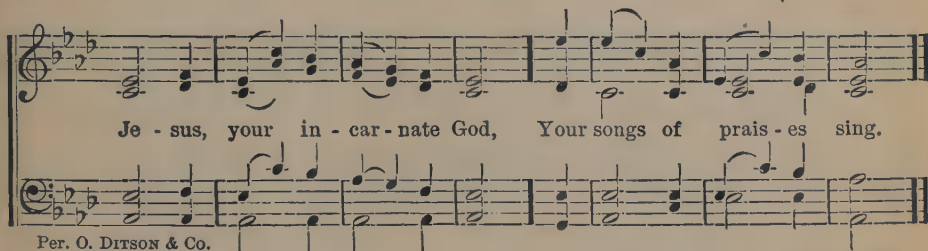
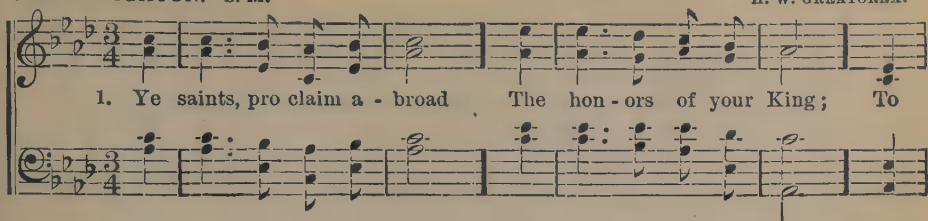
is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a-bode.

2 The Lord, who left the heav'n's
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king:
3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
4 Lord, we Thy presence seek!
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. *John Keble, 1819.*

81

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sank so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to His own;
For them He shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more ! *J. Ryland.*

4 Oh that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright !
Oh that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight !

5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power
In death to praise Thy name.

Emma Toke.

82

1 Glory to Thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

3 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

83

1 Father, our hearts we lift
Up to Thy gracious throne,
And thank Thee for the precious gift
Of Thine incarnate Son.

2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth, by His birth, declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in Him we are.

3 A peace on earth He brings,
Which nevermore shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares Himself our friend.

4 Oh ! may we all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace;
And meekly in His spirit live,
And in His love increase.

Charles Wesley, 1745

84

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. When Jor-dan hushed his wa - ters still, And silence slept on Zi-on's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night Watched o'er their flocks by star-ry light.

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant alleluias stole
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While loud they struck their harps and sang.

5 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart;
Bid Satan and his wiles depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

6 O Zion lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh.
Sing praises, with the angel host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Campbell, 1820.

85

1 Not by the martyr's death alone
The martyr's crown in heaven is won:
There is a triumph set on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

2 What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died,
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

3 What though nor chains, nor scourges
sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

4 When self-control the flesh subdues,
And faith the wayward soul imbues,
Love, with her torch-light from the skies,
Shall fire the holy sacrifice.

5 Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn;
And when this fleeting life is o'er
May live with Thee forevermore.

*Latin Hymn
Translation Compiled.*

86

1 O Thou, who gav'st Thy servant grace
On Thee the living rock to rest,
To look on Thine unveiled face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast;

2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;

3 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

Reginald Heber.

87

STELLA. L. M. D.

JAMES MILLAR, 1754.

1st. 2d. Fine.

1. { When marshaled on the night - ly plain, The glit - t'ring host be - stud the sky, . . . } Hark ! hark ! to God
 One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's (*Omit . . .*) wand'ring eye. }
 D. C.—But one a-lone, the Sav - iour speaks— It is the Star of (*Omit . . .*) Beth - le-hem.

D. C.

The chorus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem ;

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !
 3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever, and forevermore,—
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

Henry Kirke White. 1806.

88

PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA. 1788.

1. O Christ, Re-deem - er of our race, Thou brightness of the Fa - ther's face, Of Him and

with Him ev - er One, Ere times and sea - sons had be - gun ; Ere time and sea - sons had be - gun ;

2 Thou that art very Light of Light,
 Unfailing hope in sin's dark night,
 Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray
 The wide world o'er, this blessed day.

3 Remember, Thou, who all didst make,
 How, for Thy fallen creatures' sake,
 Thou, in the holy virgin's womb,
 Didst our humanity assume.

4 To-day, as year by year its light
 Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,

One precious truth is echoed on,
 "Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone."

5 Thou from the Father's throne didst come
 To call His banished children home;
 And heaven and earth, and sea and shore
 His love who sent Thee here adore.

6 And gladsome too are we to-day,
 Whose guilt Thy blood has washed away;
 Redeemed, the new-made song we sing;
 It is the birthday of our King.

Latin Hymn, 6th Century. H. W. Baker & E. Caswall.

89

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. P. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE. 1770.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.

His a - dor-a-ble will let us glad-ly ful - fill, And our talents im-prove, By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a
stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.
The arrow is flown, — the moment is
gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view and eternity's
here.

3 Oh, that each in the day of His coming
may say,
"I have fought my way thro':
I have finished the work Thou didst give
me to do !"
Oh, that each from his Lord may receive
the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne!"

Charles Wesley. 1749.

90

SOUTHMINSTER. 7s.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.

1. For Thy mer-cy and Thy grace, Faith-ful thro' an - oth - er year, Hear our song of

thankfulness, Father, and Redeemer hear,

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for Thy promised crown.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay,
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton, 1843.

91

MAIDSTONE. 7. 8 D.

By per. WALTER B. GILBERT, 1862.

1. { Thou who rollst the year a-round, Crowned with mer - cies large and free, } Kind-ly to our wor-ship bow,
 { Rich Thy gifts to a-bound, Warm our praise shall rise to Thee, }

While our grate-ful thanks we tell That, sus-tained by Thee, we now Bid the part-ing year—fare-well!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
 All its busy scenes are o'er,
 All its joys forever fled,
 All its sorrows felt no more.
 Mingled with th' eternal past,
 Its remembrance shall decay;
 Yet to be revived at last
 At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive,
 Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
 Let Thy grace within us live,
 That we spend not years in vain.
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
 Happy spirits, may we fly
 To our everlasting home,
 To our Father's house on high.

Ray Palmer, 1839.

92

TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNBY, 1760.

1. Great God, we sing that might-y hand, By which sup-port-ed still we stand;
 The op-ning year Thy mer-cy shows, Let mer-cy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God
 By His incessant bounty fed,
 By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge.

93

CREATION. L. M. D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1798.

1st.

2d.

1. { E - ter - nal Source of ev - ry joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy, } Wide
While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail Thee Sovereign of (*Omit.*) the year!

as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand sup - ports and guides the whole, The sun is taught by Thee

to rise, And dark - ness when to veil the skies.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,

Demand successive songs of praise,
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge.

94

BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Thy blood, O Christ, hath made our peace; Not only that, whereby The ground of Calvary was stained, When Thou wert hung on high.

2 Not only that, which in Thine hour
Of fear and agony
Distilled upon Thy trembling frame,
In dark Gethsemane:

3 But that shed from Thee, when at first
In childhood Thou didst deign
Thus to endure for sinful man
The legal rite of pain.

4 And as with suffering and with Thee
Our yearly course begins;
So teach us to renounce the flesh
And put away our sins;

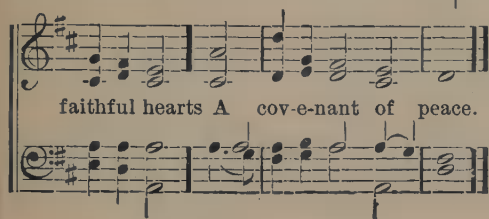
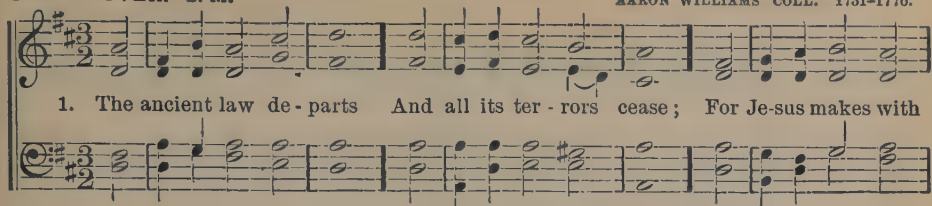
5 That in the Israel of Thy Church
We may not lose our part:
In spirit and in body pure,
And circumcised in heart.

Henry Alford, 1845.

95

DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL. 1731-1776.



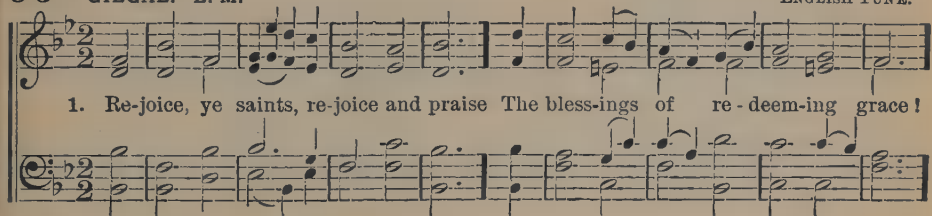
- 2 The Light of Light divine,
True brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless child.
- 3 To-day the name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

*Latin Hymn.
Hymns A. & M.*

96

GILGAL. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



- 2 He is a refuge ever nigh;
His love endures as mountains high;
His name's a rock, which winds above,
And waves below, can never move.

- 3 While all things change, He changes not;
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love will ever be the same;
His word, enduring as His name.

- 4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of His wondrous grace!
Jesus, your everlasting tower,
Can bear, unmoved, the tempest's power.

97

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my Rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

- 2 Thou my deliverer art, O God:
My trust is in Thy mighty power,
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

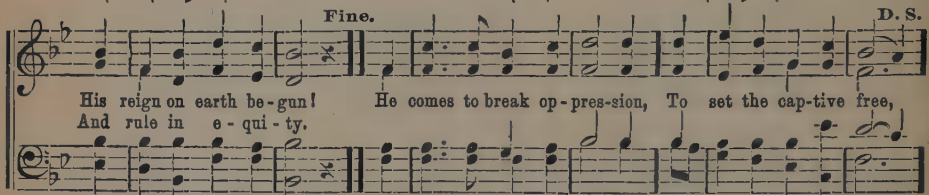
- 3 To Thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

Tate and Brady, 1767. (?)

98

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring :
All nations shall adore Him ;
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

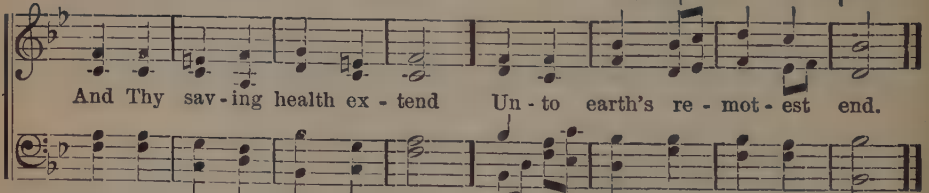
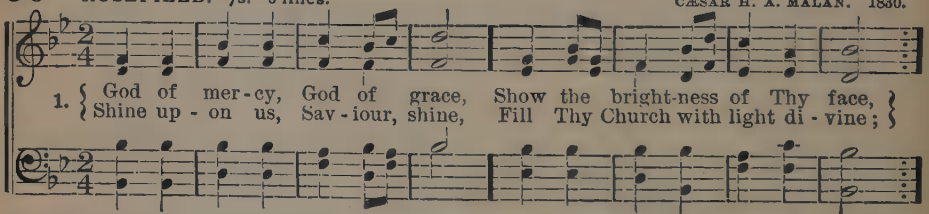
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
His great, best name of love !

James Montgomery, 1822.

99

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN. 1830.



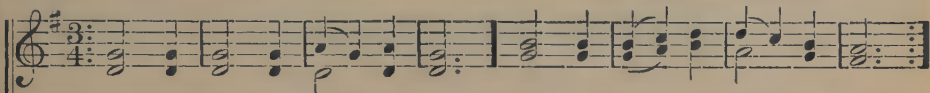
2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Let Thy love on all be poured ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay.
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessings give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. H. F. Lyte.

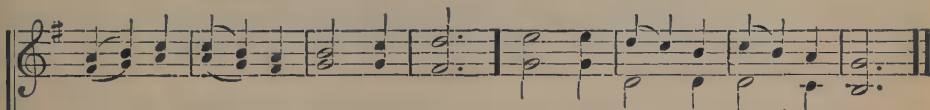
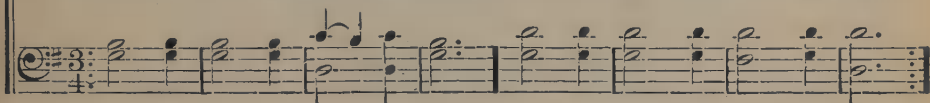
100

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

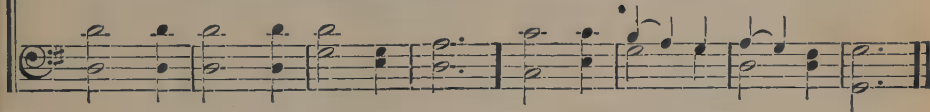
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1796.



1. { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold; }
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright; }



So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.



2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed;
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown,

Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

Wm. Chatterton Dix, 1869.

101

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light;
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night:
 Day-spring from on high draw near;
 Day-star in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams we see:
 Lord, Thine inward light impart,
 Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill with radiancy divine,
 Scatter all our unbelief:
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

102

OTTO. Bb & 7s. D.

H. B. OLIPHANT.

1. { Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, } Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
 Fix in ■ Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown: }

Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art; Vis-it ■ with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-ry trem-bling heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast,

Let us all in Thee inherit,

Let us find the promised rest;

Take away our power of sinning,

Alpha and Omega be;

End of faith, as its beginning,

Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,

Let us all Thy life receive,

Suddenly return, and never,

Nevermore Thy temples leave;

Thee we would be always blessing,

Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,

Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,

Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,

Pure and sinless let us be;

Let us see Thy great salvation

Perfectly restored in Thee,

Changed from glory into glory,

Till in heaven we take our place,

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

103

BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Fierce raged the storm of wind, The surging waves ran high, Failed Thy dis-ci-ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 But at the stern rebuke

Of Thine almighty word,

The wind was hushed, the billows ceased

And owned Thee God and Lord.

3 So, now, when depths of sin

Our souls with terror fill,

Arise, and be our helper, Lord,

And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

HOPKINS. 108.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

1. O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell How at Thy
word were loosed the bands of hell; How Thy pure touch re-
moved the lep-rous stain, And the pol-lu-ted flesh grew clean a-gain?

- 2 Oh! wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make us whole;
Oh! bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee;
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.
- 3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy love,
Thy love which can all guilt, all pain remove;
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.
- 4 We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace;
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy face,
So, when that face again unveiled we see,
Sickness, and tears, and death no more shall be.
- 5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in Thy Father's home,
And at Thy great Epiphany adore
The co-eternal Godhead evermore.

*Greville Phillimore.***103** Continued.

- 4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial hour.
- 5 And when, amid the signs
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear;

- 6 May we all undismayed
Thy raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.
- 7 All praise to Thee, of old
By sign and wonder known;
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the judgment throne.

Hyde W. Beadon.

105

TEMPESTAS SEDATA. 8s & 3.

HENRY SCHWING.

1. { *Fierce* *raged* the *tem - pest* *o'er* the *deep,* *Watch* *did* *Thine* *anx - ious* *serv - ants* *keep,* *But*
"Save, Lord, we *per - ish,"* *was* *their* *cry:* *"Oh, save us* *in* *our* *ag - o - ny!"* *Thy*

Thou *wast* *wrapt* *in* *guile - less* *sleep,* *Calm* *and* *still.* *(Omit.)*
word *a - bove* *the* *storm* *rose* *high,* *(Omit.)* *"Peace, be* *still."* *(Omit.)*

"Tunes for Worship," by per.

2 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
 The sullen billows ceased to leap
 At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 Say (lest we sink to rise no more)
 "Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

106

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.

1. *Thou* *art* *the* *Way;* *to* *Thee* *a - lone* *From* *sin* *and* *death* *we* *flee;* *And* *he* *who* *would* *the*

Father *seek* *Must* *seek* *Him,* *Lord,* *by* *Thee.* *3* *Thou* *art* *the* *Life;* *the* *rending* *tomb*
Proclaims *Thy* *conquering* *arm;*
And *those* *who* *put* *their* *trust* *in* *Thee*
Nor *death* *nor* *hell* *shall* *harm.*

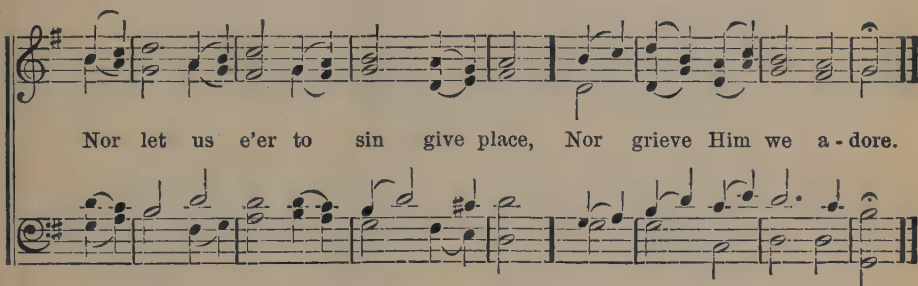
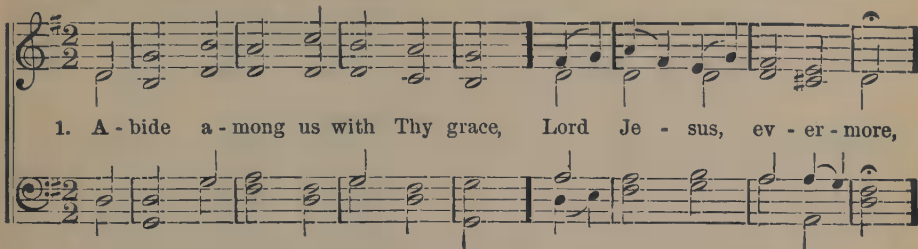
2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind
 And purify the heart.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that Way to know;
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

107 MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.



- 2 Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love:
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.
- 3 Abide among us with Thy ray,
O Light that lighten'st all;
And let Thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.
- 4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our souls fulfill,
Our faith and love increase.
- 5 Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.
- 6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be!
Thy help at need, oh! let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

J. Stegmann.

Translated by Catherine Winkworth.

108

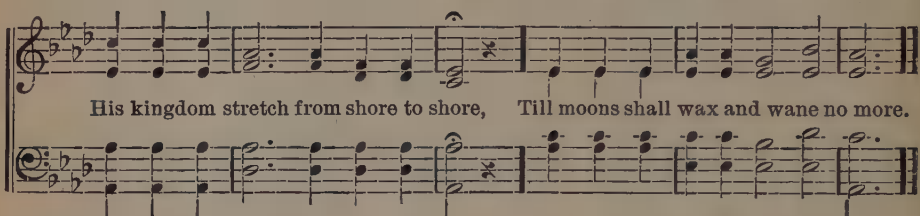
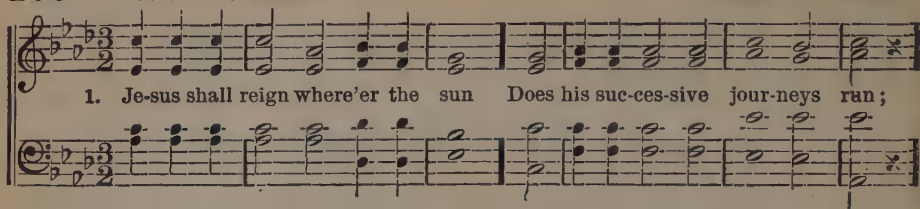
- 1 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Spirit of grace ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then wakens love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire;
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

109

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER. 1795-1857.



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

110

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

111

1 God in His earthly temples lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well ;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house,
That pays its night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1. Shout, for the bless-ed Je - sus reigns, Thro' distant lands His triumphs spread,
And sin-ners, freed from end - less pains, Own Him their Sav-iour and their Head.

2 He calls His chosen from afar,
They all at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Gentiles and Jews His laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

4 O may His holy Church increase,
His Word and Spirit still prevail,
While angels celebrate His praise,
And saints His growing glories hail !

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, and all above !
In lofty songs exalt His name,—
In songs as lasting as His love.

Benj. Beddome.

113

1 O Christ, our true and only light
Illumine those who sit in night ;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from Thee
Oh, gently seek ! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,

Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold ;
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

5 So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

Catharine Winkworth.

114

1 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky :
Out of the depths to Thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm,
Defend me from each threatening ill :
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still."

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

Wm. Cowper.

115

SUPER. 12s & 11s.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by T. CLARK.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and defend-er, No cares can o'er-whelm me, no

ter-rors ap-pall; The wiles and the snares of this world will but ren-der More

live-ly my hope in my God and my all, More live-ly my hope in my

God and my all.

Tunes for Worship. By per.

- 2 Yes; Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger;
My strength, when I suffer; my hope, when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.
- 3 To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing;
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall;
And love Thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.
- 4 And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,
With joy will I answer Thy merciful call;
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God and my all. W. Young.

116

CHOPIN. C. M.

J. B. WOODBURY.

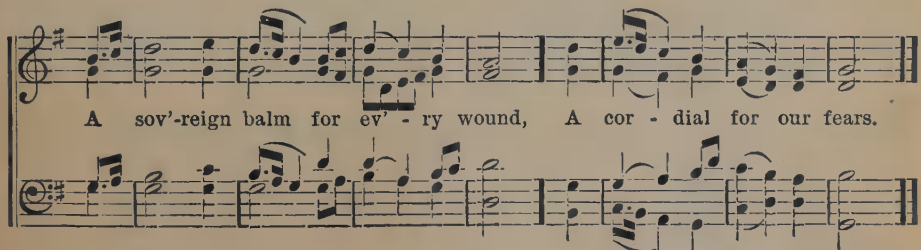
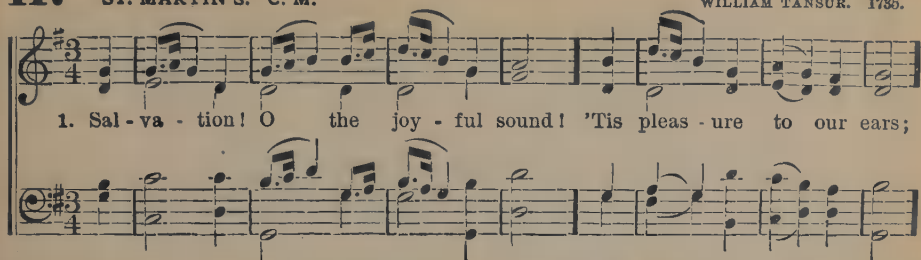
1. Ho-san-na to the roy-al Son Of David's an-cient line! His natures two, His person one,

Mys-te-rious and di-vine, Mys-te-rious and di-vine. A-men.

117

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR. 1785.



2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

118

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease—

'Tis music to my ravished ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mourning, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye
dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

Charles Wesley.

116 Continued.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are joined
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heaven;

Hosannas of the highest strain,
To Christ the Lord be given!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and
break
Their silence into songs.

Isaac Watts.

119

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

I. Lord of the hearts of men, Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, Thy cho-sen saints With fruits of ho-li-ness.

- 2 Here faith, and hope, and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.
- 3 O love, O truth, O light!
Light never to decay!
O rest from thousand labors past!
O endless Sabbath-day!
- 4 Here amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come;
There with rejoicing hearts we bring
Our harvest-burdens home.
- 5 Give, mighty Lord divine,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat,
Crown Thine own gifts above.

Latin Hymn. Trans. Jas. R. Woodford.

120

- 1 Not by Thy mighty hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of Thy word,
Thy glory, Lord, is known.
- 2 Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.
- 3 And still from age to age
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The bearer forth of goodly seed,
The sower still unseen.

- 4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and reaper Thou.
- 5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field
With Thine unsleeping eye;
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thine Epiphany.
- 6 That when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be gathered by Thy grace
With all Thy saints to Thee.

J. R. Woodford.

121

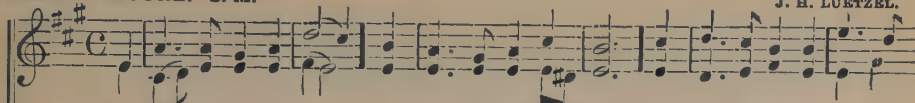
- 1 Teach me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee:
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert.

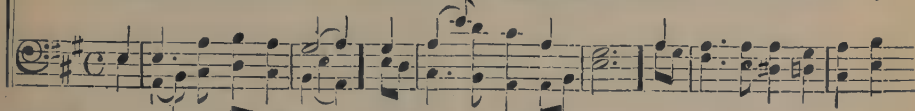
122

MOORE. S. M.

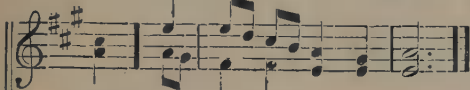
J. H. LUTZEL.



1. All praise to Thee, O Lord! Who by Thy might-y power Didst man - i-fest Thy glo - ry



forth In Ca - na's mar-riage hour.



Tunes for Worship. By per.

- 2 Thou speakest, it is done :
Obedient to Thy word
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Thou art the cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly bread.

6 Oh may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give.

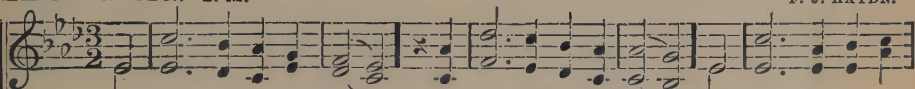
7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany.

Hyde W. Beadon.

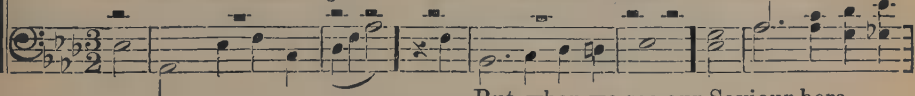
123

HAYDN. S. M.

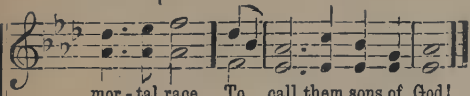
F. J. HAYDN.



1. Be - hold! what wondrous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed On sin - ners of a



mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!



But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall—"Abba, Father!"—cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

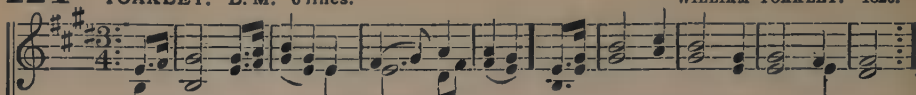
Isaac Watts, 1707.

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;

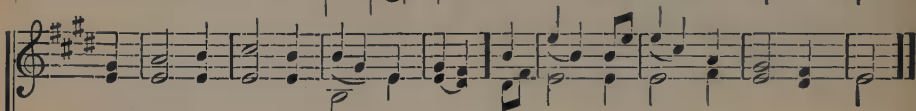
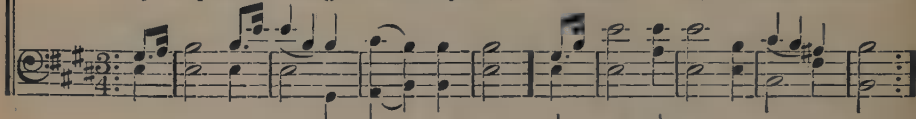
124

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.

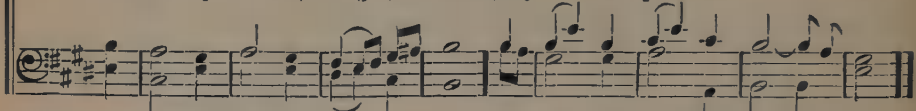
WILLIAM YOAKLEY. 1820.



1. { Thou hid-den source of calm re- pose! Thou all-suf- fi-cient love di-vine! }
 My help and ref-uge from my foes, Se- cure I am, for Thou art mine. }



Thou art my fortress, strength, and tower, My trust and por- tion ev- er- more.



- 2 Jesus, my All in all, Thou art
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart:
 In storms my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My strength beneath the tyrant's frown:
 In shame my glory and my crown.

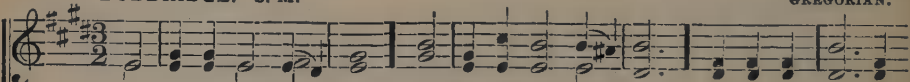
- 3 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My refuge in temptation's hour;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall;
 My life in death, my All in all.

Charles Wesley.

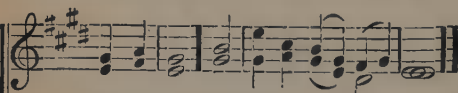
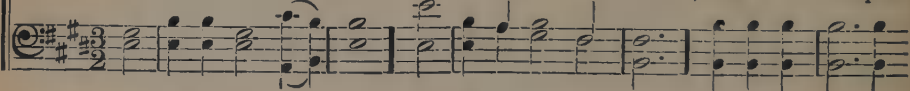
125

DODDRIDGE. S. M.

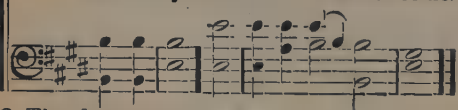
GREGORIAN.



1. With- in the Fa-ther's house The Son hath found His home; And to His tem-ple



sud-den-ly The Lord of life hath come.



To lift the fleshly veil which hides
 Incarnate God below.

- 4 The secret of the Lord
 Escapes each human eye,
 And faithful pondering hearts await
 The full Epiphany.

- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
 And teach us by Thy grace
 Each dim revealing of Thyself
 With loving awe to trace;

- 6 Till from our darkened sight
 The cloud shall pass away,
 And on the cleansed soul shall burst
 The everlasting day.

James R. Woodford.

- 2 The doctors of the law
 Gaze on the wondrous child,
 And marvel at His gracious words
 Of wisdom undefiled.

- 3 Yet not to them is given
 The mighty truth to know,

126

NUNDA. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { O Mas - ter, it is good to be High on the moun - tain here with Thee; } { Who once re - vealed to mor - tal gaze Those glo - rious saints of oth - er days; } { The eternal

ceived on Ho - reb's height } Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
laws of truth and right; }

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three :
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that
Here, where eagles' wings we move [burns;
With Him whose last best creed is love.
3 O Master, it is good to be
Enranced, enwrap, alone with Thee ;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow.

The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine :
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee :
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
"This is my Son—Oh hear ye Him."

A. P. Stanley.

127

ELTHAM. 7s. D.

Fine.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hasten, Lord! the glorious time When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway, } { Mightiest kings His power shall own, } { Ev - ry na - tion, ev - ry clime, Shall the Gos - pel's call o - bey. }
D. C. — Sa - tan and his host, o'er - thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Hea - then tribes His name a - dore;

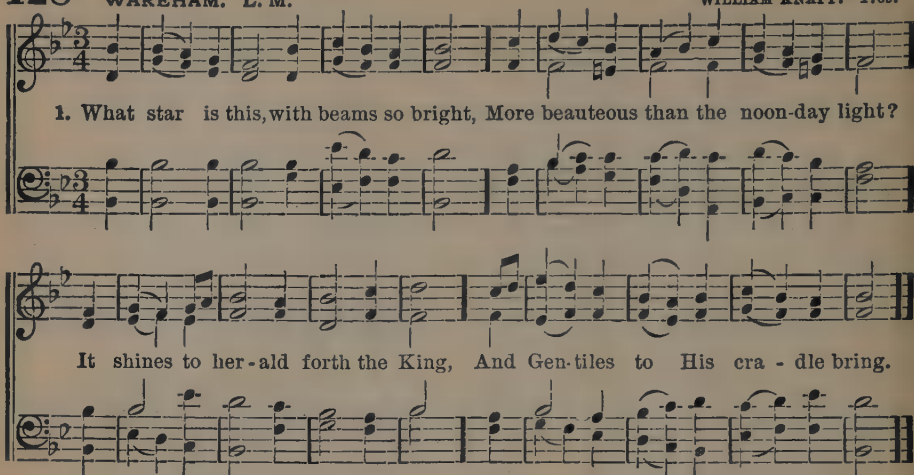
2 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name ;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

128

WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP. 1760.



1. What star is this, with beams so bright, More beauteous than the noon-day light?

It shines to her-ald forth the King, And Gen-tiles to His cra-dle bring.

2 And lo ! the eastern sages stand
To read in heaven the Lord's command :
Children of faith they come ; they find
The Prince and Saviour of mankind.

3 They bless the meek and holy child,
An infant Lord, and Monarch mild :
Their riches at His feet they pour
And with the heart their King adore.

4 O heavenly Lord, O holy Light,
That shines through nature's wondering
night,

What marvels in Thy love we trace,
What power divine, what glorious grace!

5 And now, thou bright and morning star,
Arise again and shine afar
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Till utmost tribes their King adore.

Latin Hymn.

3 And now Thou reignest, Lord, above,
We none the less Thy wonders trace :
Unwearied are Thy calls of love,
Unspent Thy miracles of grace.

4 Thou who didst make the water wine,
Our earthly with Thy heavenly fill :
Our scant obedience change to Thine,
Our passions to Thy blessed will.

Henry Alford.

130

1 On Tabors top the Saviour stands,
His altered face resplendent shines,
And while He elevates His hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines !

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below ;
But while they worship at His feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary He turns His eyes,
And with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer
Where all His beaming glories shine,
And gazing on His brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 Oh, that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distills—
I too may elevate my hands.

129

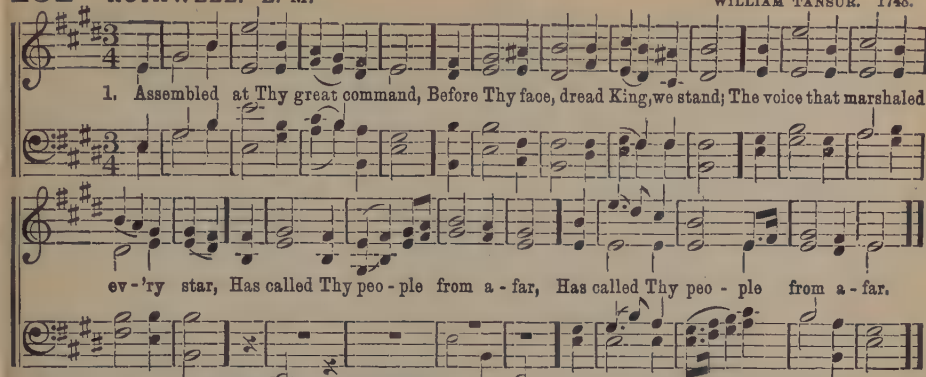
1 Through Israel's coasts, in times of old,
When Thou didst dwell with men below,
By signs and wonders manifold
Thou didst, O Lord, Thy glory show.

2 But not alone Thy mighty power
Shone forth from every wondrous sign :
Day unto day, and hour to hour,
Spoke forth Thy love and grace divine.

131

RUTHWELL. L. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR. 1743.



1. Assembled at Thy great command, Before Thy face, dread King, we stand; The voice that marshaled
ev'-ry star, Has called Thy peo-ple from a-far, Has called Thy peo-ple from a-far.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;

Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

W. B. Collyer.

132

TELL IT OUT.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them
shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion that He shall increase, That the mighty
King of glo-ry is the King of Peace; Tell it out with ju-bi-la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!

Copyrighted, 1881, by IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

2 Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Frances R. Havergal.

133

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON. 1824.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Afrie's sunny
fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient riv - er, From many a
palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,

And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

134

Our country's voice is pleading,

Ye men of God, arise !
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies ;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil ;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking

On California's shore,
Christ's precious Gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore ;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rebears the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,

Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

135

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB. 1837.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
D. S.—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,

To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-ccean Brings ti-dings from a - far,
Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

Fine. *D. S.*

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing —
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith, 1831.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

Geo. Duffield. 1868.

136

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

137

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?"

Fields are white and har-vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
D. S.—Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me!"

Loud and strong the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers thee:

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"

Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March.

138

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

139

MIDDLETON. ■ & 7s. D.

ENGLISH AIR.
Fine.

1. { Sav-iour, sprinkle man - y na-tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be; }
 { By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions, Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee. }
 D. C.—Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold.

Of Thy cross the won-drous sto-ry, Be it to the Gen-tiles told; D. C.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.
 Thirsting as for dew's of even,
 As the new mown grass for rain;
 Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For Thy Spirit, new creating,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue;
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coze, 1851.

140

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.

1. { O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness Look, my soul, be still,—and gaze; } Blessed
 { See the prom-is-es ad-van-cing To a glo-rious day of grace: }

jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn. Blessed jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary:

Let the Gospel
 Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now from eastern coast to western

May the morning chase the night;
 Let redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
 Win and conquer,—never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase:

Sway Thy scepter,
 Saviour, all the world around.

W. Williams, 1772.

141

ST. ALBAN'S. 6s & 5s. D.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way.

Refrain.

Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—Ref.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—Ref.

T. J. Potter.

142

LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ. 1785.

1. O Lord, our God, a - rise, The cause of truth maintain; And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
■ Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,

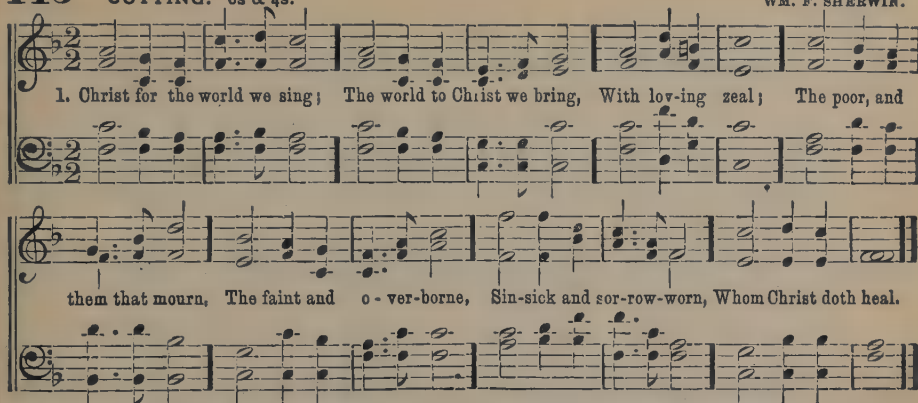
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Ralph Wardlaw. 1803.

143

CUTTING. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal; The poor, and

them that mourn, The faint and o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,

With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,

With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

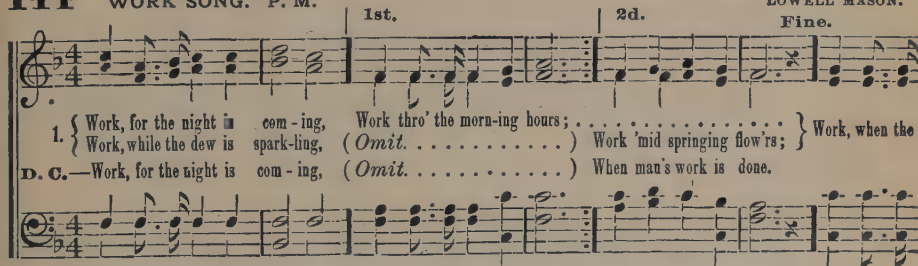
4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott.

144

WORK SONG. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



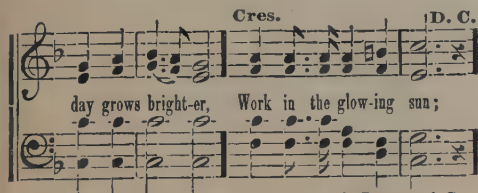
1st.

2d.

Fine.

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; } Work, when the
Work, while the dew is spark-ling, (Omit.) Work 'mid springing flow'rs; }

D. C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.) When man's work is done.



Cres.

D. C.

day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

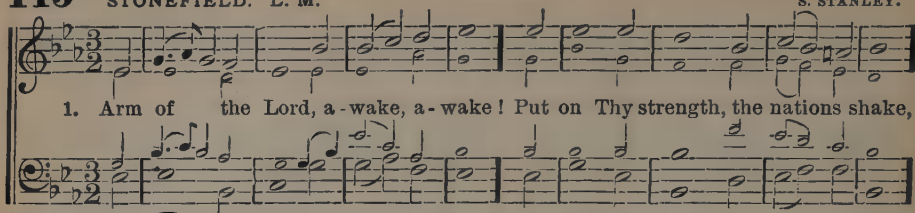
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anne L. Walker.

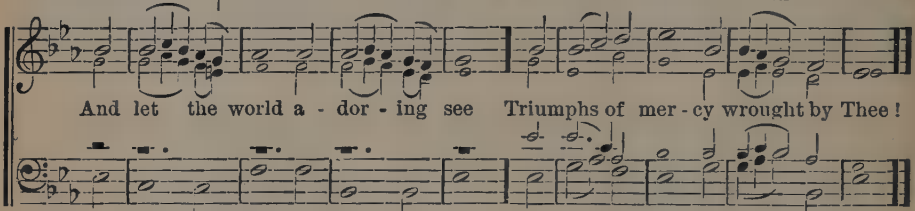
145

STONEFIELD. L. M.

S. STANLEY.



1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake! Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,



And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee!

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all!

Wm. Shrubsole, 1795.

Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God

2 Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek Thy face,
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise Thy name,
Be Thou through heav'n and earth ador'd,

Benj. Beddome.

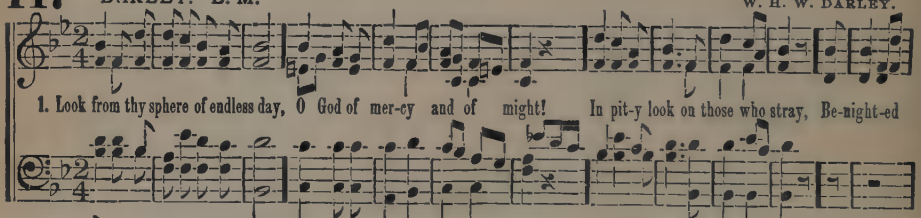
146

1 Ascend Thy throne, almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad;

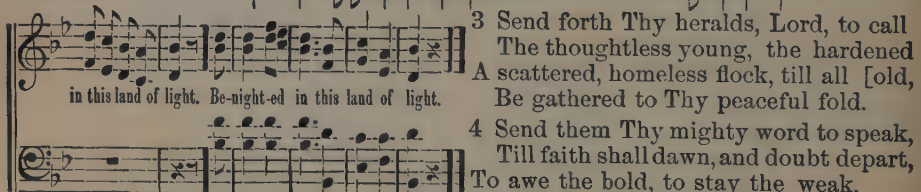
147

DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.



1. Look from thy sphere of endless day, O God of mer-cy and of might! In pit-y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed



in this land of light. Be-night-ed in this land of light.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened
A scattered, homeless flock, till all [old,
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

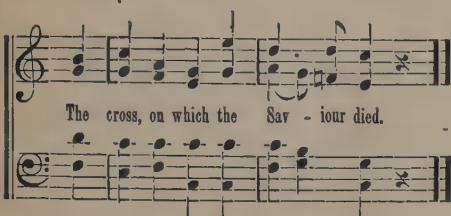
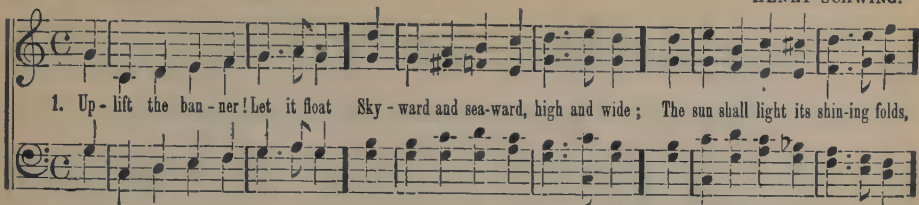
2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

148

ARTHUR. L. M.

HENRY SCHWING.



2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the crucified.

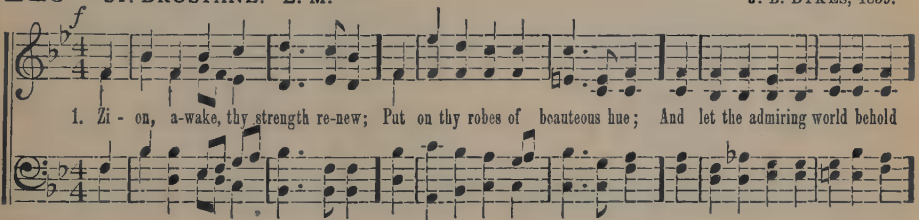
5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

149

ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

J. B. DYKES, 1859.



2 Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

W. Shrubsole, 1796.

150

1 Lord of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth lab'ers filled with zeal
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the lab'ers few.

3 Under the guidance of Thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow,
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the Gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found.

Thos. Hastings.

1. When, Lord, to this our western land, Led by Thy prov-i-den-tial hand, Our wand'ring fa-thers came;
 Their ancient homes, their friends in youth, Sent forth the heralds of Thy truth, To keep them in Thy name.

2 Then through our solitary coast,
 The desert features soon were lost,
 Thy temples there arose;
 Our shores, as culture made them fair,
 Were hallowed by Thy rites, by pray'r
 And blossomed as the rose.

3 And oh, may we repay this debt
 To regions solitary yet
 Within our spreading land!

There brethren, from our common home,
 Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
 Still guided by Thy hand.

4 Saviour! we owe this debt of love;
 Oh, shed Thy Spirit from above,
 To move each Christian breast;
 Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,
 And temples rise to fix Thy name,
 Through all our desert west.

1. Gird Thy sword on, mighty Saviour, Make the word of truth Thy car,
 Prosper in Thy course tri-umph-ant, [Omit.] All suc-cess attend Thy war; Gracious Vic-tor,
 Gra-cious Vic-tor, Bring Thy tro-phies from a-far, Gracious Victor, Gracious Victor, Bring Thy trophies from a-far.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

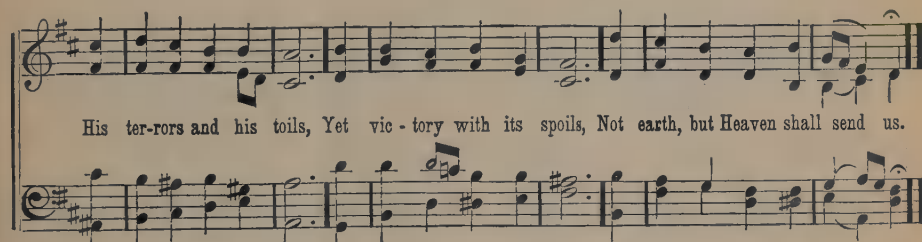
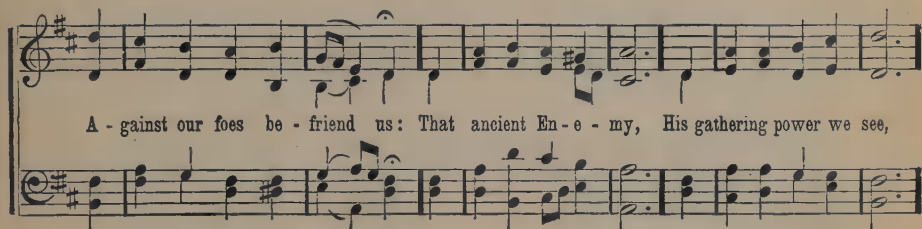
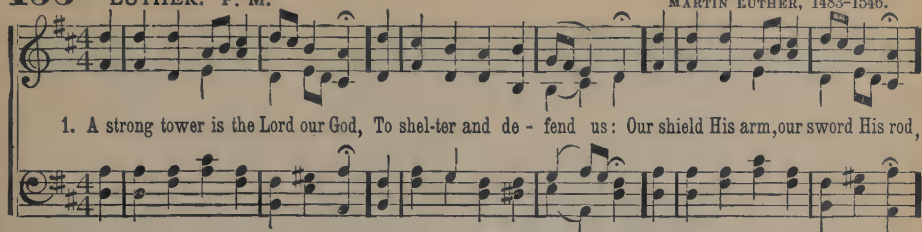
2 Majesty combined with meekness,
 Righteousness, and peace unite
 To ensure Thy blessed conquests,
 Take possession of Thy right,
 Ride triumphant,
 Decked in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre,
 Blest are all that own Thy reign;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from its galling chain;
 Saints and angels,
 All who know Thee, bless Thy reign.

153

LUTHER. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546.



2 Though wrestling with the wrath of
hell,

No might of man avail us:
Our captain is Immanuel,
And angel comrades hail us!

Still challenge ye His name
"Christ in the flesh who came,"
"The Lord, the Lord of hosts!"

Our cause His succor boasts,
And God shall never fail us.

3 Though earth by peopling fiends be
trod,

Embattled all, yet hidden;
And though their proud usurping gods
O'er thrones and shrines have
stridden

Nay, let them stand revealed,
And darken all the field;
We fear not: fall they must!
The Word, wherein we trust,
Their triumph hath forbidden.

4 While mighty truth with us remains,
Hell's arts shall move us never;
Nor parting friendships, honors,
gains,

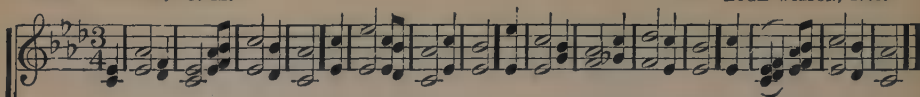
Our love from Jesus sever:
They leave us, when they part,
With Him a peaceful heart;
And when from death we rise,
Death yields us, as He dies,
The crown of life forever.

W. M. Bunting.

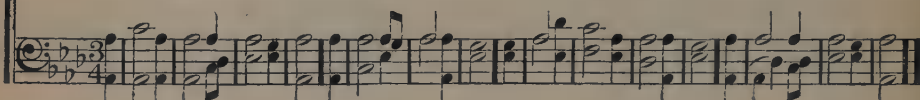
154

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON, 1768.



1. A- las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die! Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I!



2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

155

1 God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And, whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What, if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ; [abroad,
My tongue shall sound Thy works
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

156

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart
Forgetful of His word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou—wilt Thou yet for-
And bid my crimes remove? [give,
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh! keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

157

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL. Arr.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Couper.

158

- 1 Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dews of heaven descend,
And righteous growth abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;

But let it yield an hundred fold
Returns of peace and joy.

- 4 Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Go back to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

Jno. Cawood, 1825.

159

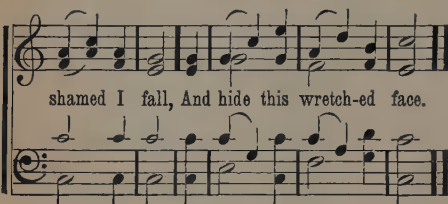
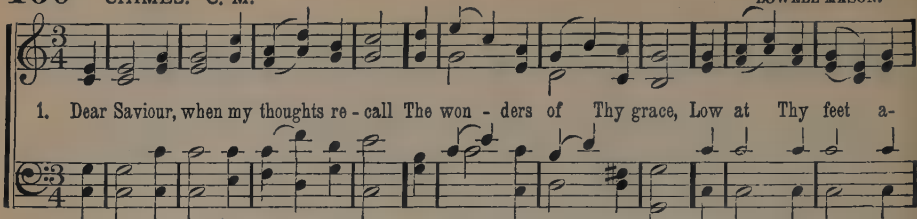
- 1 When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief, [joys,
His heart, that's touched with all our
And feels for all our grief.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Cecil Francis Alexander.

160

CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But He for His own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The deep repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in Thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at Thy feet
Rejoice to seek Thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

Anne Steele.

161

1 Jesus, with all Thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part:
Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
And sing Thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with His blood,
And quenched His Father's flaming sword
In His own vital flood:

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

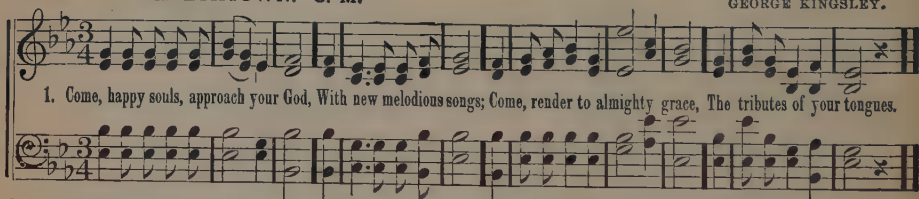
4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know His name,
Or saints to feel His grace.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

162

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace:
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

I. Watts.

163

ILLA. L. M.

L. MASON.

Lord, I am vile, con-ceived in sin, And born un- ho - ly and un-clean;

Sprung from the man whose guilt-y fall Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
Oh, make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling
priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my
peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.
- 2 Ye, whose young cheeks with health
are bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts
are clear,
Why will ye waste the morning light?
Alas, why stand ye idle here?
- 3 And ye, whose scanty locks of gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your closing day,
And yet ye stand thus idle here.
- 4 O Thou, in heaven and earth adored,
Who makest erring souls Thy care,
Now call us to Thy vineyard, Lord,
And give us grace to serve Thee there.

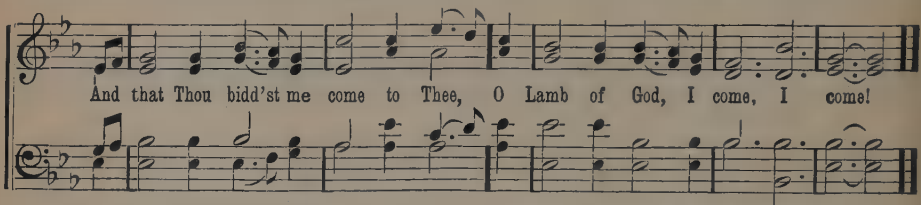
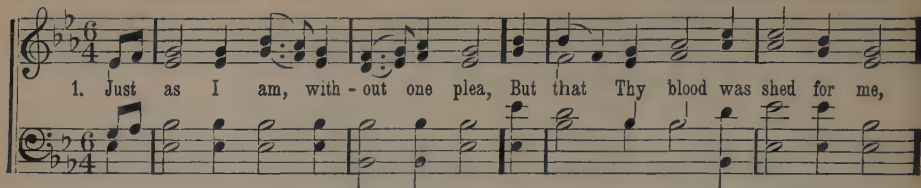
165

- 1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 4 Oh, welcome Him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may His gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

Jos. Grigg 1765.

164

- 1 The God of mercy warns us all
From day to day, from year to year;
And each must hear His awful call,
"No longer stand ye idle here."



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind!
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit,
Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

168

1 Behold the sin-aton-ing Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love!
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load:
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him
abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee:
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

167

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

169

WELTON. L. M.

CÆSAR H. A. MABAN, 1830.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live,
Are not Thy mer - cies large and free, May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow
severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

170

1 Thou loving Saviour of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us, with grace divine,
This sacred fast aright to keep.

2 Searcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills
Discern and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee in tears we turn;
Again to us Thy mercy show.

3 Much have we sinned, but we confess
Our guilt and all our faults deplore:

Oh, for the praise of Thy great name,
These fainting souls to health restore!

4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

Gregory the Great. Translated by E. Caswall.

171

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt op-
pressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

C. Elven, 1858

172

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI, 1768-1836.



1. Thou Lord of all a - bove, And all be - low the sky!
Pros - trate be - fore Thy feet I fall, And for Thy mer - cy cry.

- 2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through Thine Incarnate Son.
- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 The burden which I feel,
Thou canst alone remove;
Do Thou display Thy pardoning grace,
And Thine unbounded love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

173

- 1 When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,

Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

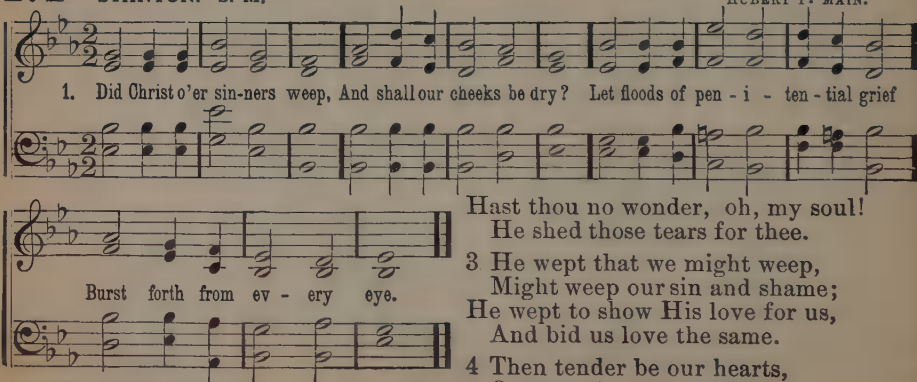
- 2 Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head!
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts.

174

STANTON. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Did Christo'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief
Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 The Son of God in tears
The angels wondering see:

Hast thou no wonder, oh, my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame;
He wept to show His love for us,
And bid us love the same.

- 4 Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him.

Benj. Beddome, 1787

175

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, 1865.

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me, I am not a - ble to look up
D. S. My shad-ow and my sun-shine

Fine. D. S.

Save on - ly, Christ to Thee: In Thee is all for - give-ness, In Thee a - bun-dant grace,
The brightness of Thy face.

Per. of Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew,
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew,
Till, with Thee, in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour!
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below,
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee, and love.

Jno. S. B. Monseil, 1865.

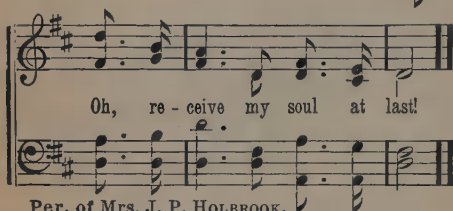
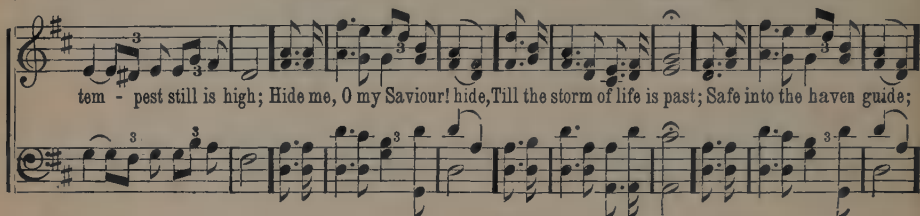
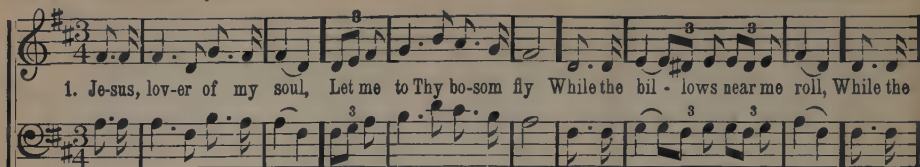
176

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus;
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

H. Bonar, 1857.



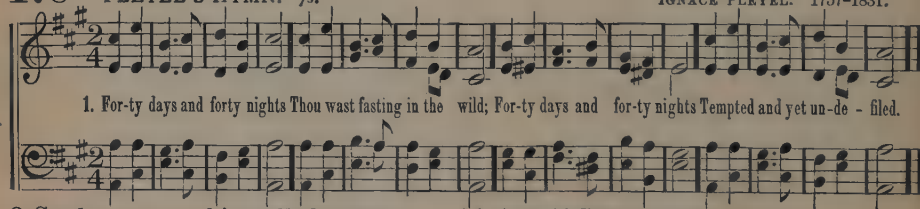
Per. of Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.



- 2 Sunbeams scorching all the day:
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed:
Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

- 3 Shall we not Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

- 4 And if Satan vexing sore
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

- 5 So shall we have peace divine,
Holier gladness ours shall be:
Round us too shall angels shine
Such as ministered to Thee.

Geo. H. Smytlan.

179

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

B. CASE. *Fine*

1. { Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend the a - dor - ing knee, }
 { When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, — }
 d. c. Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn Lit - a - ny.

Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man be - low, A - MEN.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years;
 By Thy life of want and tears;
 By Thy days of sore distress,
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread, mysterious hour
 Of the insulting Tempter's power,
 Turn, oh, turn, a favoring eye;
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode;
 By the anguished eye that told
 Treachery lurked within the fold:
 From Thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn Litany.

- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair;
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice:
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone:
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God!
 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord:
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

Robert Grant, 1815.
 S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly While the bil - lows near me roll,
 d. c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide Till the storm of life is past;

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,
Trampled on His precious blood,
Would not harken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament—

Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love, I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

1. The sol - emn sea - son calls us now, A ho - ly fast to keep;

To crowd with - in the tem - ple walls, La - ment, and pray, and weep.

2 And yet, O God, no plaintive sobs
From Thee can pardon win,
Unless the heart be moved with grief,
And penitent for sin.

3 With Thee avail not smitten breast,
Sad face, and garments rent,
Unless the contrite soul be sad,
And all its guilt lament.

4 With tears that speak a mourning
We Thee entreat, O God, [heart,

From us Thine anger turn away,
And stay the avenging rod.

5 Thou art a righteous judge; oh, deign
To spare the bruised reed:
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Trinity in Unity,
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

Latin Hymn. Translated by J. Chandler.

182

BACA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1857.

1. I love Thee, Oh, most gra-cious Lord, Not that Thou sav'st me by Thy word; Nor yet be-
cause Thy wrath shall doom Those loving not to end-less gloom, Those loving not to end-less gloom.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Thou, Thou, my Jesus, full of grace,
Didst me upon the cross embrace;
Didst bear the nails, the bloody spear,
The great disgrace the rabble's jeer.

3 Innumerable griefs were Thine, [mine,
Great sweats and anguish, Lord, of
The pangs of death, and all for me,
That I, poor wretch, might come to Thee.

4 Then why not love with all my heart?
O Jesus, most beloved Thou art!
Not that Thou sav'st my soul above,
Nor me condemn'st, do I Thee love.

5 Not for the hope of sure reward,
But for Thy love, O blessed Lord!
My love is Thine, and e'er shall be, [me.
Because, my King, Thou reign'st o'er
Francis Xavier. Trans. by A. C. Cox.

183

1 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 Oh, let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

4 Thy love, in suffering, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be, in heaven, my song.
Paul Gerhardt, 1659. Trans. by John Wesley, 1739.

184

ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je-sus, Thy blood and righteousness My bean-ty are, my glo-rious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar-rayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

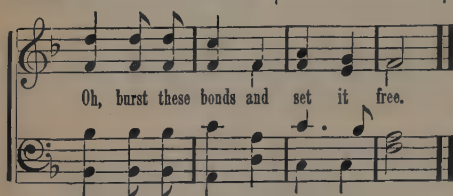
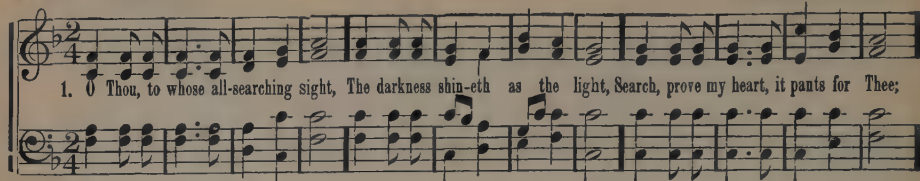
Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?

Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

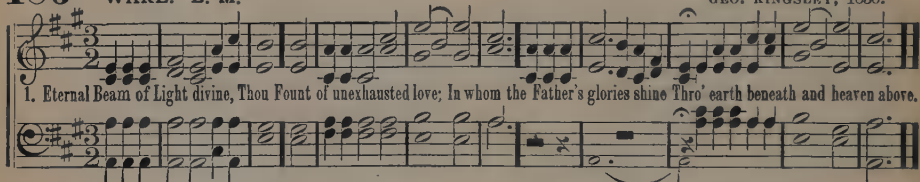
4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.
Zinzendorf. Trans. by John Wesley.



- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross:
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untried, I follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

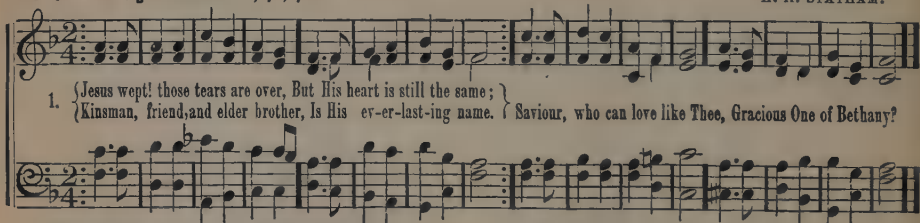
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731. Trans. John Wesley, 1739.



- 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give us Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm each breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 In faith we take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.

- 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh; [gone;
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Oh! speak our warring passions peace;
And bid our trembling hearts, Be still:
Thy power our strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

John Wesley.



- 2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!
- 3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story

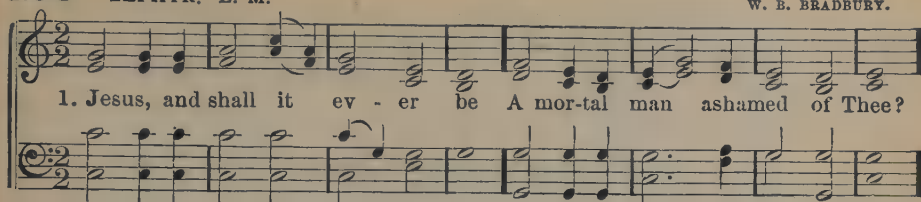
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

- 4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany. *E. Denny, 1839.*

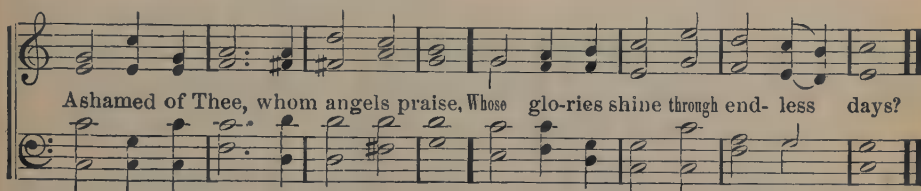
188

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Jesus, and shall it ev - er be A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?



Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glo-ries shine through end- less days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.

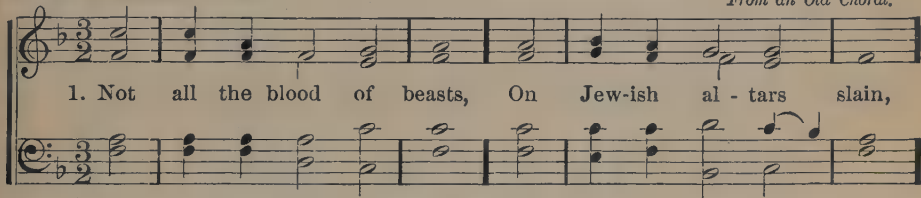
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Joseph Grigg.

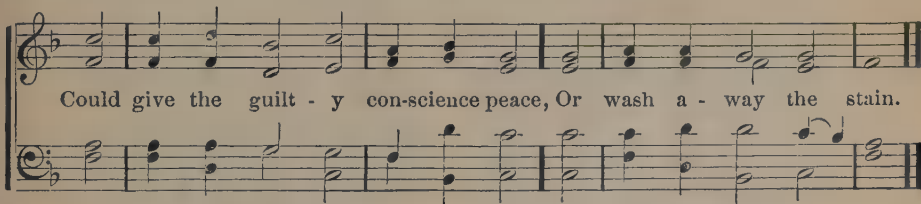
189

BADEA. S. M.

From an Old Choral.



1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al - tars slain,



Could give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

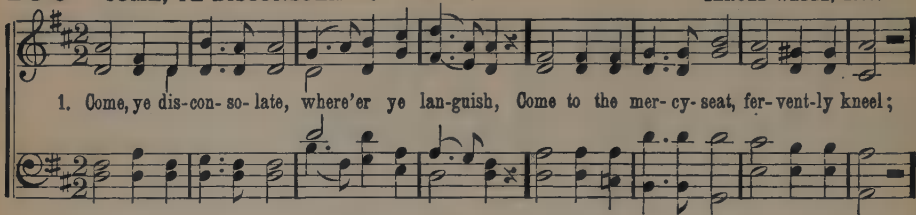
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

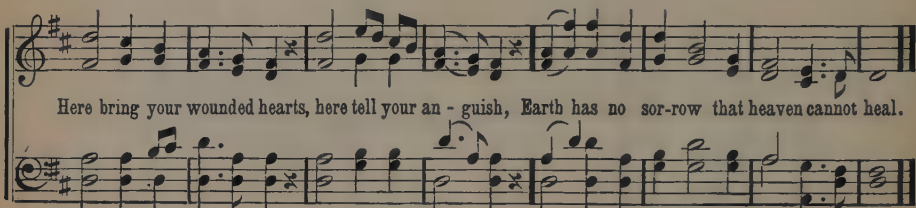
190

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. IIS & IOS.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

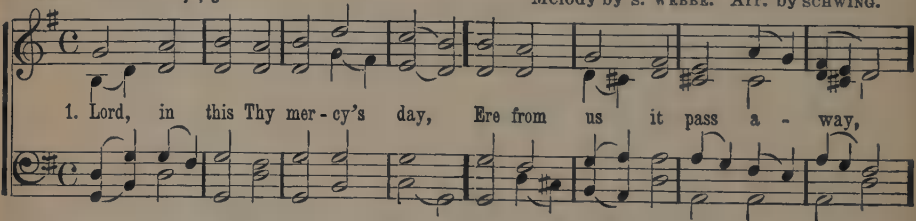
3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, vv. 1. 2. 1816. Thomas Hastings, v. 3.

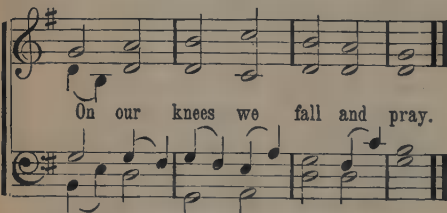
191

FIROR. 7s, 3l.

Melody by S. WEBBE. Arr. by SCHWING.



1. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere from us it pass a-way,



On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,—
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned 'round Thy throne.

Rev. I. Williams, 1841.

192

JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1786—1826. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me

Rit.

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolke. Trans. by Jane Borthwick.

I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar, 1856.

193

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

1. { 0 Thou from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee; }
 In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, (omit . . .) 0 Lord, re-mem-ber me.

- 2 When with a broken, contrite heart,
 I lift mine eyes to Thee;
 Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart,
 In love remember me.
- 3 In sore temptations, when no way
 To shun the ill I see,
 My strength proportion to my day,
 And then remember me.
- 4 And when I tread the vale of death
 And bow at Thy decree,
 Then, Saviour, with my latest breath,
 I'll cry, remember me.

Thos. Haweis, 1792.

195

- 1 Oh, help us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 Oh, help us, through the power of faith,
 More firmly to believe!
 For still the more the servant hath
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh, help us, Jesus! from on high,
 We know no help but Thee;
 Oh, help us so to live and die,
 As Thine in heaven to be!

196

1. Dear Refuge of my wea-ry soul! On Thee, when sor-rows rise; On Thee, when waves of

trouble roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies.

- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call Thee mine;

The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

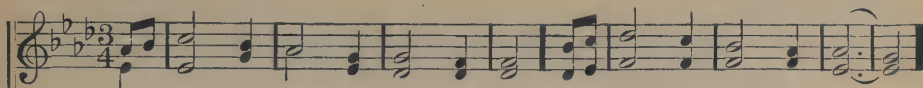
- 4 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf, when I complain?
- 5 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 Oh, may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there!
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend Thy will,
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

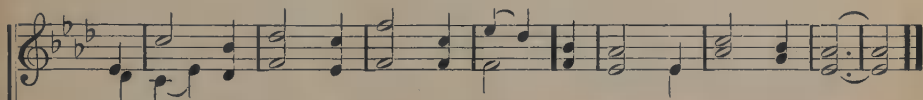
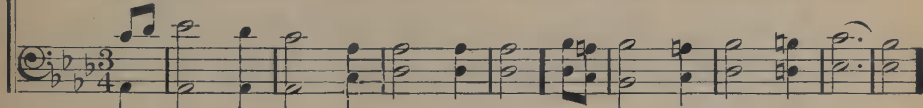
197

MANOAH. C. M.

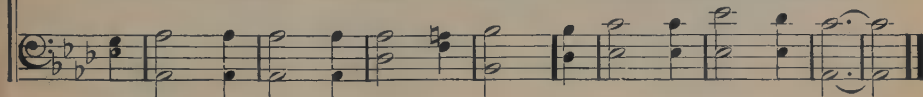
F. J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.



1. Dear Fa-ther, to Thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel-ter flies;



'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tem-pests rise.



2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust Thy power and love
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele,

198

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to Thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

199

1 Blest Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all Thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like Thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with Thee?

4 Hast Thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No: Thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let Thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. Heginbotham,

200

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

:8: SPANISH; FROM MARECHIO.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y;
D. S. Bread of heav - en! Bread of heav - en!

Fine. D. S.
Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heav - en! Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.
Feed me till I want no more.

- Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1774.

201

ANGELUS. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by SCHWING. GERMAN CHORAL.

1. I will love Thee,—all my treas-ure! I will love Thee,—all my strength! I will love Thee,—without meas-ure.

And will love Thee right at length. Oh, I will love Thee, Light divine, Till I die and call Thee mine.

- 2 I will praise Thee, Sun of glory!
For Thy beams have gladness brought.
I will praise Thee,—will adore Thee,
For the light I vainly sought:
Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.
- 3 In Thy footsteps now uphold me,
That I stumble not nor stray;
When the narrow way is told me,
Never let me ling'ring stay,
But come, my weary soul to cheer,
Shine, eternal Sunbeam, here.

- 4 Be my heart more warmly glowing,
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
And its love, its ardor showing,
Let my spirit onward tread;
Still near to Thee, and nearer still,
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.
- 5 I will love, in joy and sorrow,
Crowning joy, will love Thee well!
I will love, to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell:
Oh! I will love Thee, Light divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine!

Johann Scheffter, (Angelus.) Trans.

202 ST. CHAD. 8s, 7s. D. R. REDHEAD. Fine.

1. { Jo - sus, Ref - uge of the wea - ry, Ob - ject of the Spir - it's love, } Saviour from the world a-bore:
Fount - ain in life's des - ert drea - ry, [Omit.]
D. C. Yet up - on the cross ex - tend - ed, [Omit.] Thou didst bear the pain of all.

Voices in unison. 1st. 2d. D. C. 2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
See Thy thorn-encircled brow;
Yet Thy sinless death has brought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
Only what Thy grace has taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
With more fervent love for Thee!
May our eyes be ever turning
To Thy cross of agony;
Till in glory, parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven in our hearts forever,
Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

Jerome Savonarola, 1498.

Oh, how oft Thine eyes, offended,
Gaze up-on the [Omit. . .] sin-ner's fall!

Organ.

203 WILMOT. 8s, 7s. C. M. VON WEBER. 1786-1826.

1. Hail my ever blessed Jesus, Only Thee I wish to sing; To my soul Thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven,
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.

- 204**
- 1 Far beyond all comprehension
Is Jehovah's covenant love:
Who can fathom its dimension,
Or its unknown limits prove?
- 2 Ere the earth upon its basis,
By creating power was built,
His designs were wise and gracious,
For removing human guilt.
- 3 He displayed His grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary;
When He died for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.
- 4 Oh, how sweet to view the flowing
Of His soul-redeeming blood!
With divine assurance knowing
That it made my peace with God.
- 5 Freely Thou wilt bring to heaven
All Thy chosen ransomed race,
Who to Thee, their head, were given,
In the covenant of grace.

205

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s, & 4.

L. MASON.

1. { Je - sus, to Thy cross I hast-en, In all wear-i-ness my home; } Saviour, hide me, Sav- iour, hide me, Till the hour of
 { Let Thy dy - ing love come o'er me—Light and covert in the gloom: }

gloom is o'er, Till the hour of gloom is o'er.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

- Where life's tempests dark are rolling
 Fearful shadows o'er my way;
 Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,
 Every rising fear allay:
 Hide, oh, hide me,
 Hide me till the storm is o'er!
- 3 When stern death at last shall lead me
 Through the dark and lonely vale;
 Let Thy hope uphold and cheer me,
 Though my flesh and heart should fail.
 Safely hide me
 With Thyself forevermore.

- 2 From the death of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, Good Lord!
- 3 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
 In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, Good Lord!
- 4 In the weary night of sickness,
 In the throes of grief and pain,
 When we feel our mortal weakness,
 When all human help is vain,
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, Good Lord!
- 5 In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment-day,
 May our souls on Thee relying
 Find Thee still our hope and stay!
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, Good Lord!

- Jesus, may Thy promis'd blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford;
 May we now Thy love possessing
 Find at last the great reward;
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, Good Lord!

James J. Cummins, 1849.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851.

206

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee;
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
 By Thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, Good Lord!

207

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

208

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l.

THEO. HASTINGS.

Fine.

D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the double cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

209

SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767-1822.

1. To Christ, the Prince of Peace, And Son of God, we sing; To Him who saved us

by His love, Let ho - ly anthems ring.

- 2 Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore;
That love which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

- 3 O Jesus, Victim blest!
What else but love divine,
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine?

- 4 O Fount of endless life!
O Spring of water clear!
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near!

- 5 Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy grace through life, in
Thine immortality. [death

Latin Hymn. Translated by E. Caswall.

207 Continued.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;

Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

- 4 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring, 1825.

210

COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And
sinners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb! Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1779.

211

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL, 1690.

1. The bur - den of my sins, O Lord, Is more than I can bear—
To Thee I bring the guilt - y load, To Thee ad - dress my prayer.

2 For naught of good that I have done
On Thy dear name I call,
Alone upon the cross I lean,
My Saviour and my All.

3 Teach me to feel how weak I am
Without Thy strength'ning power,
And fresh supplies of grace renew
For every passing hour.

4 Dangers unseen on every side
Crowd thick life's troubled way,

Oh, guard me through the shadowy
And guide my steps by day. [night,

5 If sorrow shade, if grief oppress,
Whatever be Thy will,
Oh, may I bow to Thy behest,
And own Thy mercy still.

6 And when the chilling shades of death
Obscure life's fading ray,
Through all may I descry the dawn
Of an eternal day.

A. C. Core, 1859.

212

ST. LUCIAN. 6s & 5s.

C. R. BINCK.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prymne.

I. B. WOODBURY.

213

OLIVET. L. M.

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleans - ing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening spirit breathe?

Thou giv'st the power, the grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Nicolaus Zinzendorf. Trans. by J. Wesley.

214

BETHANY. ♯s, 4s.

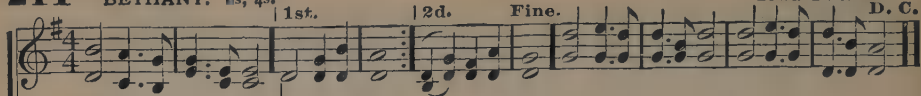
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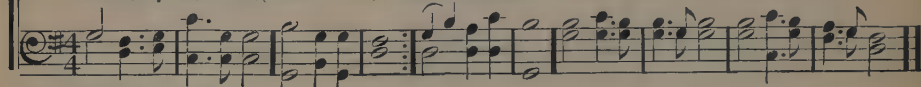
Fine.

LOWELL MASON.

D. C.



1. { Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, }
 { 'E'en though it be a cross (Omit. . . .) } That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer my God, to Thee,
 D.C. Near-er, my God, to Thee, (Omit. . . .) Near-er to Thee!



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

- Though, like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

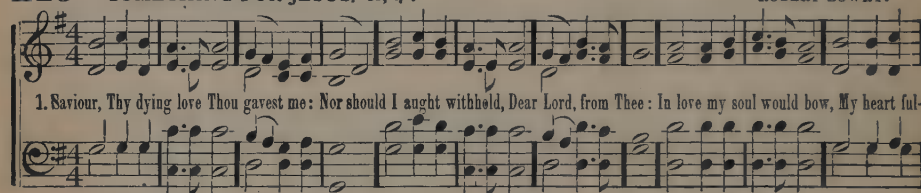
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

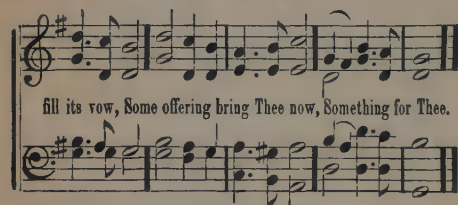
215

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s, 4s.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me: Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart full-



fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee:
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

216

- 1 Saviour, Thy gentle voice
 Gladly we hear;
 Author of all our joys,
 Ever be near;
 Our souls would cling to Thee,
 Let us Thy fulness see,
 Let us Thy fulness see,
 Our life to cheer.
- 2 Fountain of life divine,
 Thee we adore;
 We would be wholly Thine
 Forevermore;
 Freely forgive our sin,
 Grant heavenly peace within,
 Grant heavenly peace within,
 Thy light restore.
- 3 Though to our faith unseen,
 While darkness reigns,
 On Thee alone we lean
 While life remains;
 By Thy free grace restored,
 Our souls shall bless the Lord,
 Our souls shall bless the Lord
 In joyful strains!

Thomas Hastings.

217

MAY. 6s & 4s.

HENRY SCHWING.

1. Saviour, I fol - low on, Guid-ed by Thee, Seeing not yet the hand That lead - eth me;
Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.

2 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

3 Saviour, I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me.

C. S. Robinson.

218

HAVEN. 5s, 4s.

J. T. TUCKER.

1. Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad, Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad; Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,
Ref-uge from dan - ger, Sav - iour and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble
To Thee I cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

Wm. W. Rees.

2 Pillow where lying
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend.

(7)

219

ST. THEODULPH. 7s & 6s.

Fine.

M. TESCHNER, 1613.

1. { All glo-ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem-er, King, } 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael,
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! } 3. The compan - y, etc.

Thou David's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.

3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply. All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise, and prayer, and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high-exalted,
 Our melody we raise. All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc.

Trans. by Jno. M. Neale, 1856.

220

HIGBEE. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. FROM BEETHOVEN.

1. Je-sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men, From

the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Trans. by Ray Palmer, 1855.

MEHUL. 7s & ■

Fine.

FROM MEHUL.

1. { When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, }
 { The children all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name; } Nor did their zeal of - fend
 D. C. He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

D. C. CHORUS for each verse.

Him, But as He rode a - long, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang. A - MEN.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love to children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.
 Hosanna to Jesus our King. AMEN.
J. King.

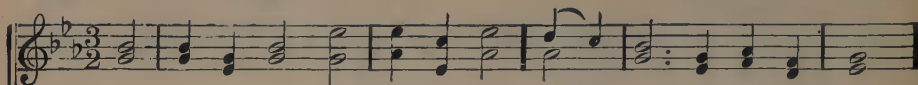
EISENACH. L. M.

J. H. SCHEIN. 1586-1630.

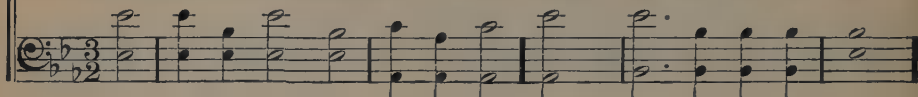
1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark, all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
 O Saviour meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin,
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.
 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky

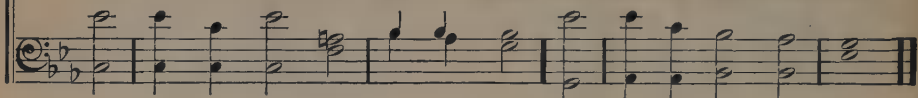
Look down with sad and wond'ring
 To see th' approaching sacrifice. [eyes
 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The Father, on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son!
Henry H. Milman, 1827.



1. O Thou who through this ho - ly week Did'st suf - fer for us all;



The sick to cure, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall.



2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes were there!

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
Thy hand the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By man on earth be honor done,
And by the heavenly host.

Jno. M. Neale, 1844.

224

1 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look He gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1779.

225

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy wounded side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and makeme thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

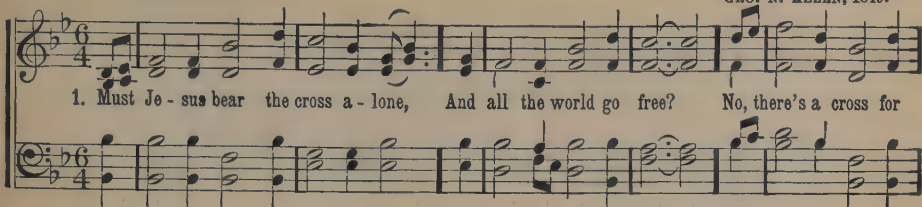
4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

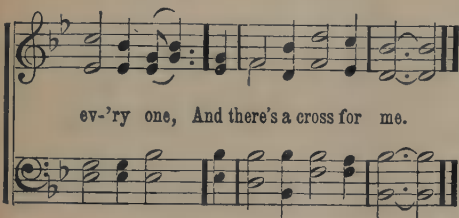
226

MAITLAND. C. M.

GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849.



ev-ry one, And there's a cross for me.



3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

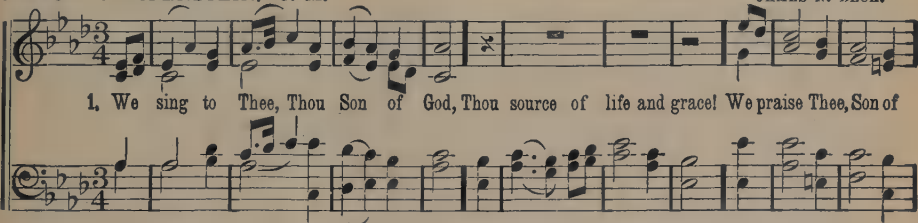
5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen, vs. 1-3. 1849.

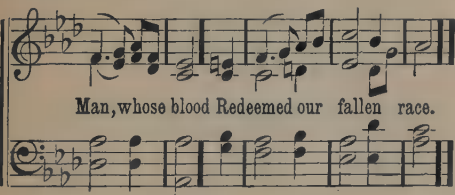
227

HELFENSTEIN. C. M.

JAMES N. BECK.



Man, whose blood Redeemed our fallen race.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

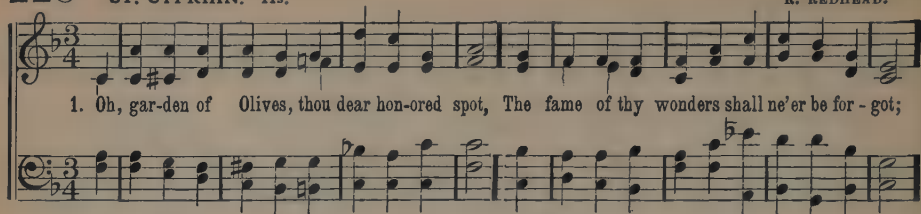
5 Th' apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign!

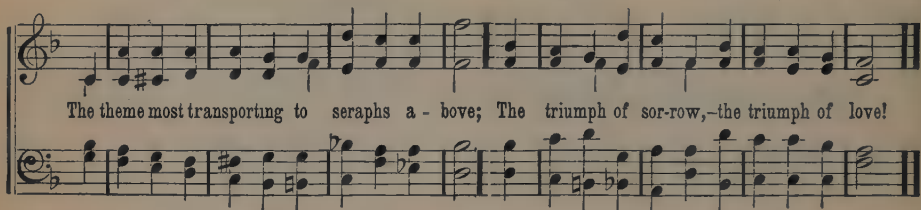
6 Throughout the world Thy churches join
To call on Thee, their Head,—
Brightness of majesty divine,
Who every power hast made!

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!



1. Oh, gar-den of Olives, thou dear hon-ored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for - got;



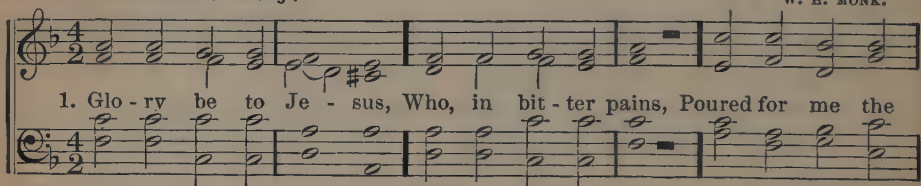
The theme most transporting to seraphs a - bove; The triumph of sor-row, -the triumph of love!

- 2 Come, saints, and adore Him; come, bow at His feet;
Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

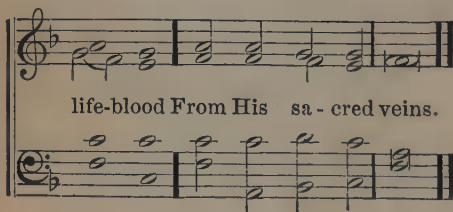
229

CASWALL. 6s & 5s.

W. H. MONK.



1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains, Poured for me the



life-blood From His sa - cred veins.

- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck, departs.
- 6 Oft as earth, exulting,
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing.
Make their glad reply.
- 7 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
And with saints and angels
Praise the precious blood.

230

ST. FINBAR. 8s.

ENGLISH.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call; Hear me, and from Thy

dwell - ing - place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je-sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore;

Oh make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought,
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art
mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1852.

231

NAMUR. L. M.

1. O Lord, when faith with fixed eyes Be-holds Thy wondrous sac-ri-fice, Love ris - es to an ar-dent

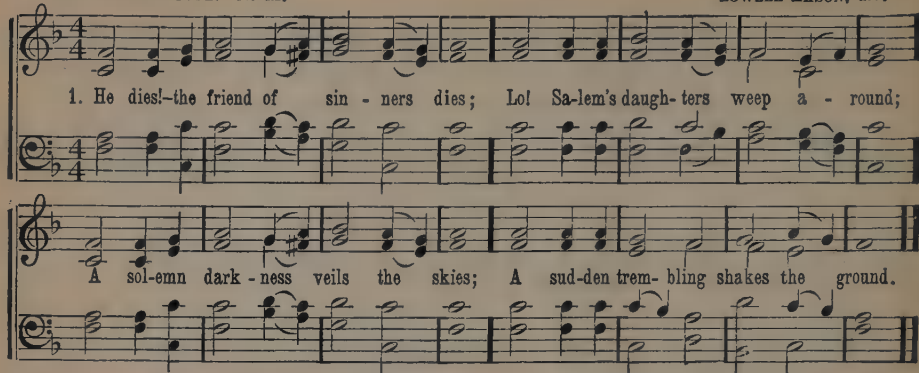
flame, And we all oth - er hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears, and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet!

3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of Thy grace!
And millions more to Thee shall fly,
And on Thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame, and death were
Thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine;
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss;
What love can be compared to this!

Beddome-Gibbons.



1. He dies!-the friend of sin - ners dies; Lo! Sa-lem's daugh- ters weep a - round;
A sol-emn dark - ness veils the skies; A sud-den trem- bling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view
Of Him who groans beneath your load;
He gives His precious life for you,
For you He sheds His precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again.

4 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"
Isaac Watts, 1709.

233

1 O Lord, the wilderness to me
A very Paradise shall be,
Since Thou for forty days wast there
In fasting, solitude, and prayer.

2 Unworthy though these feet to rest
On ground Thy footsteps once have blest,
The way of sorrows shall be mine,
Made sweet because it first was Thine.

3 Lord, let me find some lowly place
Where I may seek Thy pitying face,
And plead with Thee by Olivet,
By agony and bloody sweat.

4 Some quiet isle or dim recess
Shall make for me a wilderness;
And surely angels shall be there
To wait on penitence and prayer.

5 Nor is this all: for I would know
The depth of shame, the crown of woe;

Stand by the stricken mother's side
While Thou art mocked and crucified.

6 And then in hours of saddest gloom
I still will watch around Thy tomb,
Till with the day new joy be born,
And Thou shalt rise on Easter-morn.

7 Oh, blessed thought, that faith can see
In every altar, Calvary,
Find there the loving arms outspread,
And fall before the fallen Head.

8 Come, King of kings; come! Light of
The Bride awaits the day all bright, [light:
When she shall lift, her mourning o'er,
The shout of paschal joy once more.

234

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

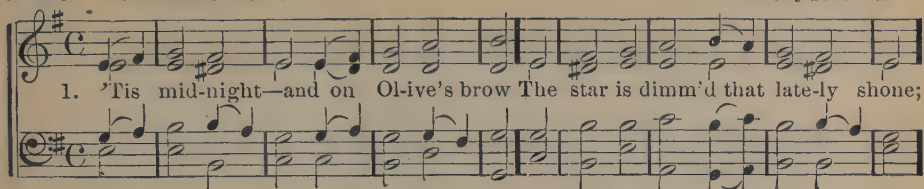
3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

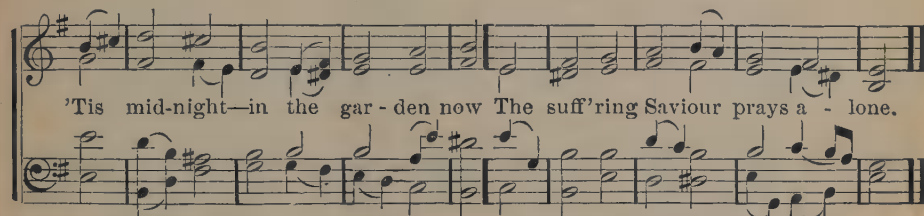
235

CYPRIAN. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.



1. 'Tis mid-night—and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;



'Tis mid-night—in the gar-den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.

- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;

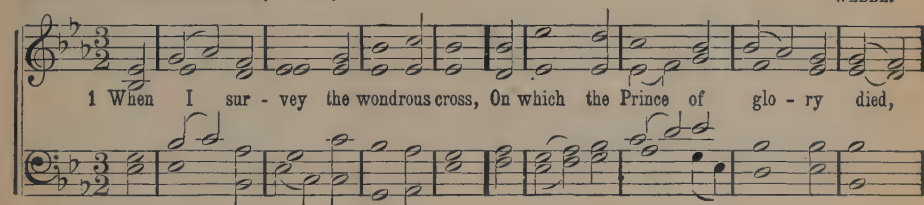
- Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

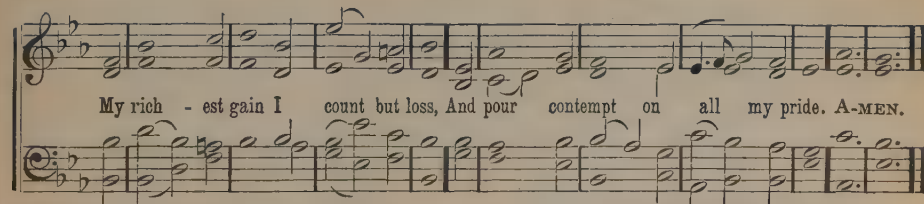
236

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WEBBE.



1 When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

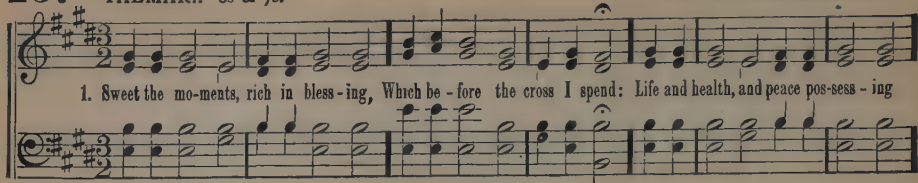
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

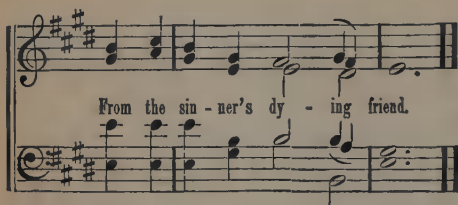
237

TALMAR.. 8s & 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1850.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend: Life and health, and peace possessing



From the sinner's dying friend.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station
Low before His cross to lie,

While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

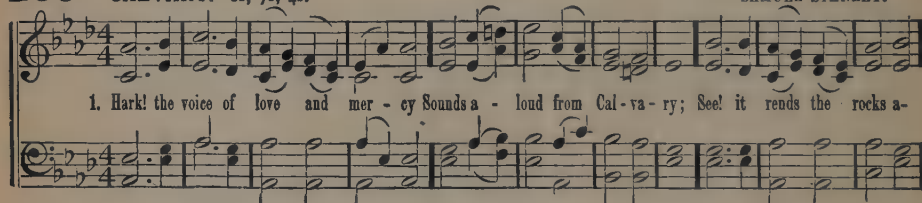
6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

James Allen, 1757.

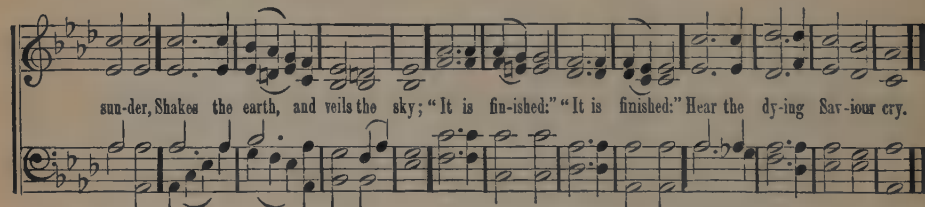
238

CALVARY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds a loud from Cal-vary; See! it rends the rocks a-



sunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; "It is finished." "It is finished." Hear the dying Sav-iour cry.

2 It is finished!—Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God has promised;

Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

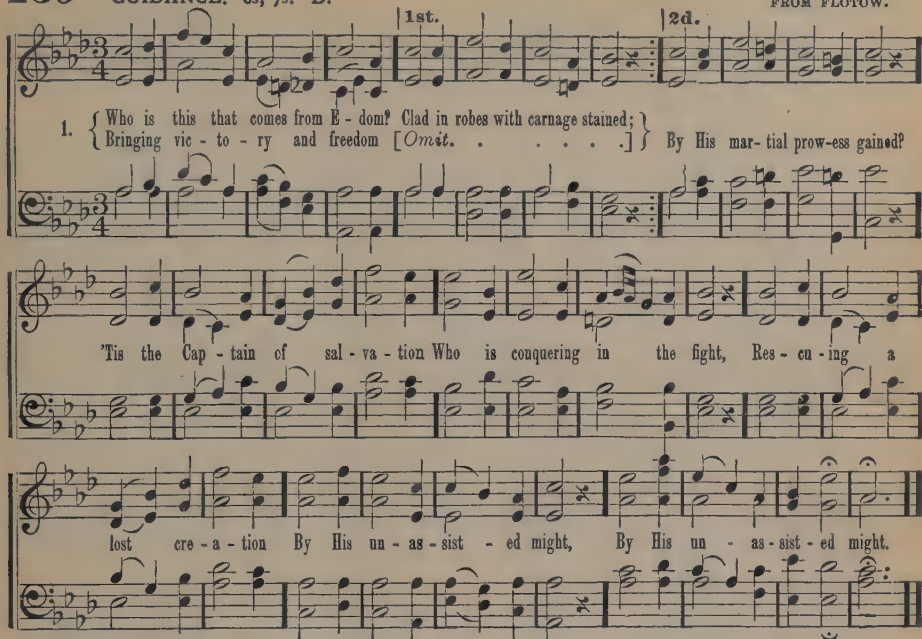
4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans (?) 1787.

239

GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s. D.

FROM FLOTOW.



1. { Who is this that comes from E-dom? Clad in robes with carnage stained; }
Bringing vic-to-ry and freedom [Omit. . . .] By His mar-tial prow-ess gained?

'Tis the Cap-tain of sal-va-tion Who is conquering in the fight, Res-cu-ing a
lost cre-a-tion By His un-as-sist-ed might, By His un-as-sist-ed might.

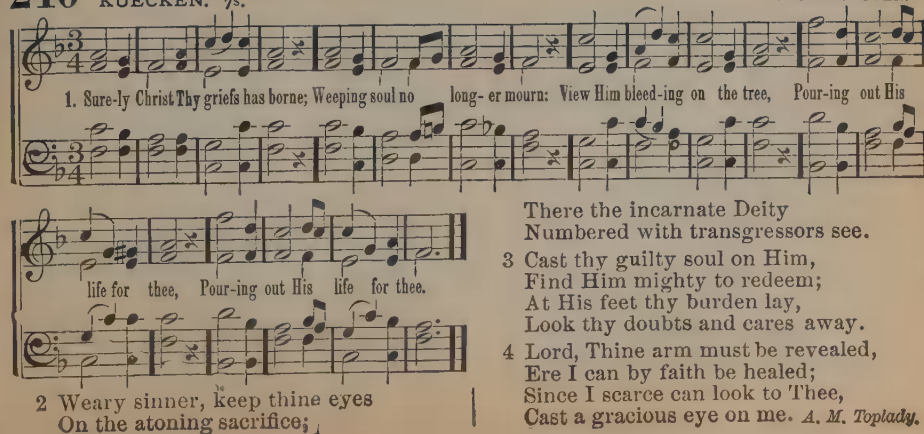
- 2 Lord, the course Thou art pursuing
Is a course of glorious gain;
But the work which Thou art doing
Is a work of bitter pain;
In a passion-tide beginning,
It will lead to bright renown;
By it Thou a way art winning
To an everlasting crown.
- 3 Through Thy cloud of shame and sorrow
Brilliant gleams of light appear;
Whence we hope and comfort borrow
In our griefs and struggles here;

- Thou dost conquer death by dying;
By Thy death we ever live;
And to us in darkness lying
Thou dost endless glory give.
- 4 Cruel hands of sinners bound Thee,
Thou a sinful world hast freed; [Thee,
They with thorns and mockery crowned
Placing in Thy hand a reed;
Now a starry crown Thou wearest,
Heavenly King, almighty Lord;
Scepter of the world Thou bearest,
And by angels art adored.

C. Wordsworth.
FROM KUECKEN.

240

KUECKEN. 7s.



1. Sure-ly Christ Thy griefs has borne; Weeping soul no long-er mourn: View Him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out His
life for thee, Pour-ing out His life for thee.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice;

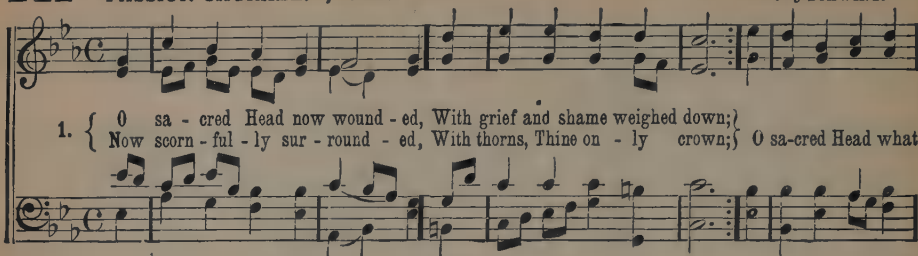
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see.

- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away.
- 4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me. A. M. Toplady.

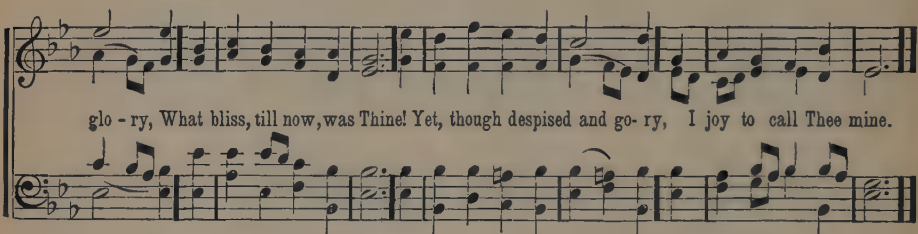
241

PASSION CHORALE. 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING.



1. { 0 sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down; }
 Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; } 0 sa - cred Head what



glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain:
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken—
 Above all joys beside;
 When in Thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide.
 My Lord of life desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside the cross expiring
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 Oh, make me Thine forever,
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
 Oh, show Thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free.
 These eyes new faith receiving

From Jesus shall not move,
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

Paul Gerhardt, 1556. Trans. J. W. Alexander.

242

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me
 Near to Thy wounded side;
 'Tis only there in safety
 And peace I can abide!
 What foes and snares surround me!
 What doubts and fears within!
 The grace that sought and found me,
 Alone can keep me clean.

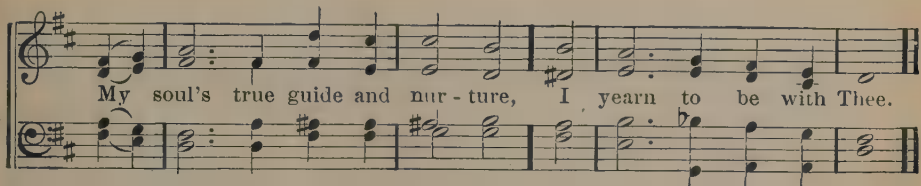
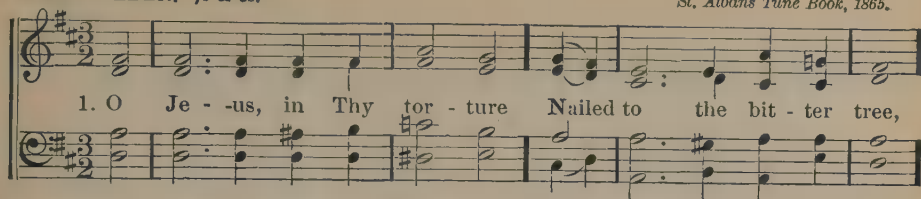
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
 I know my life secure;
 Only in Thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure:
 Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth,
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
 With rapture, face to face;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all Thy power and grace;
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1857.

EDEN. 7s & 6s.

St. Albans Tune Book, 1865.



2 How can I taste of pleasure
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain,
Jesus mine only treasure,
Mine everlasting gain?

3 O Jesus, may Thy sadness,
Thine agony and tears,
Win for my spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.

4 With Thine own body feed me,
Life to my soul accord,
Then to Thy pierc'd heart lead me,
And hide me there, O Lord.

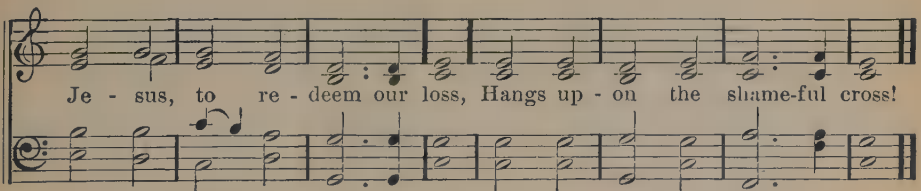
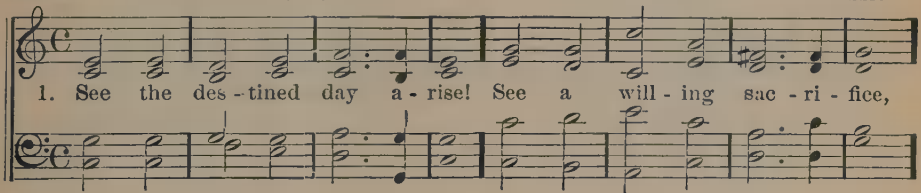
5 And in my dying hour
By those sharp wounds I pray,
Lord, may Thy passion's power
Wash all my sins away.

Latin Hymn of XV Century.

244

REDHEAD. NO. 47. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.



2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

1. By the blood that flowed from Thee In Thy bit - ter ag - o - ny; By the trait - or's guileful kiss
D. S. Hear the lov - ing lit - a - ny

Fine.

D. S.

Fill-ing up Thy bit - ter - ness; Je - sus, Saviour, hear our cry: Thou wert suffering once as we:
We, Thy children sing to Thee.

2 By the cords that, round Thee cast,
Bound Thee to the pillar fast;
By the scourge so meekly borne;
By Thy purple robe of scorn;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: &c.

3 By the thorns that crowned Thy head;
By the sceptre of a reed:
By Thy foes on bending knee
Mocking at Thy royalty;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: &c.

4 By the people's cruel jeers;
By the holy women's tears;
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,

Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: &c.

5 By the nails and pointed spear;
By Thy desolation drear;
By Thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for Thy foes:
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: &c.

6 By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: &c.
F. W. Faber.

1. Bless-ed Sav-i-our, Thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove;
D. C. Ev-er let my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly Thee.

Fine.

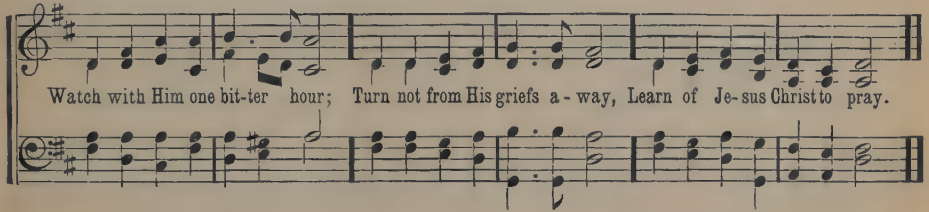
D. C.

All my hopes in Thee a-bide, Thou my hope, and naught be-side;

247

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished;" hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
J. Montgomery.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine;
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

248

1 Resting from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead, 1842.

246 Continued.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away;
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from Thy pierced hand

Now I take, while here I stand;
Only then I live to Thee,
When Thy wounded side I see.

4 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee!

Geo. Duffield.

1. Rest, weary Son of God: and I with Thee, Rest.....in that rest of Thine,

My wea - ri - ness was Thine; Thou bear - est it, And now Thy rest is mine.

- 2 Thy life on earth was one sad weariness;
Nowhere to lay Thy head.
Thy days were toil and heat; Thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain bed.
- 3 How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now,
Thy rest how still and deep! [gives
O'er Thee in love the Father rests: He
To His Beloved sleep.
- 4 On Bethel-pillow now Thy head is laid,
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell:
- Thy watchers are the angels of Thy
They guard Thy slumbers well. [God,
5 Rest, weary Son of God: Thy work is
And all Thy burdens borne; [done,
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has
brought
Thine everlasting morn.
- 6 Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,
Upon the throne above,
Rise, weary Son of Man, to carry out
Thy glorious work of love.

Horatius Bonar, 1868.

BY GOTTSCHALK. E. P. PARKER, arr.

250

MERCY. 7s.

1. Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace, Glo - ri - fy Thy-self in me;

Meek - ly beam - ing in my face, May the world Thine im - age see.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

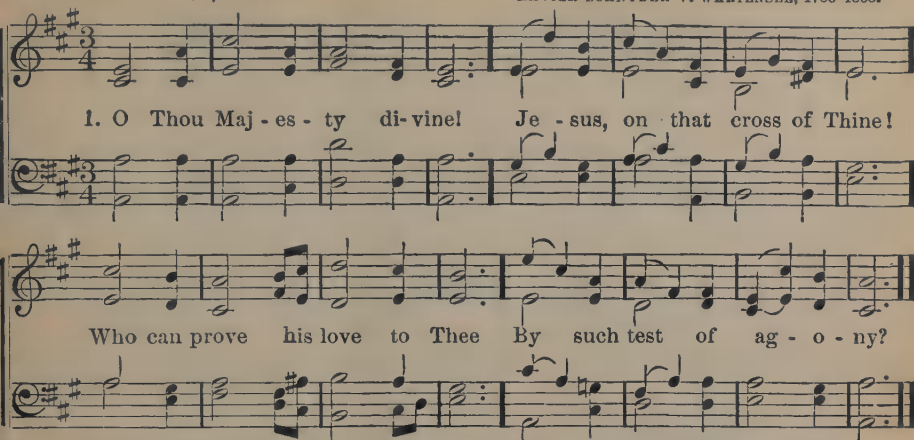
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To Thy will:—Thy will be done!
- Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him, to Thee, my God.

James Montgomery, 1803.

251

HORTON. 75.

XAVIER SCHNYDER v. WARTENSEE, 1786-1868.



1. O Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine! Je - sus, on that cross of Thine!
Who can prove his love to Thee By such test of ag - o - ny?

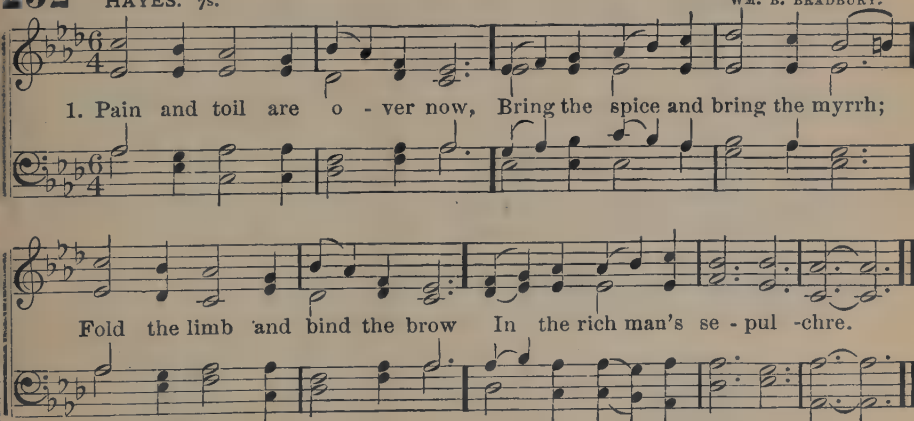
- 2 Show me, Lord, Thy wounds, I pray,
Let me love for love repay;
Let Thy blood, thus shed for me,
Now my life and healing be.
- 3 What in me is wounded yet,
What doth still disease beget,
Dearest Saviour, make it whole,
Lord, restore this sin-sick soul.
- 4 Lord, my heart would feel and know
All Thine agony and woe,
Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with Thee.
- 5 Gracious Jesus, Saviour dear!
Guilty though I be, give ear;

- Spurn me not, though vile, I pray,
From Thy blessed cross away.
- 6 Lying at Thy mercy-seat,
Lo! with tears I wash Thy feet,
Pity on my misery take,
Jesus, for Thy mercy's sake.
- 7 From Thy cross, uplifted high,
O Beloved, cast Thine eye:
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul;
By Thy sorrows make me whole.
- 8 Here I'll mourn with my last breath,
O'er my sins, and o'er Thy death;
Jesus, Lamb of God, Thy cross
Saves me from eternal loss.

252

HAYES. 75.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



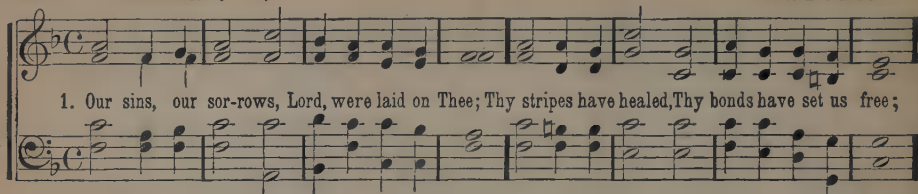
1. Pain and toil are o - ver now, Bring the spice and bring the myrrh;
Fold the limb and bind the brow In the rich man's se - pul - chre.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

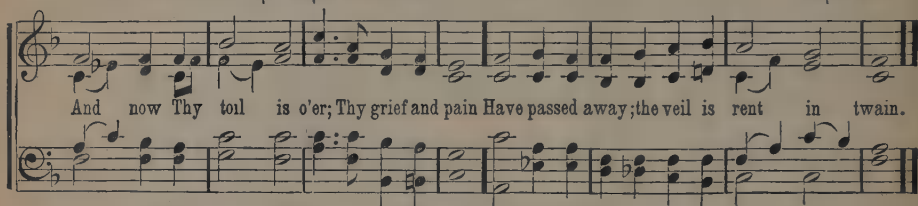
- 2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well;
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel;

- 3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

C. F. Alexander.



1. Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on Thee; Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us free;



And now Thy toil is o'er; Thy grief and pain Have passed away; the veil is rent in twain.

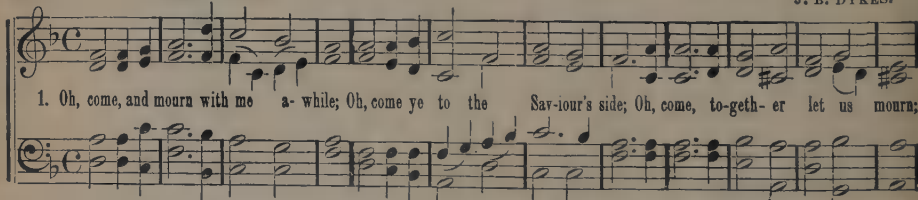
2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep:
Thy Father giveth His Beloved sleep.

3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of love,
Eternal, filling all created things
With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings!

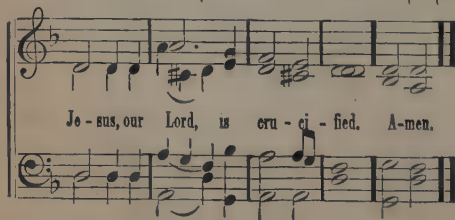
4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for day;
Oh, let Thine angel roll the stone away!

5 Oh, by Thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

E. W. Eddis.



1. Oh, come, and mourn with me a-while; Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side; Oh, come, to-gether let us mourn;



Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied. A-men.

Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love,

And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

F. W. Faber.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?

255

HAVEN. 7s, 4l.

MRS. HELEN SCHMUCKER.

1. When on Sinai's top I see God descend, in maj-es-ty, To pro-claim His ho-ly law,

All my spir-it sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,

At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

256

DRESDEN. 8s, 7s, 7s.

1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Hu-man taunts and Sa-tan's spite: Death shall be de-

spoiled to-mor-row Of the prey he grasps to-night. Yet once more, His own to save,

Christ must sleep with-in the grave. A-men.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 All night long with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow,
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth
reign.

John Moultrie.

257

RESURRECTION. 7s & 6s. D.

A. NEVIN.

1. The Lord of life is ris-en; Sing, East-er her-alds, sing! He bursts His rock-y pris-on; Wide let the triumph ring.

In death no longer ly-ing, He rose, the Prince, to-day; Life of the dead and dy-ing, He triumphed o'er decay. A-men.

Per of Miss A. NEVIN:

- 2 The Lord of life is risen,
And love no longer grieves;
In ruin lies death's prison,
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives.
We hear Thy blessed greeting;
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating:
"Life for the dead is won!"
- 3 Around Thy tomb, O Jesus,
How sweet the Easter breath;
Hear we not in the breezes
"Where is thy sting, O death?"
Dark hell flies in commotion,
The heavens their anthems sing;
While far o'er earth and ocean
Glad hallelujahs ring!

- 4 Oh, publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth,
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth;
Till, rising from their slumbers
In long and ancient night,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the Easter light.
- 5 Hail! hail! our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren sing!
Through death's dark, gloomy prison,
Let Easter chorals ring.
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,
Accept your glad reprieve;
Come forth from sin's dark regions—
In Jesus' kingdom live.
J. P. Lange, 1851. Trans. by H. Harbaugh.

258

HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. An-gels, roll the rock a-way! Death, yield up thy might-y - prey! See, the Sav-iour

leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia. Sons of men, and an - gels,
say; Al - le - lu - ia. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Al - le - lu -
ia. Sing, ye heavens! and earth, re - ply! Al - le - lu - ia.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more. Alleluia.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise. Alleluia.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
Alleluia.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;

Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
Alleluia.
Charles Wesley.

260

- 1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!
- 3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's king,
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia.

Old Latin Air. Trans. 1750.

258 Continued.

- 2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror, through them ride!

King of glory, mount Thy throne!
Boundless empire is Thine own.

- 5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Thos. Scott, 1775.

261

PASCHAL. 7s. D.

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic-tor-ious King, Who has washed us in the tide, Flow-ing

from His pierc-ed side; Praise we Him whose love di-vine, Gives His sac-red blood for wine, Gives His bod-y for the

feast, Christ the vic-tim, Christ the priest.

- 2 When the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Thro' the wave that drowns the foe,
Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we manna from above.

- 3 Mighty victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be.

Latin Hymn. Trans. by R. Campbell, 1850.

262

REBOUGH. S. M.

HENRY SCHWING.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed;" The grave has lost its prey; With Him shall rise the ran-som'd

seed To reign in end-less day.

- 2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
He lives to die no more;

He lives His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

- 3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

263

VICTORY. 8s. & 4s.

FROM PALESTRINA.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. 1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done;

Org.

The vic-to-ry of life is won; The song of tri-umph has be-gun. Al-le-lu-ia.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst,

Alleluia.

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia.

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

Alleluia.

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants
That we may live and sing to Thee, [free,

Alleluia.

Francis Pott.

264

WIRTEMBURG. 7s.

1. Christ the Lord is risen a-gain, Christ hath broken ev-ery chain; Hark, an-gel-ic

voic-es cry, Sing-ing ev-er-more on high, Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry,

Alleluia!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings,

Alleluia!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven,

Alleluia!

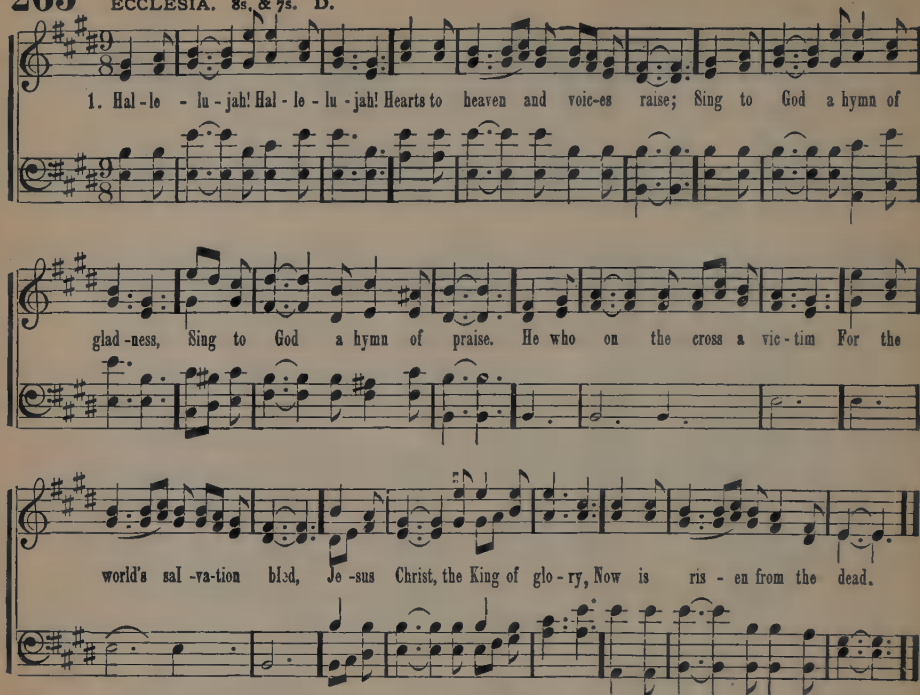
5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed!
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,

Alleluia!

Michael Weise, 1531. Trans. by Cath. Winkworth.

265

ECCLESIA. 8s. & 7s. D.



1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise; Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise. He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal-va-tion bled, Je-sus Christ, the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead.

- 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed and we conquer
By His vict'ry o'er the grave;
Quicken'd with Him by the Spirit
We the life eternal have.
- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Men the golden ears of harvest
With their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.
- 4 Christ is risen, we are risen.
Shed upon us heav'nly grace,
Rain and dew and streams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Christopher Wordsworth.

266

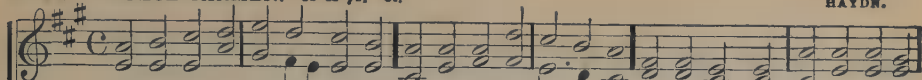
- 1 Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.
- 2 Alleluia, bread of angels
Thou on earth our food, our stay,
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.
- 3 Alleluia, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia, born of Mary, [throne:
Earth Thy footstool, heav'n Thy
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both priest and victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

W. C. Dix.

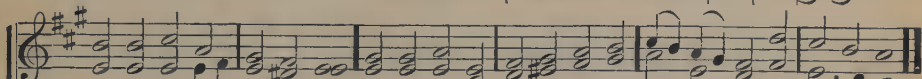
267

DULCE CARMEN. 8s & 7s. 6l.

HAYDN.



1. Al-le-lu-ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy that can-not die, Al-le-lu-ia is the an-them



Ev-er dear to choirs on high; In the house of God a-bid-ing, Thus they sing e-ter-nal-ly.

- 2 Alleluia, thou resoundest
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee:
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.
- 3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia, our transgressions

Make us for awhile forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

- 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

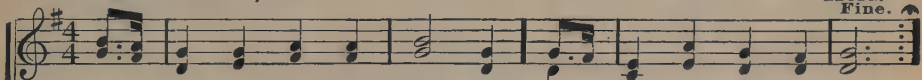
Adam St. Victor. Translated by J. M. Neale.

268


SALVATORI. 7s & 6s.

HAYDN.

Fine.



1. The day of res-ur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad! }
The Pass-ov-er of glad-ness, The Pass-ov-er of God! }
D. C. Our Christ hath brought us o-ver, With hymns of vic-to-ry.



D. C.
From death to life e-ter-nal, From earth un-to the sky, A-MEN

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And listening to His accents
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let all the world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end. AMEN.

St. John Damascene. Trans. by Dr. Doddridge, 1780.

1 { Yes, the Re-deem-er rose The Sav-iour left the dead; } In wild dis-may, the guards a-round
And o'er our bell-ish foes High raised His conquering head;

Fall to the ground, and sink a-way. Fall to the ground, and sink a-way.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,—
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with Thy blood:
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!

With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

270

- 1 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 2 Be Thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide:
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side:
Oh, let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 3 I love my Shepherd's voice:
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

271

DARWALL. H. M.

JOHN DARWALL, 1770.

1. Re-joice! the Lord is King!— Your God and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks, and sing,

And triumph ev - er-more: Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Rejoice! a - gain I say—re-joyce!

- 2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
- 3 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell

- With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

Charles Wesley, 1716.

272

TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNBY.

1. That East - er-tide with joy was bright, The sun shone out a fair - er light,

When to their long-ing eyes re-stor'd, Th' apostles saw their ris - en Lord.

- 2 He bade them see His hands, His side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide;
Oh, tokens true, which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was risen again.
- 3 Jesus, the King of righteousness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,

- That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.
- 4 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeem'd forever shield.

ST. ALBINUS. 7s, ■ ■ 4s.

H. J. GAUNTEETT, 1872.

1. Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - rors, death, ap - pal us; Je - sus

lives! by this we know thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal:
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757. Trans. by Frances E. Cox, 1841.

LAUD. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ye choirs of new Je - ru - sa - lem, Your sweet - est notes em - ploy,

The Pas - chal vic - to - ry to hymn In strains of ho - ly joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head; (mains
And cries aloud through death's do-
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

275

RESURRECTION JOY. 11s & 12s.

Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART. *Fine*

1. Lift your glad voice - es in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die!
D. C. Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels high, "The Sav - iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die!"

Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a - round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave;

He burst from the fet - ters of dark - ness that bound Him, Resplendent in glo - ry, to live and to save! *D. C.*

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die. *Henry Ware, Jr.*

276

KENAN. 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

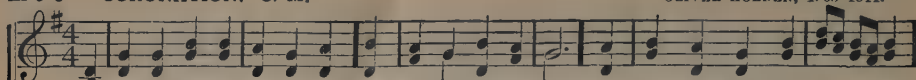
1. When two friends on Easter-day To Em-ma-us bent their way, On that Pas - chal ev - en - tide Christ was walk - ing at their side.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

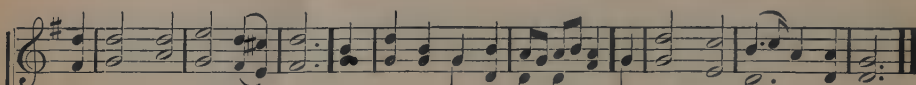
- 2 Then their hearts within them glow'd
When Himself to them He show'd
In the scripture, as a king
Glorified by suffering.
- 3 Thou art ever with us, Lord,
Walking in Thy holy word;
And Thy voice, O Saviour dear,
In that word we ever hear,
- 4 What the holy prophets meant
In the ancient testament,
Thou art opening to our view,
Lord, forever in the new.

- 5 And Thy presence, Lord, we feel
When we at Thy table kneel;
When we feed upon Thee there,
We too at Emmaus are.
- 6 Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
Yet we know Thee ever nigh:
Though Thou art much further gone
Even to Thy heavenly throne;
- 7 Yet we, Lord, behold Thy face
Ever in the means of grace:
There Thou walkest by our side,
There Thou with us dost abide.

Christopher Wordsworth,



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem,



And crown Him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

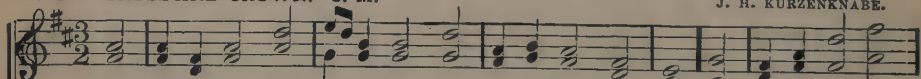
4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

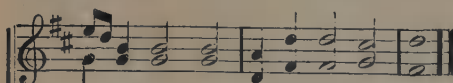
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780.



1. A - bide with us, the shades of eve Are fall-ing fast a - round; Far spent the day—Oh,



do not leave The souls Thy love has found!

3 The solemn joy, the awful fear,
The hallow'd hush of peace,
The consciousness that Thou art near,
We would not these should cease.

Per. of J. H. KURZENKNABE.

2 Oh, leave us not!—tho' slow of heart
To trust Thy plighted word;
Abide, nor evermore depart,
Abide with us, O Lord.

4 They came to us with glad accord
This blessed Easter-tide,
They will abide with us, O Lord,
If Thou with us abide.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1857.

279

EVENTIDE. 108.

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me, fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide;
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless! Oh! a-bide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

280

LUTON. L. M.

1. Light's glit-ter-ing morn be-decks the sky, Heav-en thun-ders forth its vic-tor ery, The glad earth shouts her triumph high,

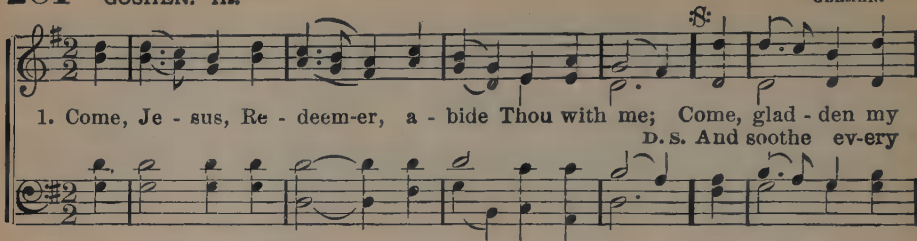
And groan-ing hell makes wild re-ply.

2 While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,

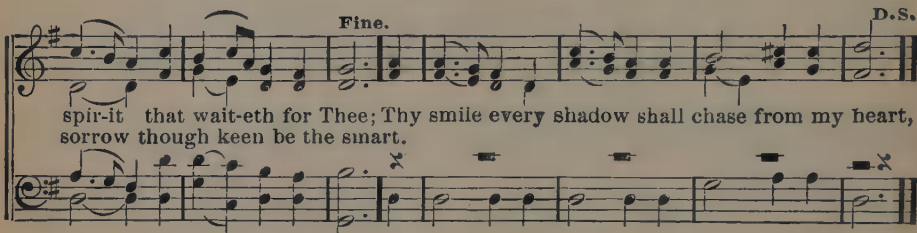
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

3 His tomb of late the three-fold guard
Of watch, and stone, and seal had barred;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

4 The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."



1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem-er, a - bide Thou with me; Come, glad - den my
D.S. And soothe ev-ery



Fine. D.S.
spir-it that wait-eth for Thee; Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
sorrow though keen be the smart.

2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee
I am strong;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night
be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still
every fear,
Since Thou, the Most Mighty my
helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender,
so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
fast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my
cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in
the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruf-
fled, Thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou
my heart cease;
In Thee all its longings henceforward
shall end,
Till glad to Thy presence my soul
shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for
me died,
Made clean in the fountain that
gushed from Thy side,
I shall see Thy full glory, Thy face
shall behold,
And praise Thee with raptures forever
untold!

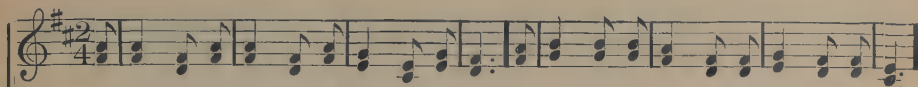
282

1 Oh, had I, my Saviour, the wings of
a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy pres-
ence above!
How soon would I flee where the
weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy shelter-
ing breast!

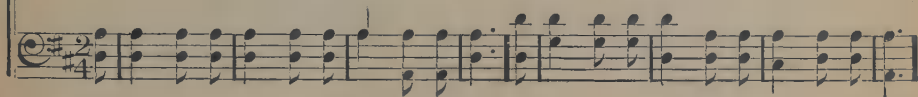
2 I flutter, I struggle, and long to be
free,
I feel me a captive while banished
from Thee;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I
roam,
And look on to heaven and fain would
be home.

3 Ah, there the wild tempest forever
shall cease,
No billow shall ruffle that haven of
peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall
depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from
the heart.

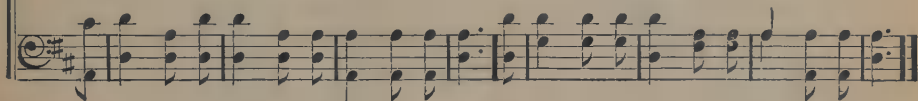
4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise
be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to
decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness
cheers;
Oh, what will it be, when the fullness
appears?



1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I rest;



He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.



2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay:
No harm can befall with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

J. Montgomery, 1822.

The Lord is our leader, His word is our stay;
Tho' suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God.

3 Into His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, His kingdom our home.

John N. Darby, 1861.

1 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;

285

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALE.

1. Ho - san-na to the Prince of light, Who clothed Himself in clay, En - tered the i - ron
gates of death, And tore the bars a-way; And tore the bars a-way; And tore the bars a-way.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose:
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And vanquished all our foes.

3 See how the Conq'rour mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes!

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blessed abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

286

LANESBORO. C. M.

W. DIXON.

1. The head, that once was crown'd with thorns, is crown'd with glo - ry now; A roy - al di - a -
dem a - dorns A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.

■ The highest place that heaven affords
Is His — is His by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know;

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;

Their name,—an everlasting name;
Their joy,—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
The mystery of His love.

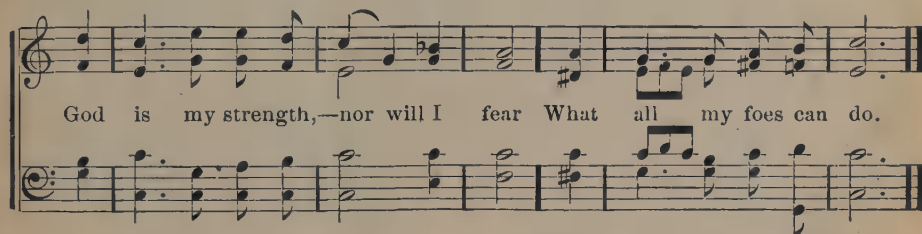
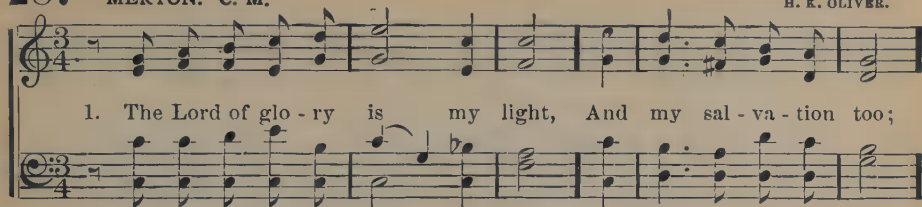
6 The cross He bore is life and health,—
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thos. Kelly, 1860.

287

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719

288

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,

And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

- 4 In them Thou mayest be clothed and
And visited and cheered; [fed,
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
Oh, may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

289

- 1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come
And grace and glory too.
- 2 If Christ is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the full source of every good,
Is more than all to me.
- 3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's dark dismal vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.
- 4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine;
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benj. Beddome, 1776.

1. The Lord my shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since
He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-MEN.

Per. of MISS A. NEVIN.

- He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;

- Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days,
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.
Isaac Watts.

291 WELTON. L. M.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN, 1830.

1. He lives, the great Re-deem-er lives, What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives: And now, be-fore His Fa-ther,
God, Pleads the full mer-it of His blood.

- Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

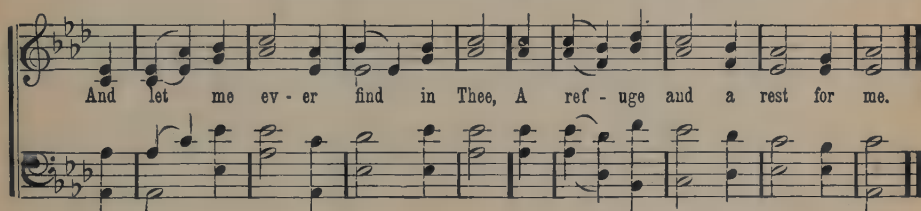
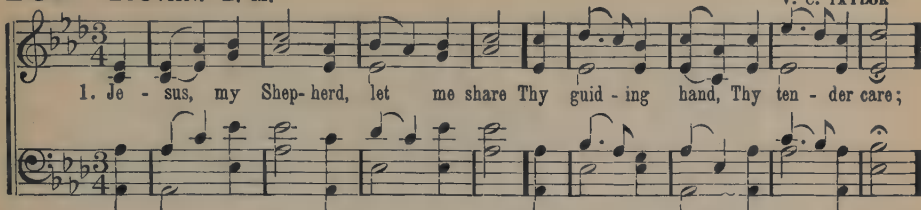
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing
thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760.

292

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR



2 Oh, lead me ever by Thy side,
Where fields are green, and waters glide;
And be Thou still, where'er I be,
A refuge and a rest for me.

3 While I this barren desert tread,
Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread;
'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,
A refuge and a rest for me.

4 Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace,
To cheer me in the heavenly race;
Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee,
And make my spirit rest in Thee.

5 When death shall end this mortal strife,
Bring me through death to endless life;
Then, face to face, beholding Thee,
My refuge and my rest shall be.

Henry Harbaugh, 1859.

293

1 Jesus, the shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
The flock for which Thou cam'st from
heav'n,

The flock for which Thy life was giv'n.

2 Oh, guard Thy sheep from beasts of
prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

3 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream:
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

4 Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice:
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

5 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete,
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

Thomas Kelly.

294

1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest:
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold:
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treach'rous, faithless,
cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name
adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none
remove:
Then neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

295

SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, 4s.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

1. { Saviour, like a shep-herd lead us; Much we need Thy tender care;}
In Thy pleasant past-ures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:} Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus,

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

- 3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1833.

296

CLEVER. 8s, 6s, 8s, 4s.

SIR JOHN GOSS.

Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare-well, A

guide, a com - fort - er, be-queathed, With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-
place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

297

STILL WATER. 10s, 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Oh, tell me, Thou life and delight of my soul, Where the flock of Thy past-ure is feed-
ing; I seek Thy pro-tec-tion, I need Thy con-trol, I would go where my Shepherd is lead-ing.

- 2 Oh, tell me the place where Thy flock is at rest,
Where the noon-tide will find it re-posing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is dis-tressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 And why should I stray with the flocks of Thy foes,
In the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflic-tion and woes,
And temptations their ruin are prov-ing?
- 4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wanderings cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace,
Thou dost give to the flock Thou art keeping.
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn,
And homeward my spirit is flying.

298

DIJON. 7s

GERMAN.

1. Might-y Saviour, gracious King, Now Thy wait-ing peo-ple bless; Thou that dost deliverance
bring: Come to reign in right-eous-ness

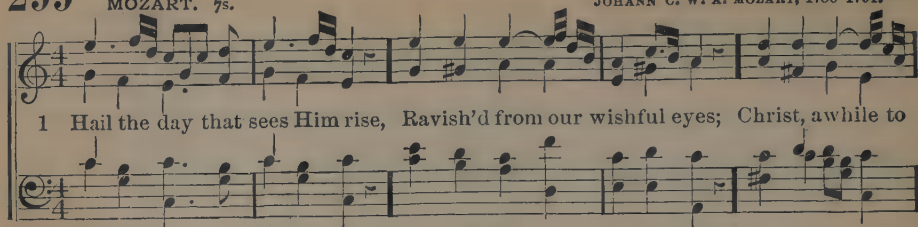
3 Pour Thy spirit from on high;
Come, Thy mourning Church to bless;
Streams of life and joy supply;
Fill the world with righteousness;

- 2 Thou dost heavenly light impart:
Tune the ear to Zion's song:
Teach and guide the wayward heart,
Loose and prompt the stamm'ring tongue.
- 4 Light shall then possess Thine own,
Holy quiet, perfect peace;
And where heav'nly seed is sown,
Thou wilt give the blest increase.

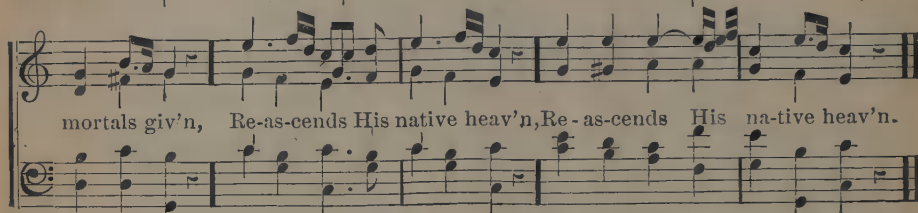
Edward Osler.

MOZART. 7s.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART, 1756-1791.



1 Hail the day that sees Him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes; Christ, awhile to



mortals giv'n, Re-as-cends His native heav'n, Re-as-cends His na-tive heav'n.

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!

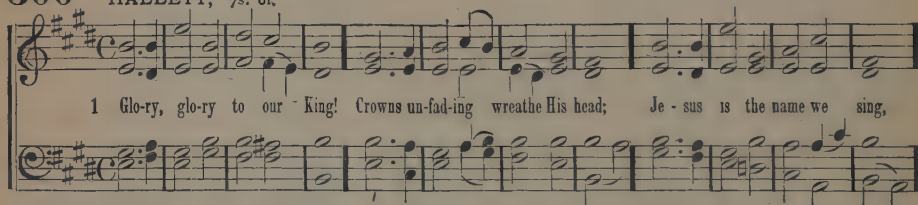
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

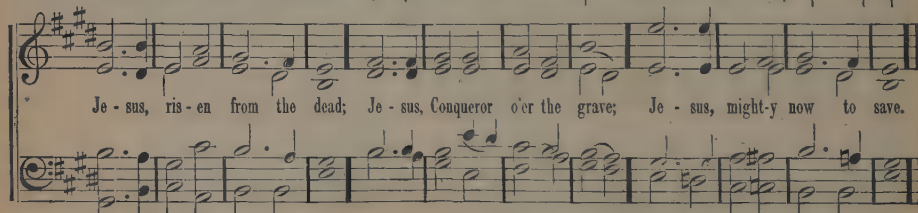
6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

HALLETT, 7s. 6l.



1 Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King! Crowns un-fad-ing wreath His head; Je - sus is the name we sing,



Je - sus, ris-en from the dead; Je - sus, Conqueror o'er the grave; Je - sus, might-y now to save.

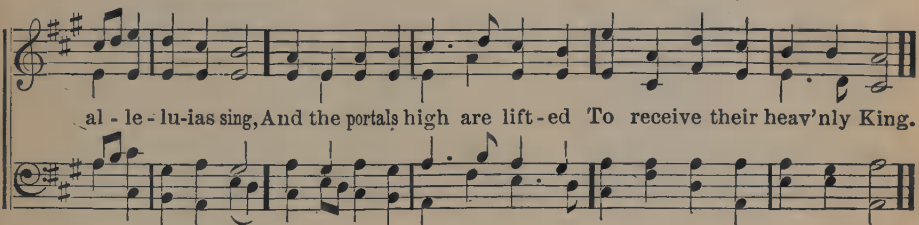
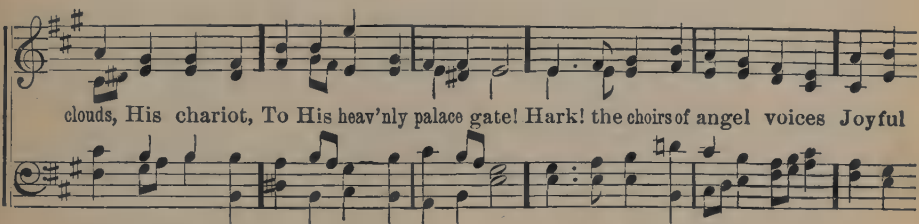
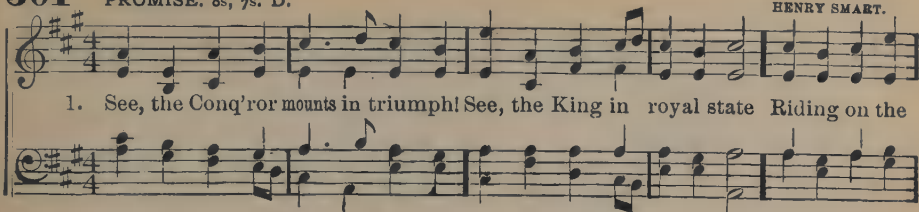
2 Jesus is gone up on high:
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

301

PROMISE. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY SMART.



- 2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.
- 3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On th'eternal throne of heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

2 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and amazed bow.
We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
Follow Thee beyond the sky;
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

3 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned forevermore as Thine.
Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With one Spirit evermore.

Latin Hymn, 5th century.

302

- 1 Christ, above all glory seated,
King triumphant, strong to save!
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

303

HARWELL. 8s. & 7s.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

1. { Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi-ces Sound the note of praise a-bove; } See, He sits on yonder
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joice; Je - sus reigns, the God of love; } See, He sits on yonder

throne! Je - sus rules the world a-lone.
 throne! Je - sus rules the world a-lone. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth;
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 3 King of glory, reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever

Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

304

CORONAE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

W. H. MONK, 1823—.

1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of sor-rows" now; From the fight re-tur-ned vic-to-rious,
 Ev'-ry knee to Him shall bow. Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the heav'nly concave rings:—
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"
 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels, crowd around Him,

Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 Oh! what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

305

CONQUEROR. 6s & 4s.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1854.

1. Rise, glorious Con-queror! rise In-to Thy na-tive skies; As-sume Thy right: { And where, in The clouds are many a fold, } Pass thro' these gates of gold, And reign in light! And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
 No feet but Thine, have trod
 The serpent down;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant—go,
 And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age;
 Lord of the rolling years!
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star—
 “Lo! these have come,
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home.”

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

306

1 Let us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature, sing:
 Angels, begin the song;
 Mortals, the strain prolong,
 In accents sweet and strong,
 “Jesus is King!”

2 Proclaim abroad His name,
 Tell of His matchless fame;
 What wonders done!
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 Till heaven's high arch rebound,
 “Vict'ry is won!”

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell:
 Mourners, rejoice!
 His dying love adore;
 Praise Him, now raised in power:
 Praise Him forevermore,
 With joyful voice!

4 All hail the glorious day,
 When, through the heavenly way,
 Lo, He shall come!
 While they who pierced Him wail,
 His promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail:
 Great Saviour come!

C. E. Kingsbury, 1806.

307

SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, o'er the grave vic-to-rious, Con-q'ring death, and Con-q'ring hell,

Reign Thou in Thy might all glo-rious; Heav'n and earth Thy tri-umph swell.

- 2 Saints in Thee approach the Father
Asking in Thy name alone;
He, in Thee, with love increasing,
Gives, and glorifies the Son.
3 Down to earth in all its darkness
From the Father Thou didst come;
Seeking sinners in their blindness,
Calling earth's poor exiles home.
4 By a life of love and labor
Doing all the Father's will;

- Giving to each suppliant suff'rer
Precious balm for every ill;
5 Patient ever in well-doing,
Moving on in steps of blood,
Through the grave to heights of glory,
Reconciling us with God.
6 Here, in Thee, is peace forever;
We can tribulation bear;
Kiss Thy cross, with rapture knowing
Thou hast conquered suff'ring there.

E. E. Higbee, 1875.

GERMAN MELODY.
Fine.

308

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

1. {Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Crowned in mock-er-y a king!}
{Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.}
D. C. By Thy mer-its we find fav-or; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.

D. C.

Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame!

- 2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

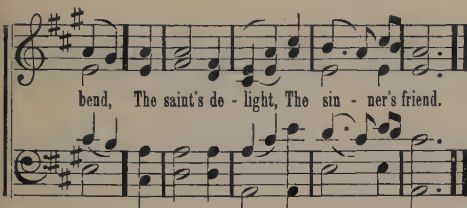
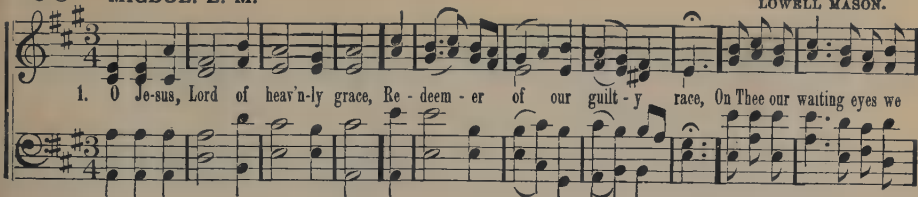
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits:
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Thos. Bakewell, 1760.

309

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



- 2 What wondrous love prevailed on Thee
The bearer of our sins to be;
Thyself in sacrifice to give,
That sinners might not die, but live!
- 3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,
And broken is the tyrant's chain;
And Thou art, in Thy meet abode,
A conq'ror on the throne of God.
- 4 O let Thy clemency prevail
To heal the losses we bewail;
O cheer us with Thy beaming face,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace.
- 5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In life, our pathway to the skies,
In death, our everlasting prize.

Ambrose, 390. Trans. by J. Chandler.

310

- 1 Oh, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before His glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own [all.
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their
- 3 Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour, let Thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil
And we behold Thy lovely face.

Anne Steele, 1760.

311

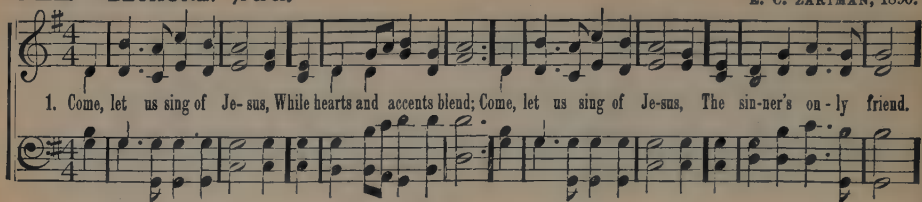
- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"—
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"—
"The Lord of glorious power possest;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!"

Charles Wesley, 1741.

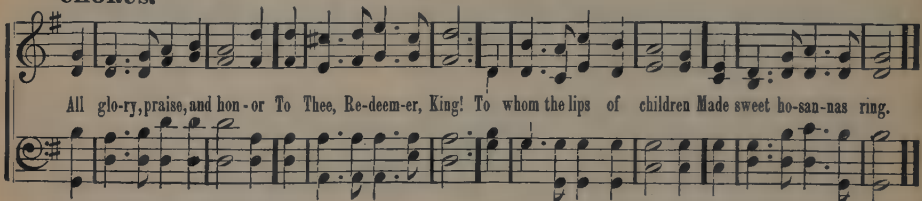
312

BETHUNE. 7s & 6s.

E. C. ZARTMAN, 1890.



CHORUS.



- 2 His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.—CHO.
- 3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;

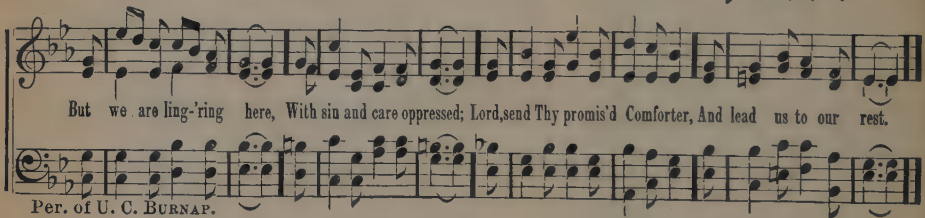
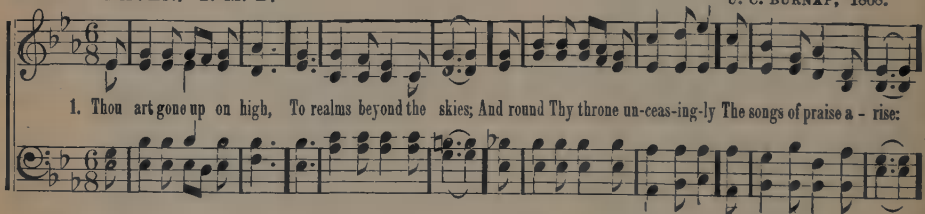
- We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave.—CHO.
- 4 And in our hour of danger
We'll trust His love alone
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.—CHO.

Geo. W. Bethune, 1850.

313

RAVEN. S. M. D.

U. C. BURNAP, 1868.



Per. of U. C. BURNAP.

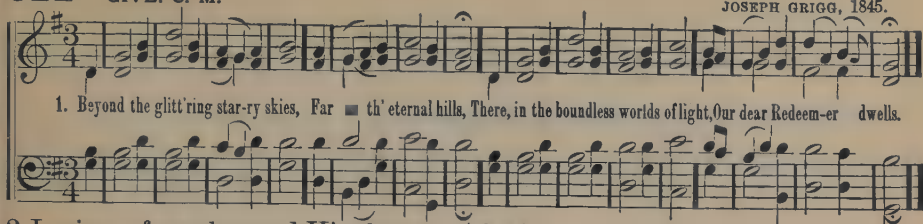
- 2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with grief and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

- 3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke, 1851.

314 GIVE. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1845.



1. Beyond the glitt'ring star-ry skies, Far ■ th' eternal hills, There, in the boundless worlds of light, Our dear Redeem-er dwells.

2 Legions of angels round His throne
In countless armies shine;
At His right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of Peace," they
"Whose unexampled love [cry,
Moved Thee to quit those blissful realms,
And royalties above."

4 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend:
Oft wondering how, or where, at last
This mystic scene would end.

5 They saw His heart transfixed with
And viewed the crimson gore; [wounds,
They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Clapped their triumphant wings, and
"The glorious work is done." [cried,

Don't Turner and James Fanch, 1776.

315

1 The golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

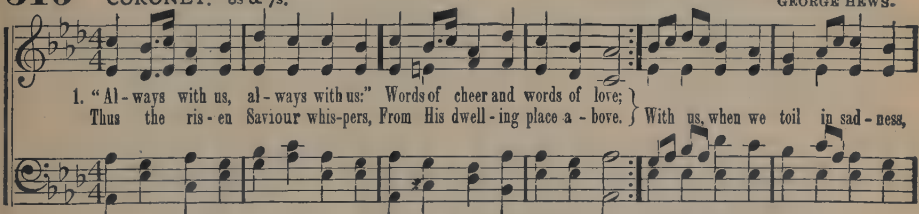
4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below
Our treasure be in heaven.

5 That where Thou art at God's right
Our hope, our love may be; [hand
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
Forevermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

316 CORONET. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.



1. "Al-ways with us, al-ways with us:" Words of cheer and words of love; }
Thus the ris-en Saviour whis-pers, From His dwell-ing place a - bove. } With us, when we toil in sad-ness,

Sow-ing much and reap-ing none; Tell-ing us that in the fut-ure Gold-en harv-ests shall be won.

2 With us, when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Still-ing every anxious fear:

With us, in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevins, 1902.

317

WASSERQUELLE. 8s & 7s, D.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. When the faith-ful were as-sem-bled On the day of Pen-te-cost, }
Rushed the wind, the place it trem-bled; Came from heav'n the Ho-ly Ghost; } Gold-en showers of con-se-

cr-a-tion, Tongues of fire were on them shed; And that ho-ly ded-i-ca-tion Made an al-tar of each head.

- 2 Now the festive Pentecostal
Harvest-home of souls they keep;
With his sickle each apostle
Whitening fields goes forth to reap;
God with holy flame from heaven
Writes on hearts the law of love;
Jubilee of sins forgiven
Sounds its trumpet from above.
- 3 Holy Ghost, divine Creator,
Who didst on the waters move;
Holy Ghost, Regenerator,
Author of all life and love;
Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Who didst then with fire baptize;
Holy Ghost, great Renovator,
Come, the world evangelize.
- 4 With the kneeling congregation,
Thou art in the house of prayer;
Laver of regeneration
Is o'ershadowed by Thee there;

- Thou dost shed at confirmation
From Thy wing a gift of grace;
Eucharistic celebration
Has revealings of Thy face.
- 5 Strengthen, warm, and purify us;
From the bands of sin release;
Comfort, counsel, sanctify us;
Give us love, and joy, and peace;
Patience, faith, and resignation
Breathe upon us with Thy breath;
Give us heavenly consolation
In the solemn hour of death.
- 6 So when earth with fruit aboundeth,
And shall angel-reapers see,
And the great archangel soundeth
God's eternal jubilee,
We may join their gratulation;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, adoration
Ever be, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

318

WHITEFIELD. S. M.

EDWARD MILLER.

1. Blest Com-fort-er Di-vine, Let rays of heaven-ly love A-mid our gloom and darkness shine, And guide our souls a-bore.

- Draw us with still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By Thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,

- And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O, fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1834.

319

SEELYE. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad - ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night; } Come, Thou best of all do - na - tions
Come, Thou source of joy and glad - ness, Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light. }

God doth give when men im - plore! Hav - ing Thy sweet con - so - la - tions, We need wish for noth - ing more.

2 Manifest Thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Hear, oh, hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of Thy grace.

3 Author of the new creation!
Let us now Thine influence prove;
Make our hearts Thy habitation,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.
From that height that knows no measure,
As a gracious rain descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
We can ask or God can send.

Paul Gerhardt, 1563. Trans. by A. M. Toplady, 1776.

320

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. Let songs of praise fill the sky! Christ, our as - cend - ed Lord,
Sends down His Spir - it from on high, Ac - cord - ing to His word.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from their death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;

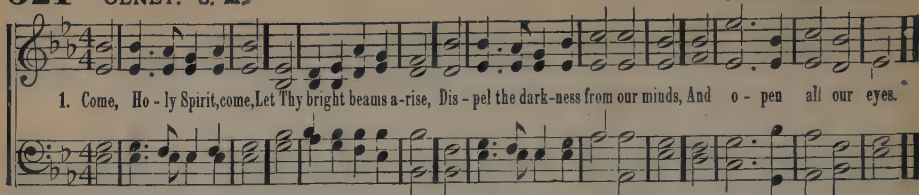
(10)

Our bodies He His temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire!

321

OLNEY. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

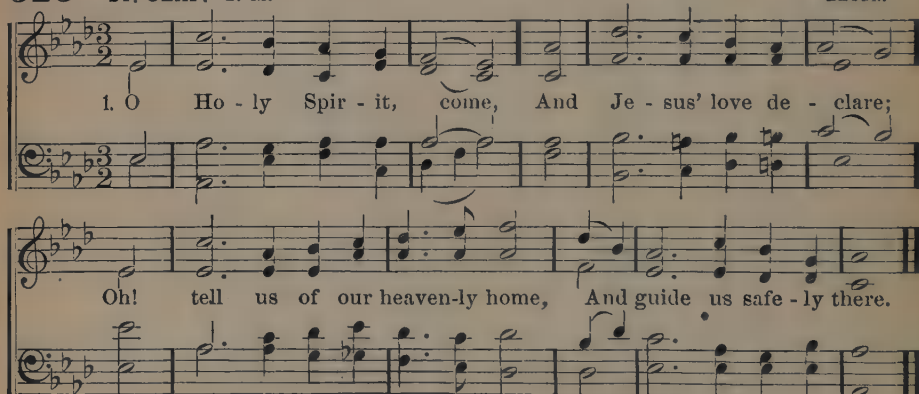
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

323

ST. OLAF. S. M.

HAYDN.



- 2 Our unbelief remove,
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh! work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
Pity our deep distress;

322

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Oh! melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

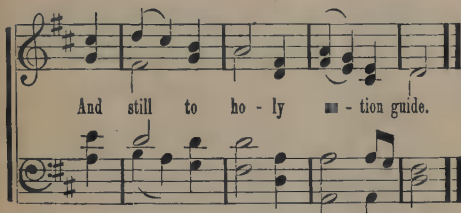
Benj. Beddome, 1770.

- Thou art the contrite sinner's friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.
- 4 We bless Thee for Thy grace,
And Thine almighty power;
We bless Thee for Thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

324 KIRKE. L. M.

D. BORTNIANSKI, 1783.



2 Thou mak'st the soul with joy to sing
When sorrow's clouds are deepening;
With Jesus Christ Thou mak'st us one,
Earnest of heav'n from God's high throne.

3 Best gift of God, and man's true friend,
Into my inmost soul descend:
The mind of Jesus Christ impart,
And consecrate to Thee my heart.

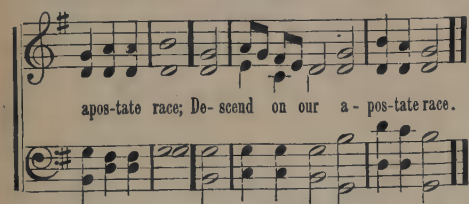
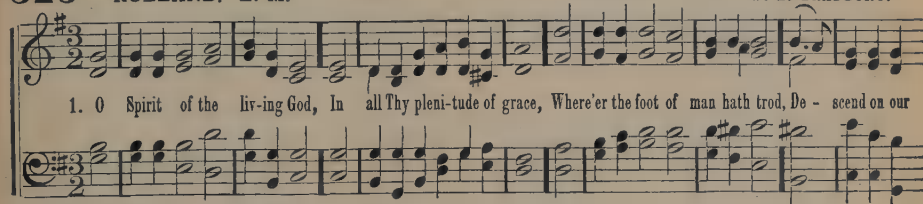
4 Teach me to do my Father's will;
To lie beneath His guidance still;
Lighten my mind, and oh! incline
My heart to make His pleasure mine.

5 From spot and blemish make me pure,
My future bliss in heaven secure:
When lost in darkness, give me light,
And cheer me thro' death's dreary night.

Lavater, 1770. Trans. Frances E. Cox.

325 ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumphs of Thy cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

326

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou my guardian, Thou my guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
And make me know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.


4 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray:
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Broune.

327

ALETIA. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.



1. Grant-ed is the Saviour's prayer; Hail, O gra-cious Com-fort-er!
 Prom-ise of our part-ing Lord, To His throne in heav'n re-stored.

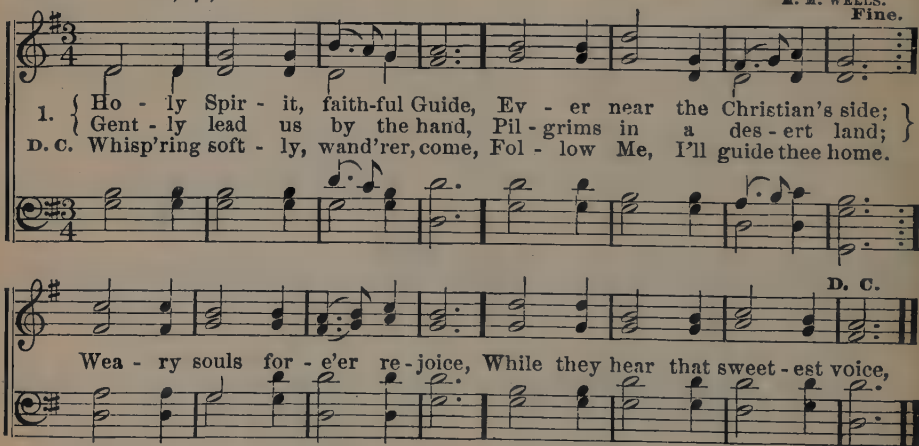
Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- God, the everlasting God,
 Makes with mortals His abode;
 He, whom heav'n cannot contain,
 Dwelleth in the heart of man.
- There He helps our feeble moans;
 Deepens our imperfect groans;
 Intercedes in silence there;
 Sighs th' unutterable prayer.
- 4 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Lighten there Thy heav'nly fire;

- Day by day our life renew,
 Thou the gift and giver too.
- 5 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night:
 Kindle darkness into light.
 Spread Thy overshadowing wings:
 Order from confusion springs.
- 6 Pain, and sin, and sorrow cease;
 Thee we taste, and all is peace;
 Joy divine in Thee we prove,
 Light of truth, and fire of love.
- John Wesley.*

328

GUIDE, 7s, D.

M. M. WELLS.
Fine.


1. { Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land; }
 D. C. Whisp'ring soft-ly, wand'rer, come, Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
 D. C.

- Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heav'n and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names were there,
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

329

FABER. 7s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1. By the first bright Eas-ter-day, When the stone was rolled a - way; By the glo-ry round Thee shed
At Thy rising from the dead; King of glo-ry, hear our cry; Make us soon Thy joys to see, Where enthroned in

maj - es - ty Count-less an-gels sing to Thee.

- 2 By Thy parting blessing given,
As Thou didst ascend to heaven;
By the cloud of living light
That received Thee out of sight;
King of glory, hear our cry; &c.
- 3 By that rushing sound of might
Coming down from heaven's height;

By the cloven tongues of flame
That on Thy apostles came;
King of glory, hear our cry; &c.

- 4 Only victim we can plead,
Great High Priest to intercede,
Showing that which can alone
For the sin of man atone;
Lamb of God, oh, hear our cry; &c.
- 5 In the dreadful judgment-day,
When the world shall pass away;
Be the merciful decree
That our friend the judge shall be:
King of glory, hear our cry; &c.

Frederick W. Faber.

330

ST. MARTIN. 7s.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.

1. Gra-cious Spir-it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move,

Fill me full of heaven and love. A-men.

- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;

Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

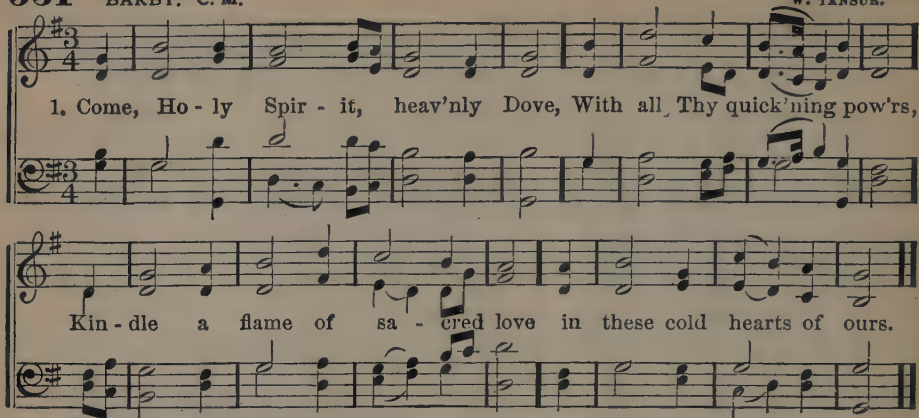
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine. Amen.

John Stocker, 1776.

331

BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love in these cold hearts of ours.

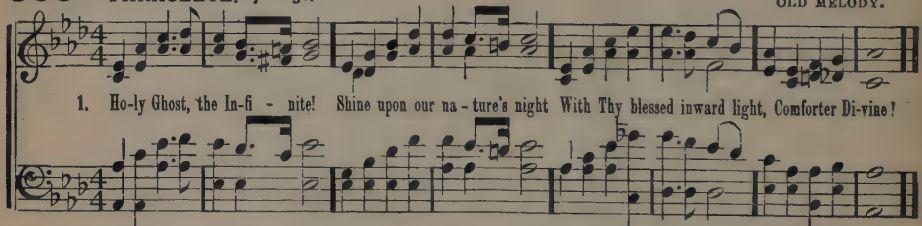
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

333

PARACLETE. 7s & 5s.

OLD MELODY.



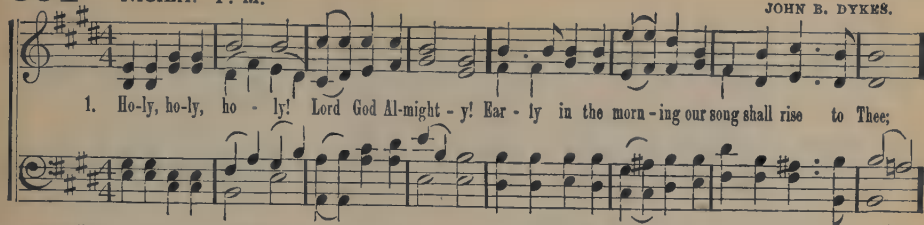
1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite! Shine upon our na - ture's night With Thy blessed inward light, Comforter Di - vine!

- 2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!
- 3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!
- 4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!
- 5 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

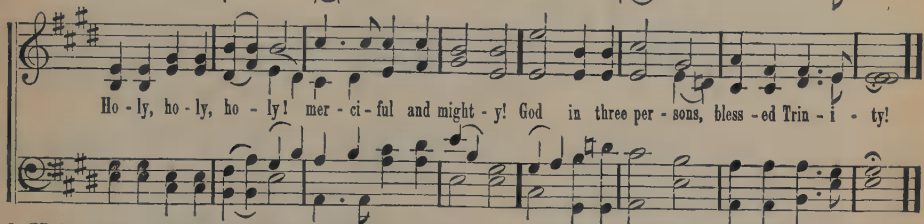
A. Reed, 1841.

NICÆA. P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!



2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see:

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside
Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!

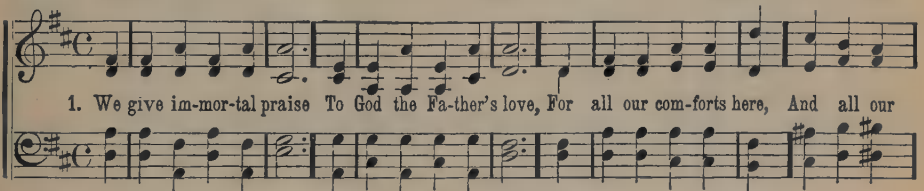
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

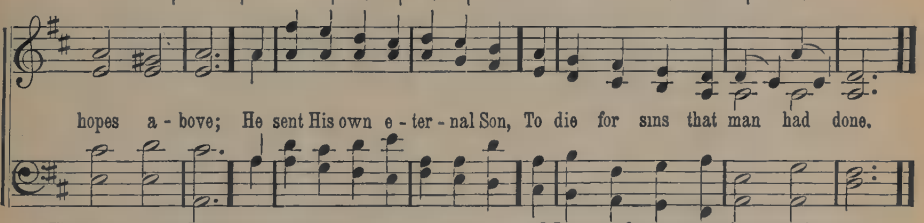
335

HALL. H. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



hopes a - bove; He sent His own e - ter - nal Son, To die for sins that man had done.



2 To God the Son belongs

Immortal glory too,

Who bought us with His blood

From everlasting woe:

And now He lives, and now Hereigns,

And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name

Immortal worship give,

Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live:

His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee

Be endless honors done,

The undivided Three,

The great and glorious One:

Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts.

336

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D

J. BLUMENTHAL, 1824—. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Father, Son, and Spir- it, hear Faith's ef-fectual fervent prayer; Hear, and our pe-ti-tions seal, Let us now the answer feel.

Still our fellow-ship increase; Knit us in the bond of peace; Join our new-born spirits, join Each to each, and all to Thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope;
One the Spirit, whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord;
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible,

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let Thine emanations flow!
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost!

337

PENTZ. 7s, 6l.

Charles Wesley.
Arr. by SCHWING.

1 { Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King, }
By the heav'n's and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, }

Chant-ing ev-er-last - ing - ly To the Bless-ed Trin-i-ty.

■ Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command,
And when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the Blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and Seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the Blessed Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr-band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly,
To the Blessed Trinity.

5 In Thy name baptized are we,
With Thy blessing are dismiss'd;
And thrice-holy chant to Thee
In the holy eucharist;
Life is one doxology
To the Blessed Trinity.

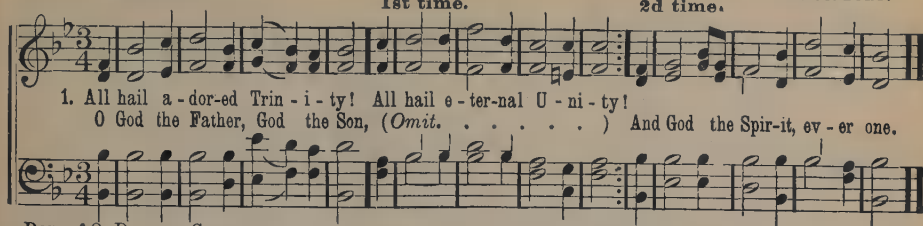
Christopher Wordsworth.

DESIRE. L. M.

1st time.

2d time.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. All hail a-dor-ed Trin-i-ty! All hail e-ter-nal U-ni-ty!
O God the Father, God the Son, (*Omit. . . .*) And God the Spir-it, ev-er one.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co,

2 Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
Oh, let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In Thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.

4 O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
And with the songs that angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

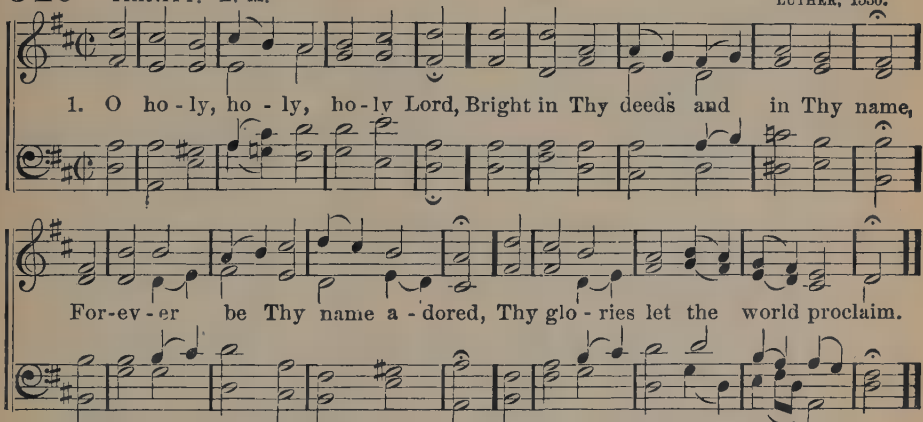
339

1 Father of all! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,

340

TRINITY. L. M.

LUTHER, 1530.



1. O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
For-ev-er be Thy name a-dored, Thy glo-ries let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
In streams of light and glory given,

Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

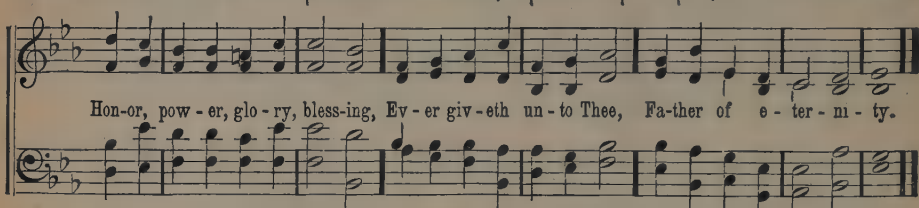
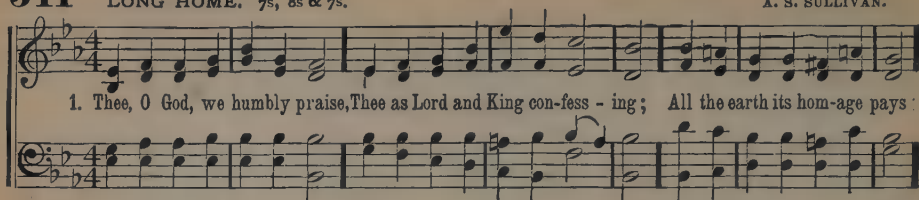
3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heav'n.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

James Wallis Eastburne, 1819.



2 All the angels join the hymn,
All the powers of heav'n replying,
Cherubim to Seraphim,
With unwearied voices crying:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, be Thou adored.

3 Thee, the apostles' glorious choir,
Prophets ranked in goodly number,
Martyrs robed in white attire,
Praise, and never sleep nor slumber;
Loud their hallelujahs rise,
Rolling through the vaulted skies.

4 Father, Thee the Church doth own,
Wide through every land and nation,
With Thy true and only Son,
Worthy of all adoration,
And the Holy Spirit—her
Everlasting Comforter.

5 King, O Christ, ere time began
In the Father's glory reigning,
Thou, to rescue fallen man,

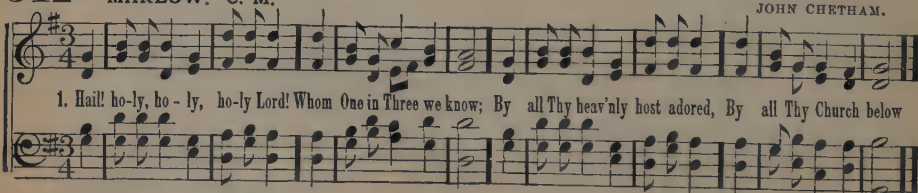
Neither birth nor death disdaining,
Hast to all believers giv'n
Entrance through the gate of heav'n.

6 Seated now at God's right hand,
Thou shalt come as judge: before Thee
When the quick and dead shall stand,
Help Thy servants, we implore Thee;
Make them with Thy saints to shine,
In eternal glory Thine.

7 Save Thy people, Lord, we pray;
Bless Thy heritage forever;
Rule and lift them up alway;
Thee we magnify, and never
Cease to praise Thy holy name,
Through all ages still the same.

8 Lord, this day from every ill
Guard us till the evening closes;
Lord! have mercy on us still,
As in Thee our hope reposes;
All my trust is stayed on Thee,
Let me ne'er confounded be.

*Ambrose.
Trans. Thomas C. Porter, 1859.*



2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess,
Thee, holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

343

MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN, 1822.

1. A-dore the Fa - ther, and the Son, And God the Spir - it, all di - vine; Who are dis-tinct, and yet but one,

And on - ly one, in their de - sign.

2 In His own Son, the Father shone
In rays of majesty and light;

In Him, the Deity came down,
Man with the Godhead to unite.

3 Almighty Spirit, glorious God,
To Thee our humble notes we raise;
Thy quick'ning grace we'll sound abroad,
While we have breath Thy name to
praise.

4 Thus we'll adore the sacred Three,
From whence our whole salvation came,
And still through vast eternity
Thy endless grandeur loud proclaim.

344

WELLERD. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.

1. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates! Behold, the King of glory waits! The King of kings is drawing near,

The Saviour of the world is here.

Per of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing;
Eternal praise, my God, to Thee!
Creator, wise is Thy decree.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart

From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

4 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Eternal praise, my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

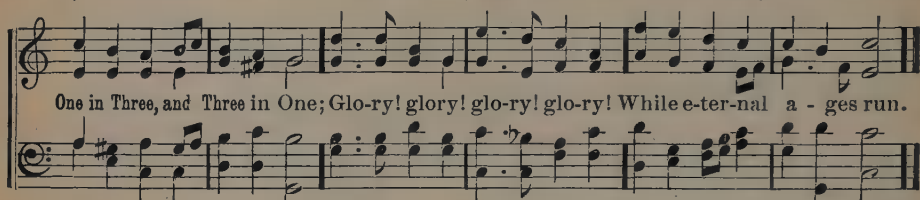
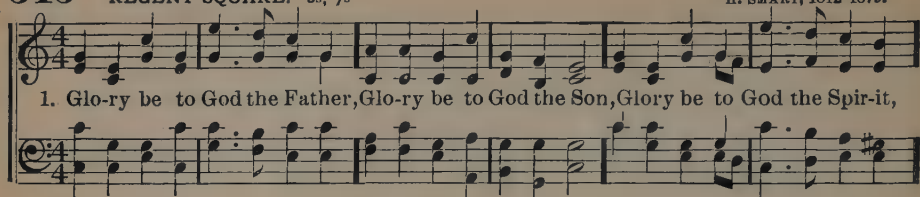
5 Redeemer, come; I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide;
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won;
Eternal praise, eternal fame,
Be offered, Saviour, to Thy name!
George Weisel, 1635, Trans. Cath. Winkworth, 1855.

342 Continued.

4 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing Thy praise above.

5 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

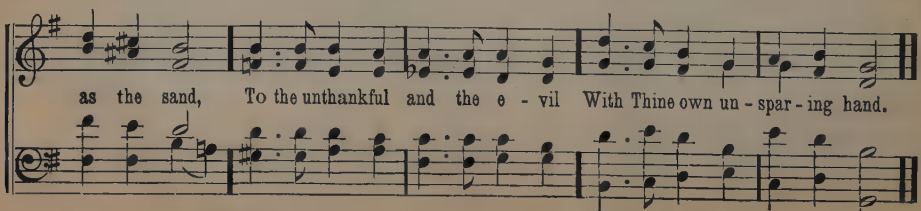
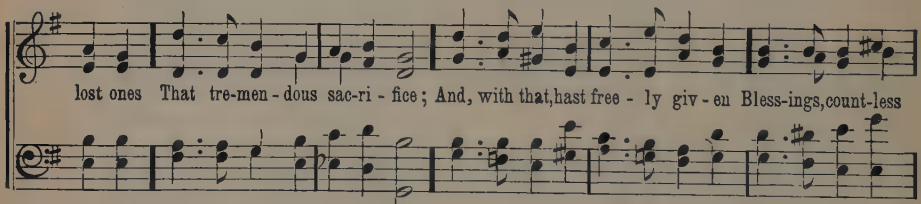
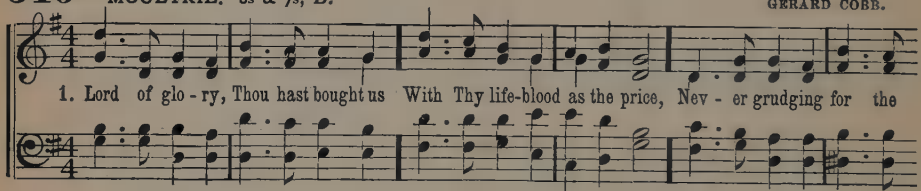


2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!

Heaven and earth your praises bring:
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
Glory to the King of kings.



347

CARITAS. 8s & 7s, D.

1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail - ing? Rise and share it with an - oth - er.

And thro' all the years of fam - ine It shall serve thee and thy broth - er;

Love di - vine will fill thy store-house, Or thy hand - ful still re - new;

Scant-y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.

2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?

Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

3 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

4 Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Elizabeth Charles.

346 Continued.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield
Gladly, freely, of Thine own; [Thee
With the sunshine of Thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe.
That more happy and more blessed,
'Tis to give than to receive.

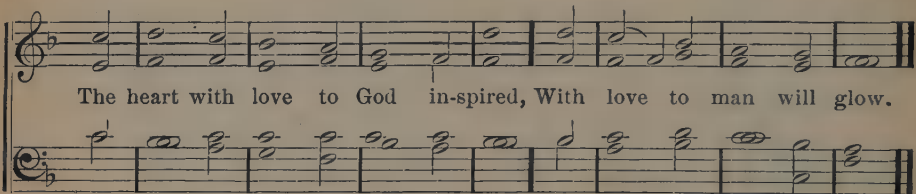
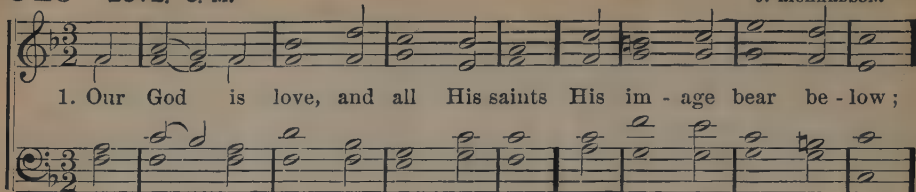
3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence —
"Ye have done it unto me:"
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But, oh!—best of all Thy graces—
Give us Thine own charity.

Eliza Sibbald Alderson, 1868.

348

LOVE, C. M.

J. RICHARDSON.



2 Oh, may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee:
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See how the christians love."

Thomas Cotterill.

349

1 Father of mercies, send Thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
Enthroned above the skies;

And when He saw their lost estate
Felt His compassion rise.

5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
Should love each other too.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

350

1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure
My Saviour's voice to hear? [bound,

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its
In honor of Thy name? [blood
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest
But oh, I long to soar [Lord;
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

351

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. Ma-jest - ic sweet-ness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress;
He flew to my relief:
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;

He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine!

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

352

ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.

1. My God, I love Thee; not be - cause I hope for heav'n there-by, Nor yet be - cause who love Thee not Must burn e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;

Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Xavier, 1616. Trans. by E. Caswall, 1848.

353

FELTON. 7s, 6l.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1. Though I speak with an - gel tongues Brav-est words of strength and fire, }
They are but as i - dle songs If no love my heart in - spire; }

All the el - o-quences shall pass As the noise of sound-ing brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, Thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all Thine impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Trans. by C. Winkworth.

354

MORE LOVE, 6s & 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.
Fine.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;
D. S. More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

D. S.
This is my earnest plea—More love, O Christ, to Thee,

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1869.

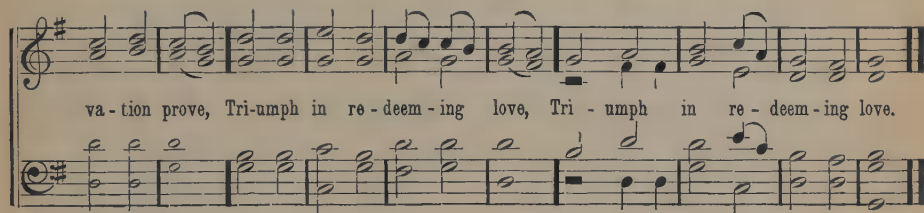
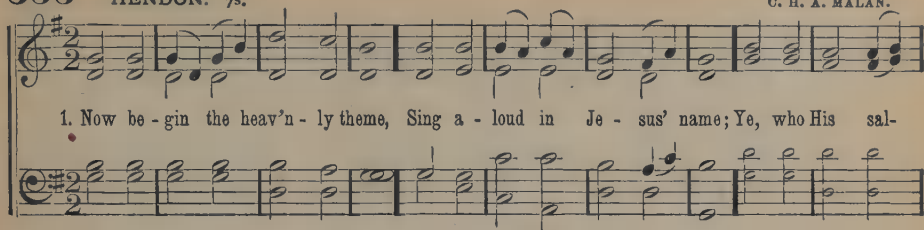
Per. of T. E. PERKINS. Copyright.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

355

HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.



- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdued the infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string—
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

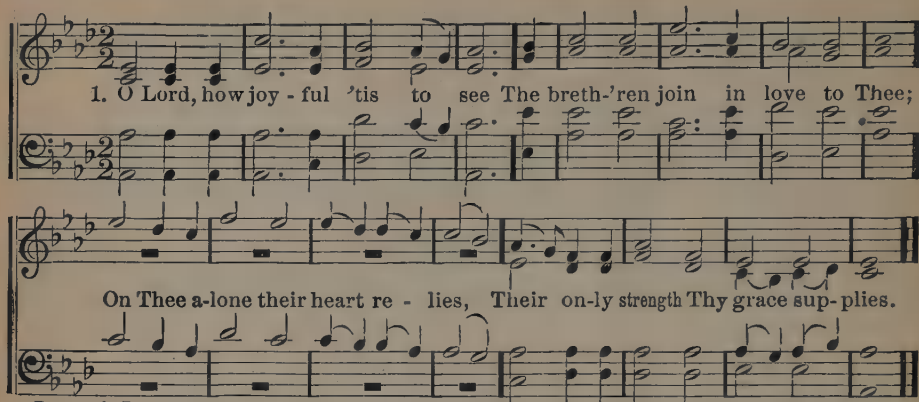
(11)

M. Maden.

356

- 1 Everlasting arms of love
Are beneath, around, above:
He who left His throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;
- 2 He who on the accursed tree
Gave His precious life for me—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.
- 3 He who now, enthroned above,
Still retains His heart of love,
Marking still each falling tear
Of His burdened pilgrims here;
- 4 He who wields creation's rod,
He, my brother, yet my God;
Faithful He, whate'er betide,
Is my everlasting guide.
- 5 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and seas will pass away:
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.
- 6 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

T. B. Macduff.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 Oh! may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly giv'n,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on
heav'n.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

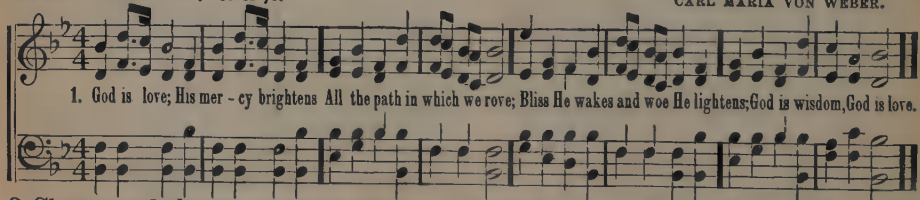
Latin Hymn. Trans. by J. Chandler.

358

1 Jesus, most merciful and kind,
Beloved and loving, both combined:

359

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;

Jesus, Thou good and gracious One,
Of Mary and of God, the Son.

2 Who can conceive, or who record,
What bliss it is to love Thee, Lord!
To dwell in humble faith with Thee
Is boundless, full felicity.

3 Let saints below and saints above
Show forth Thy faithful, endless love;
And know the joy Thy people see,
Who suffer and who weep with Thee.

4 Infinite Majesty above!
Our hope, our life, our joy and love;
Thy fulness, Jesus, let us see,
And evermore abide in Thee.

5 Thus, seeing and enjoying Thee,
In earth and heav'n our joy shall be;
And grateful praise to Thee be giv'n,
Through all the blissful life of heav'n.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;

God is wisdom, God is love. *J. Bowring.*

360

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love, and friendship, reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

361

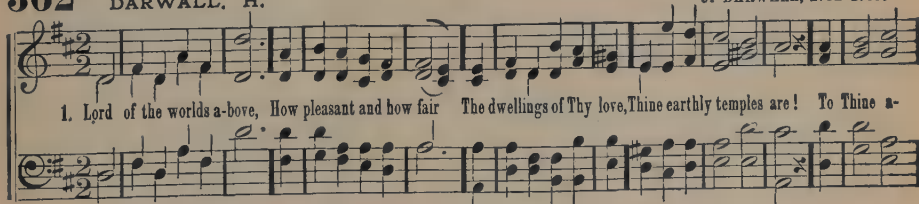
- 1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus,
As stewards true, receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.
- 4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1854.

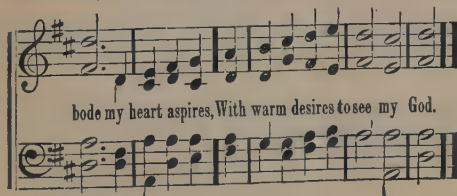
362

DARWALL. H.

J. DARWALL, 1731-1789.



1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To Thine a-



bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

- 2 Oh, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!

They praise Thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

363

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND, 1834.

1. Faith adds new charms to earth - ly bliss, And saves me from its snares;
 Its aid, in ev - 'ry du - ty, brings, And soft - ens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its
 The healing balm to give; [power
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood:
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
 Till this frail body dies,
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 To endless glory rise.

D. Turner.

364

1 Faith is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and
 And dwells in heav'nly light. [sense

2 It sets times past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
 By God's almighty word:
 Abram to unknown countries led
 By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by th' eternal hands;
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heav'nly building stands.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

365

SOLWAY. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

1. Je sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast;
 But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.

366

BRANDENBERG, 7s, 8s & 7s.

GERMAN CHORAL.

1. Je - sus lives, and so shall I. Death, thy sting is gone for ev - er.}
 He, who deigned for me to die, Lives, the bands of death to sev - er.}

He shall raise me with the just: Je - sus is my hope and trust.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
 And, His kingdom still remaining,
 I shall also be with Him,
 Ever living, ever reigning.
 God has promised; be it must:
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

3 Jesus lives, and God extends
 Grace to each returning sinner;
 Rebels He receives as friends,
 And exalts to highest honor.
 God is true as He is just;
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

4 Jesus lives, and by His grace,
 Victory o'er my passions giving,
 I will cleanse my heart and ways,
 Ever to His glory living.

The weak He raises from the dust:
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

5 Jesus lives, and I am sure
 Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever:
 Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
 Pain or pleasure, ye shall never!
 Christian armor cannot rust:
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

6 Jesus lives, and death is now
 But my entrance into glory.
 Courage! then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee;
 Thou shalt find thy hopes were just—
 Jesus is the Christian's trust.

C. F. Gellert.

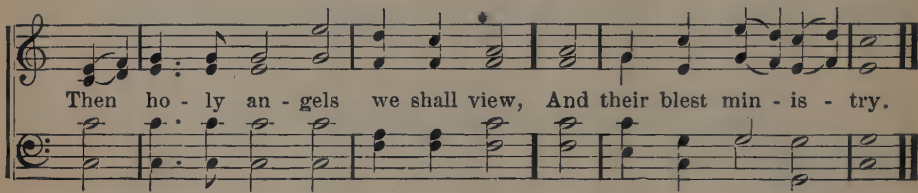
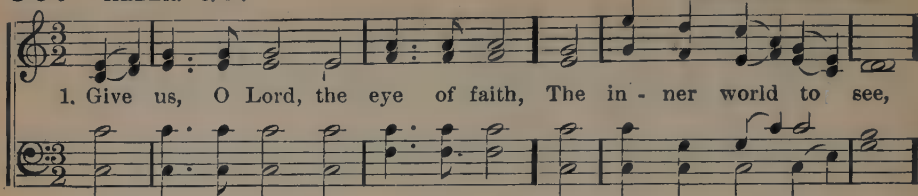
365 Continued.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
 Oh, joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this,
 Nor tongue, nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be:
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.



2 Angelic faces we shall see,
Angelic wings o'erspread
Above Thy holy altar, Lord,
And Thee, the living Bread.

3 And we shall hear angelic harps,
And heav'nly minstrelsy,
When one repenting sinner turns
With contrite heart to Thee.

4 And when we see the deep'ning calm,
And watch the quiv'ring breath
That trembles on the lips in prayer
Of holy saints in death;

5 Then angel-ministers will be
Unveiled to our eyes,
Waiting to waft the faithful soul
In peace to Paradise.

6 Oh, give us grace as angels here
To live in holy love;
That the last trump may summon us
To bliss with them above.

Christopher Wordsworth.

368

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink •
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without; [clear
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness ^{in the} no doubt;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heav'nly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
Of an eternal home. [bliss

W. H. Bathurst.

369

1 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

J. R. Wreford.

370

SEASONS. L. M.

I. PLEYEL,

1. By faith in Christ I walk with God, With heav'n, my jour-ney's end, in view;
Sup-port - ed by His staff and rod, My road is safe and pleas-ant too,

2 Though snares and dangers throng
my path, [stand,
And earth and hell my course with-
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good, [cares.
And frees my soul from wants and

4 With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;

I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

5 Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my guide, my guard, my
friend.

John Newton.

371

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

KOWELL, MASON.

1. Je - sus, our soul's de - light - ful choice, In Thee be - liev - ing, we re - joice; Yet still our joy is mixed with
grief, While faith con - tends with un - be - lief.

But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 Do Thou the languid spark inflame,
That we may conquer in Thy name;
And let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mould'ring in the dust.

4 Unequal to the conflict, Lord,
Too weak to wield the shield or sword,
On Thine almighty arm we fall,
Be Thou our Jesus and our all.

Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive,

1st time. 2d.

1. While Thee I seek, pro-te-ct-ing Power, Be my vain wish-es stilled; }
 And may this con-se-crat-ed hour (*Omit.*) With
 bet-ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought be-stow-ed; To Thee my
 thoughts would soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer-cy I a-dore.

- 2 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by Thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 Whengladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will,
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart shall rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

Thou boundless source of every good,
 My best desires fulfill;
 Oh, help me to adore Thy grace,
 And mark Thy sovereign will.

- 2 In all Thy mercies may my soul
 Thy bounteous goodness see;
 Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
 Estrange my heart from Thee;
 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with Thee.

- 3 Through every period of my life,
 Each bright, each clouded scene,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 Still equal and serene.
 Then I may close my eyes in death,
 Free from distracting care;
 For death is life, and labor rest,
 If Thou art with me there.

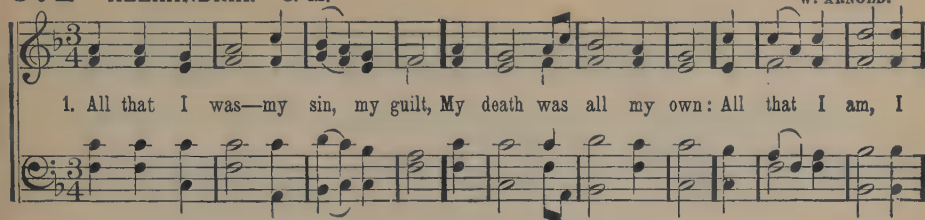
Ottiiwell Heginbotham, 1744-63.

- 1 Father of mercies, God of love,
 My Father and my God!
 I'll sing the honors of Thy name,
 And spread Thy praise abroad.

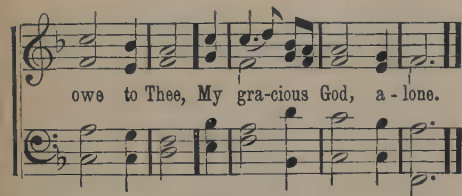
374

ALEXANDRIA. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.



1. All that I was—my sin, my guilt, My death was all my own: All that I am, I



owe to Thee, My gra-cious God, a-lone.

The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;

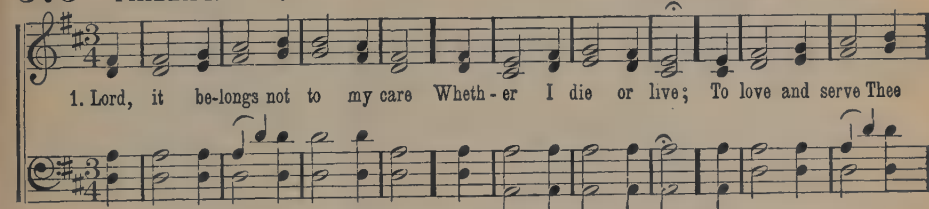
5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1850.

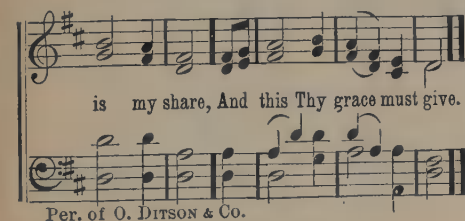
375

PHILLIPS. C. M.

F. HUNTER, arr. by Woodbury.



1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live; To love and serve Thee



is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

No one into His kingdom comes,
But through His opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker
Than He went through before; [rooms

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1631.

1. My Sav-iour, my al-might-y Friend, When I be-gin Thy praise, Where will the

grow-ing numbers end: The numbers of Thy grace? The numbers of Thy grace?

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy
To see my Father, God. [strength

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour, and my God,
His death hath brought my foes to
And saved me by His blood. [shame,

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1. Dear-est of all the names a-bove, My Je-sus and my God, Who can re-

sist Thy heav'nly love, Or tri-fle with Thy blood? Or tri-fle with Thy blood?

378

GOSHEN. 118.

THOS. HASTINGS, arr.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
D. S. To you who for

Fine.

D. S.

faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said,
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith, 1787.

377 Continued.

2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men,

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Isaac Watts.

379

ST. STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES, 1789.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

380

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The Life of my delights, The glo - ry of my
brightest days, And comfort of my nights!

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers—I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

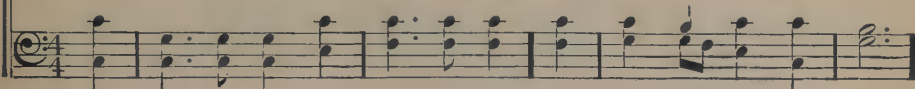
381

BROWN. C. M.

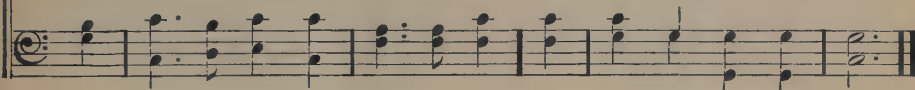
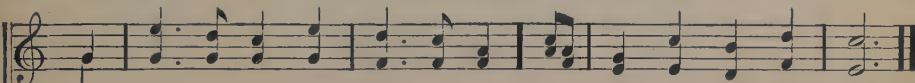
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,



I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

383

1 When waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well:
" 'Tis I; be not afraid. "

2 When black the threat'ning clouds
And storms my path invade, [appear,
That voice shall calm each rising fear:
" 'Tis I; be not afraid. "

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed:
Saviour, be near to aid;
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid. "

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,—
Death hides within its shade;
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid. "

Charlotte Elliott.

382

1 Through all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

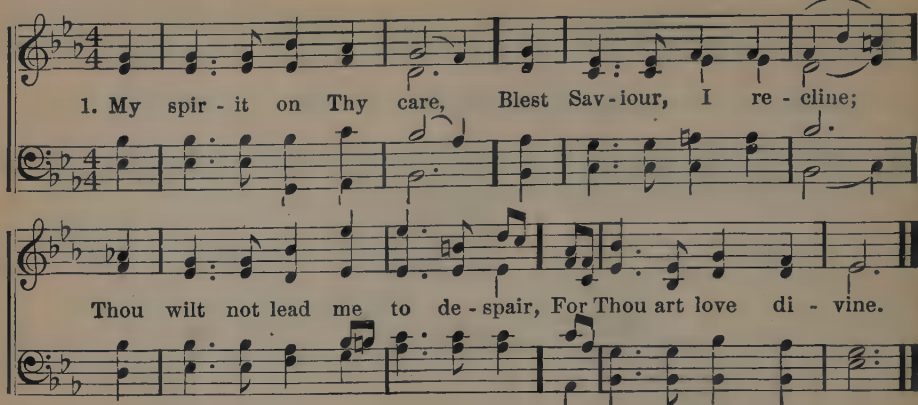
2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

384

PEACE. S. M.

ALEX. E. PESGA.



1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I re - cline;
Thou wilt not lead me to de - spair, For Thou art love di - vine.

2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good—I know Thee just;
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte,

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe thou shalt go on:
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause: His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and
What best for each will prove. [knows
Paul Gerhardt, Trans. by John Wesley, 1739.

385

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;

386

THATCHER. S. M.

FROM G. F. HANDEL.



1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.

387

MELITA. L. M., 61.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. When gathering clouds a - round I view, And days are dark and friends are few, On Him I lean who, not in vain,
 Ex - pe - rienced ev - 'ry hu - man pain; He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treas-ures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do;
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers what was once a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me, for a little while;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And oh, when I have safely passed
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant, 1806.

The thought how comforting and sweet,
 Christ trod this very path before!
 Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
 From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
 Or sorrow in our path appear,
 The recollection will remain,
 More deeply did He suffer here:
 His life, how truly sad and brief,
 Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
 And whisper evil things within,
 So did he in the desert way
 Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
 When worn and in a feeble hour
 The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
 With every human ill but sin;
 And though indeed the Son of God,
 As I am now, so He has been.
 My God, my Saviour, look on me
 With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston, 1847.

388

1 As oft with worn and weary feet,
 We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,

386 Continued.

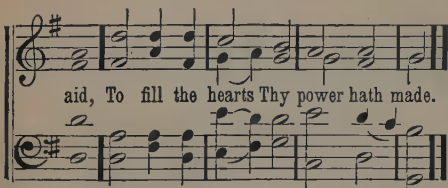
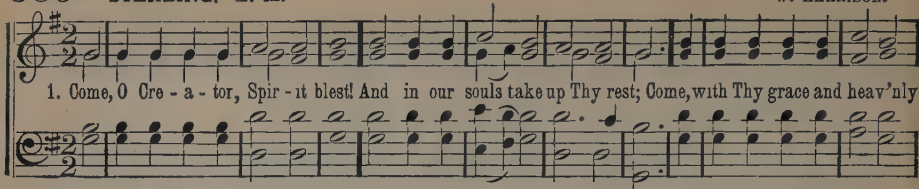
2 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 Whatever they may be;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 Why should I doubt or fear?

My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 I'll always trust in Thee;
 Till I possess the promised land,
 And all Thy glory see.

William F. Lloyd, 1884.



- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry:
Oh, highest gift of God most high!
Oh, Fount of life! Oh, Fire of love!
Anointing Spirit from above!
- 3 Thou in Thy bounteous gifts art known;
Thee, Finger of God's hand, we own;
The promise of the Father Thou!
Our tongues with truth and power endow.
- 4 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our heart's o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;

So shall we not, with Thee to guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

- 6 Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee through endless time confess'd
Of both the eternal Spirit blest.

Charlemagne. Trans. by E. Caswall.

390

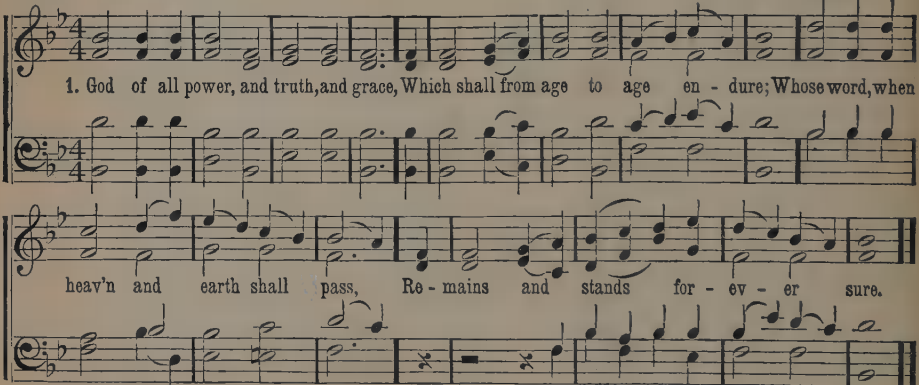
- 1 Health of the weak, to make them strong!
Refuge of sinners, and their song!
Comfort of each afflicted breast!
Haven of hope in realms of rest!
- 2 Lord of patriarchs gone before!
Light of the prophets learned lore!
Deign from Thy throne to look on me,
And hear my lowly litany.
- 3 Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,
To taste and feel what He has done:
To lay me low before His cross,
And reckon all besides as dross.
- 4 To speak, and think, and will, and move,
And love, as Thou would'st have me love:
Oh, look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own litany.

Matthew Bridges.

391

ORLAND. L. M.

WM. ARNOLD, 1791.



- 2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see;
Hallow Thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 3 Purge me from every sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside,
- Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.
- 4 Give me a new, perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

392

AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s, D.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { Call Je-hov - ah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be-neath th'Al-might-y's shade; }
 { In His se-cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed. } There no tu - mult can a - harm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare; Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe-guard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight, blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defense:
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection,
 He will shield thee from above;
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save;
 Here, for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

393

HARWICH. H. M.

J. CRUGER.

1. Up-ward I lift mine eyes; From God is all mine aid; The God that built the skies,
 And earth and na-ture made, God is the tow'r to which I fly; His grace is nigh in ev - 'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares;
 Since God my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
 Shall take my health away,

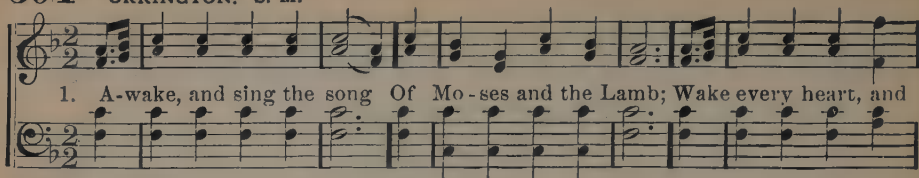
(12)

If God be with me there.
 Thou art my Sun, and Thou my Shade,
 To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath:
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high Thou call me home.

394

ORRINGTON. S. M.



1. A-wake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb; Wake every heart, and

every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing, on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away
And take His wand'ers home.

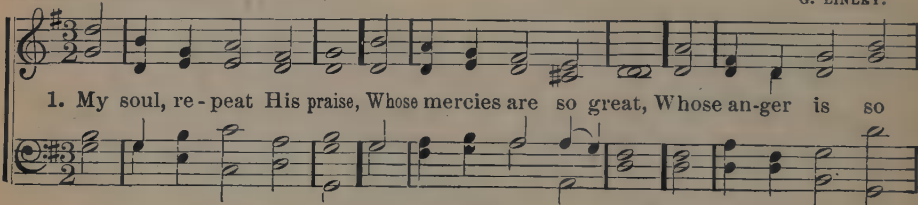
6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim!
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, 1745.

395

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

G. LINLEY.



1. My soul, re-peat His praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose an-ger is so

slow to rise, So read-y to a-bate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

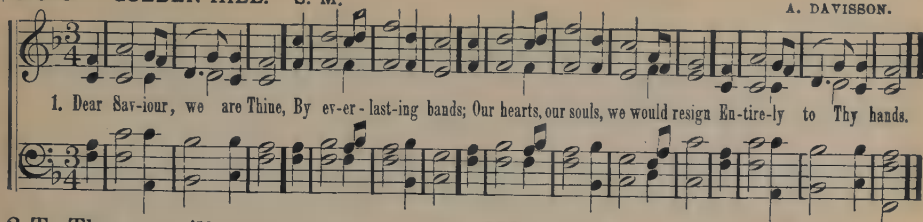
6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

396

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. DAVISSON.



- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Shall form us to Thine image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge.

397

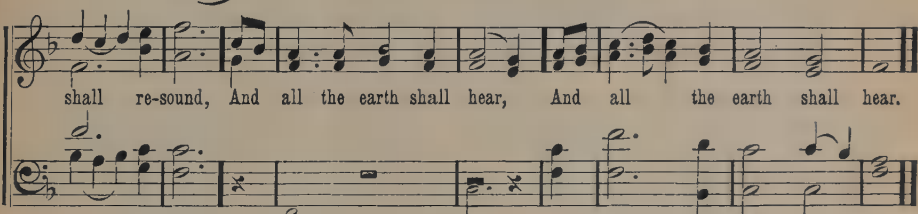
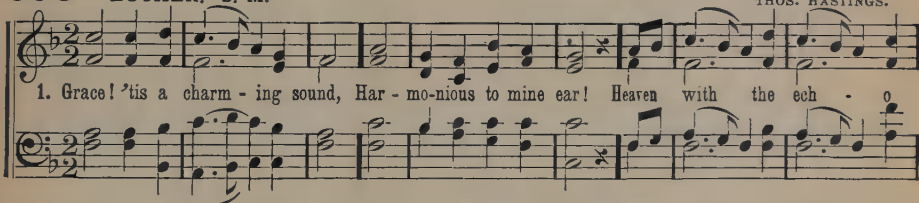
- 1 Hark! through the courts of heav'n
Voices of angels sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found!"
- 2 God of unfailing grace,
Send down Thy Spirit now,
Raise the dejected soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.
- 3 In countries far from home,
On earthly husks we feed;
Back to our Father's home, O Lord,
Our wand'ring footsteps lead.
- 4 Then at each soul's return
The heav'nly harp shall sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found!"

Henry Alford, 1844.

398

LUTHER. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



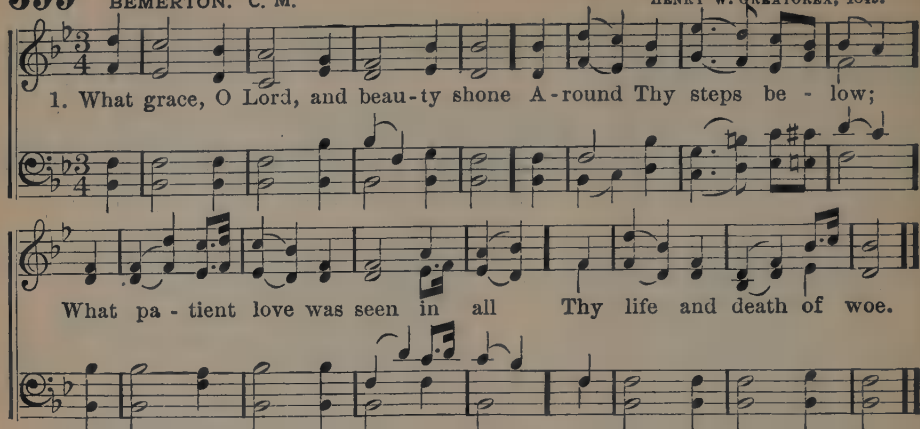
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;

- And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge.

BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



1. What grace, O Lord, and beau-ty shone A-round Thy steps be - low;
What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co,

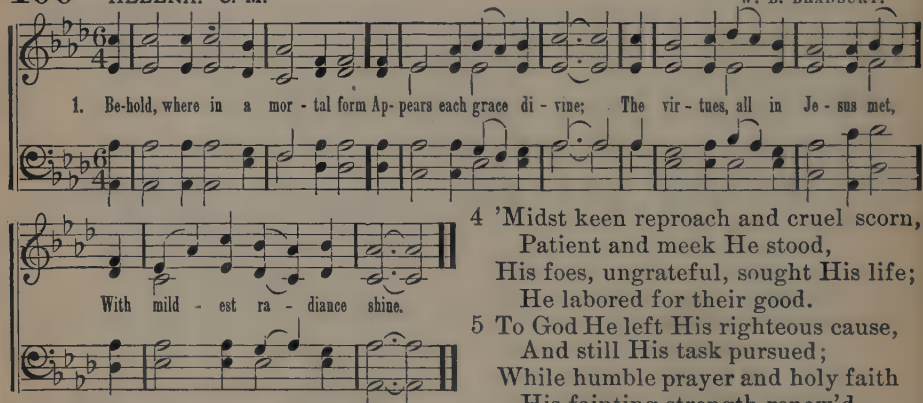
- 2 Forever 'on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for other's sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Edward Denny, 1839.

W. B. BRADBURY.

HELENA. C. M.



1. Be-hold, where in a mor - tal form Ap - pears each grace di - vine; The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met,
With mild - est ra - diance shine.

- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A friend and servant found; [tears,
He washed their feet, He wiped their
And healed each bleeding wound.

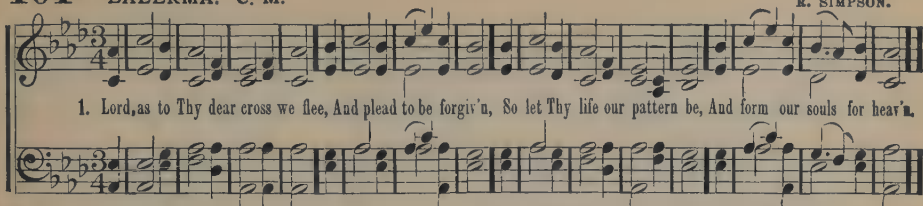
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood,
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.
- 5 To God He left His righteous cause,
And still His task pursued;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear:
Oh, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

W. Enfield, 1778.

401

BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be forgiv'n, So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heav'n.

2 Help us, through good report, and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry
Father, Thy will be done!

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

John Hampden Gurney.

Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring, I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

P. Doddridge.

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1 Lord, like the publican I stand,
And lift mine heart to Thee;
Thy pard'ning grace, O God, command;
Be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my anxious breast
O'erwhelmed with agony!
Oh, save my soul by sin oppressed;
Be merciful to me.

3 My guilt, my shame, I all confess,
I have no hope nor plea
But Jesus' blood and righteousness;
Be merciful to me.

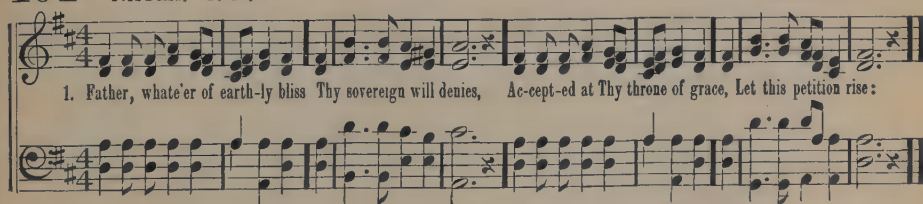
4 Here at Thy cross I still would wait,
Nor from its shelter flee,
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,
Art merciful to me.

T. Raffles, 1831.

404

NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

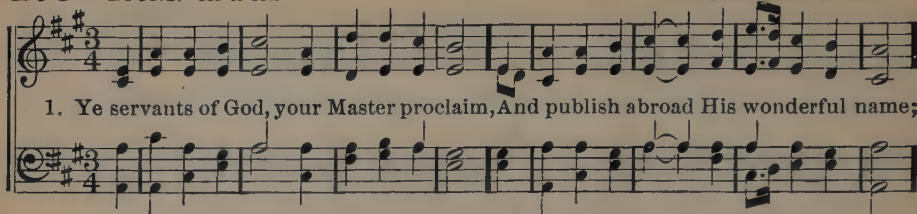


1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:

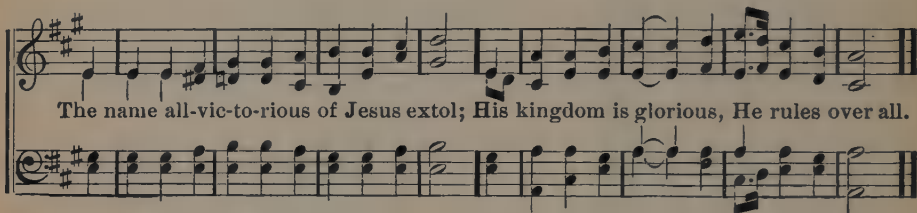
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760.



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful name;



The name all-vic-to-rious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

C. Wesley, 1744.

406

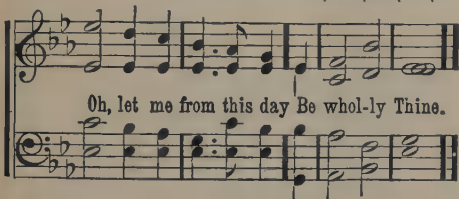
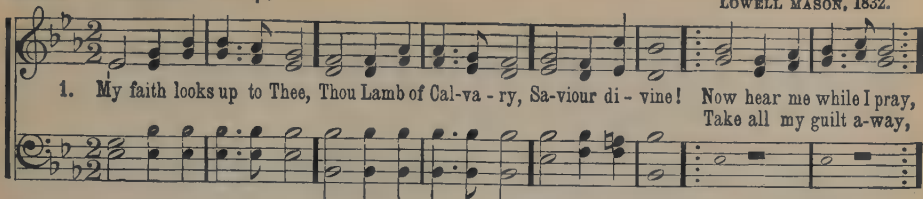
- 1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!
- 4 Oh, measureless might, ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

R. Grant, 1830.

407

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

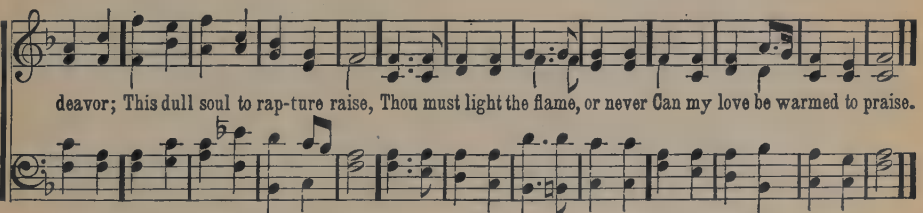
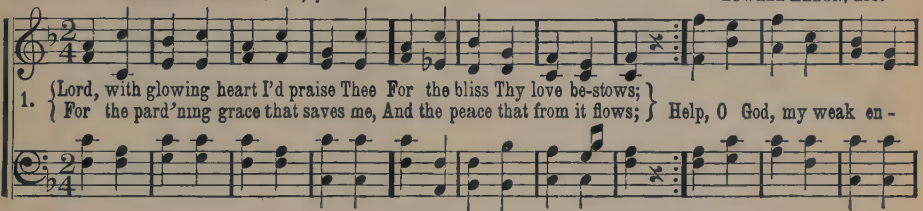
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830.

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VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. D.

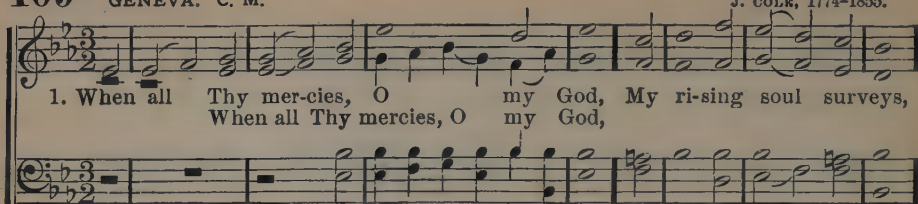
LOWELL MASON, ARR.



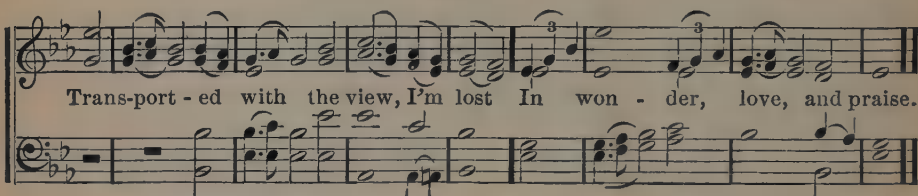
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
Wretched wand'rer, far astray; [thee,
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
From the paths of death away; [thee
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear,

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key.



When all thy mercies, O my God,



Transported with, etc.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. Addison, 1712,

410

1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By saints and angels day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tend'rest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thou,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie
And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

411

1 Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Our wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hear'st the ravens cry.

2 Thy love in all Thy works we see;
Thy promise, Lord, we plead;
And humbly cast our care on Thee,
Who knowest all our need.

3 Let not the world engage our love,
Nor cares our bosoms fill;
But fix our heart on things above,
That we may do Thy will.

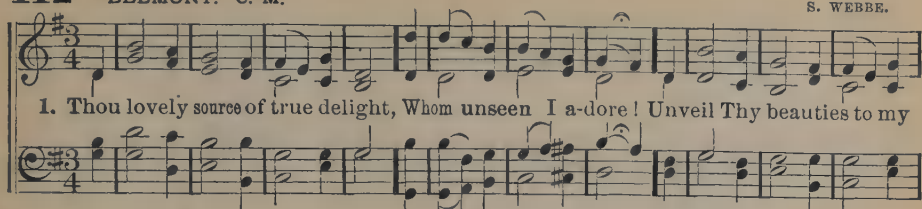
4 The comfort of Thy light bestow;
Our faith and hope increase;
And let us in Thy presence know
Contentment, joy, and peace.

Edward Osler,

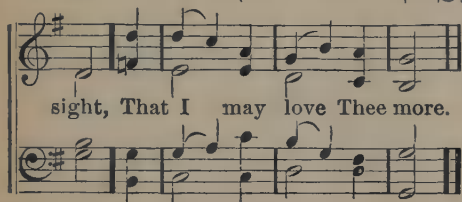
412

BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBBE.



1. Thou lovely source of true delight, Whom unseen I a-dore! Unveil Thy beauties to my



sight, That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of
And chase my fears away. [night

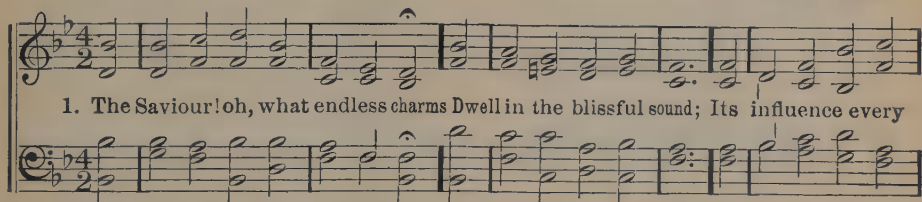
5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

Anne Steele, 1760.

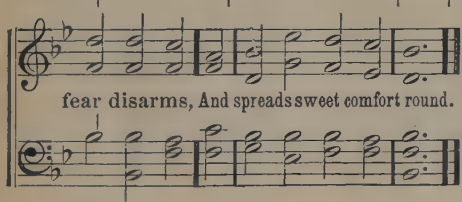
413

BERWICK. C. M.

GERMAN CHORAL.



1. The Saviour! oh, what endless charms Dwell in the blissful sound; Its influence every



fear disarms, And spreads sweet comfort round.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

414

1 Jesus, we sing Thy matchless grace
That calls us as Thine own;
Give us among Thy saints a place
To make Thy glories known.

2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From Thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in one accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And Thou the common Lord.

4 Oh, may our faith each moment gain
More of Thy Spirit's grace:
Till Thou present us all complete
Before Thy Father's face.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

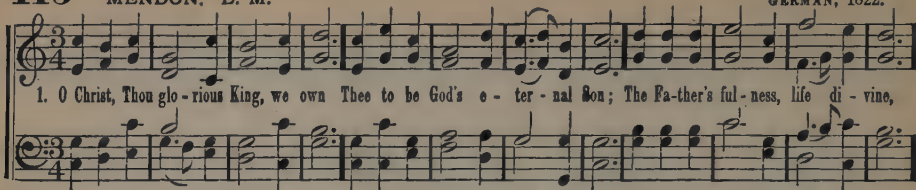
3 The Almighty Former of the skies,
Stooped to our vile abode:
While angels viewed with wondering
And hailed the incarnate God. [eyes,

4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

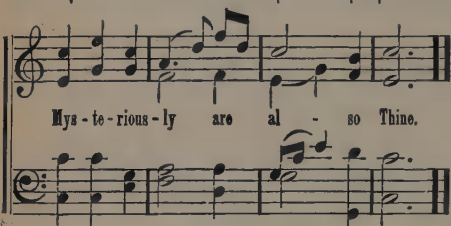
415

MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN, 1822.



1. O Christ, Thou glo-rious King, we own Thee to be God's e-ter-nal Son; The Fa-ther's ful-ness, life di-vine,



Mya-te-rious-ly are al-so Thine.

Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form, how bright His beauties are!

2 When rolling years brought on the day,
Foretold and fixed for this display,
Our great deliv'rance to obtain,
Thou didst our nature not disdain.

3 At God's right hand, now, Lord, Thou'rt
placed,
And with Thy Father's glory graced,
True God and Man, in person one;
A judge to pass our final doom.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
On high exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all His state compose.

3 Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of Thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at Thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at Thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are Thy delight.

6 O God, Thy God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on Thy head,
And with His sacred Spirit blest
The eternal Son above the rest.

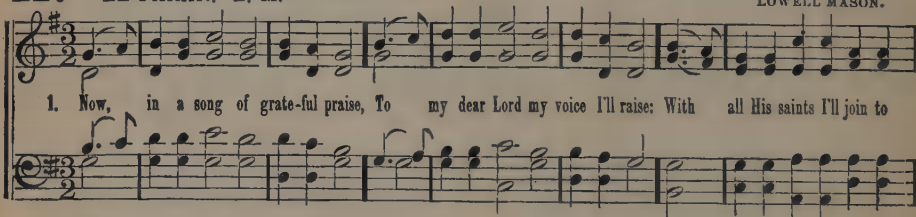
416

1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,

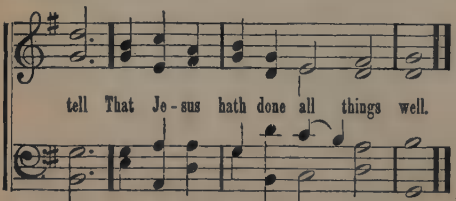
417

EL PARAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Now, in a song of grate-ful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise: With all His saints I'll join to



tell That Je-sus hath done all things well.

And force the wondering world to tell
That He alone did all things well.

3 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
Or dark or sorrowful my days;
And though my spirit oft rebel,
I know He still doth all things well.

4 And when I stand before His throne,
And all His ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

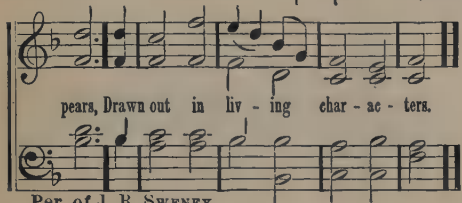
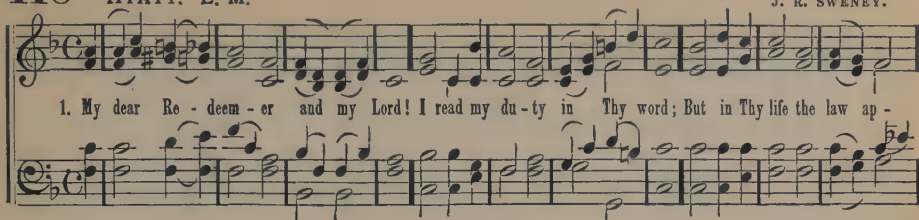
2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine,
In all His works, unrivaled, shine,

Samuel Medley,

418

HYATT. L. M.

J. R. SWENEY.



419

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and
Our inward piety approve. [love

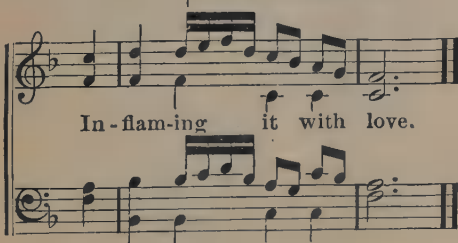
4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

420

CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



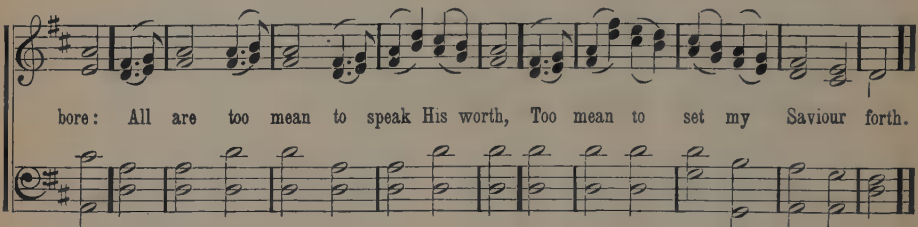
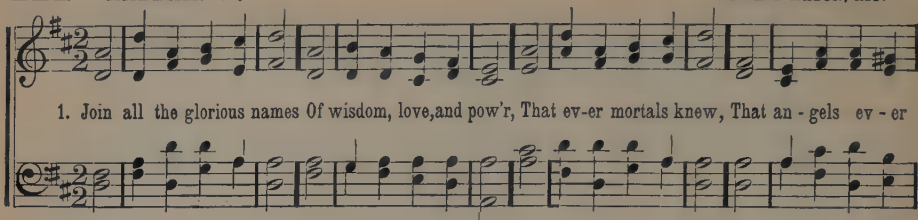
2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
Who eat Thee, hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which naught but Thou can fill.

3 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
To Thee our prayers ascend.

4 Abide with us, and let Thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

5 Jesus, our Love and Joy, to Thee,
The Virgin's holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory be
While endless ages run.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Trans. by E. Caswall.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co,

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King:
Thy scepter and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
Isaac Watts.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive.
Samuel Stennett, 1787.

423

ARIEL. C. P. M.

MOZART. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sa-viour shine!

{ I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, }
 { And vie with Ga-briel while he sings } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine:
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne:
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face:
 Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

424

1 May we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfill,
 To do on earth our Father's will,
 As angels do above:
 To walk in Christ, the living Way,
 With all Thy children, and obey
 The law of Christian love.

2 So may we join Thy name to bless,
 Thy grace adore, Thy power confess,
 From sin and strife to flee:

One is our calling, one our name,
 The end of all our hope the same,
 A crown of life with Thee.

3 Spirit of life, of joy, and peace,
 Unite our hearts, our joy increase;
 Thy gracious help supply,
 To every soul the blessing give,
 In Christian fellowship to live,
 In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler.

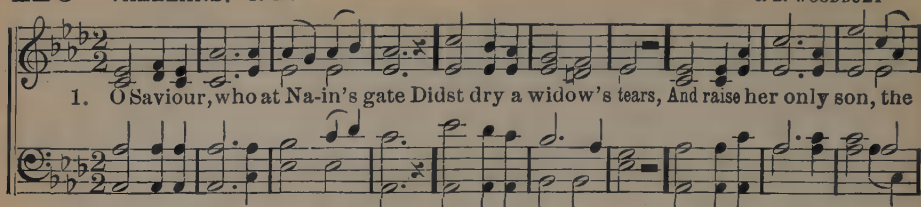
425

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

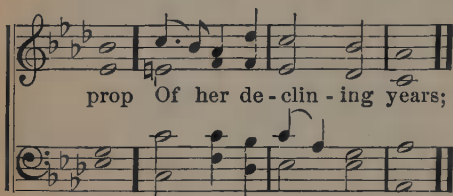
2 God only knows the love of God;
 Oh, that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor, stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

3 Only Thy love do I require,
 Nothing in earth below desire,
 But this in heaven above; [go,
 Let earth, and heaven, and all things
 Give me Thy only love to know,
 Impart to me Thy love.

C. Wesley, 1749.



1. O Saviour, who at Na-in's gate Didst dry a widow's tears, And raise her only son, the



prop Of her de-clin-ing years;

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

5 Members of Christ our bodies are,
The Holy Spirit's shrine;
Then grant us so to use them now,
That they may be like Thine.

Christopher Wordsworth.

427

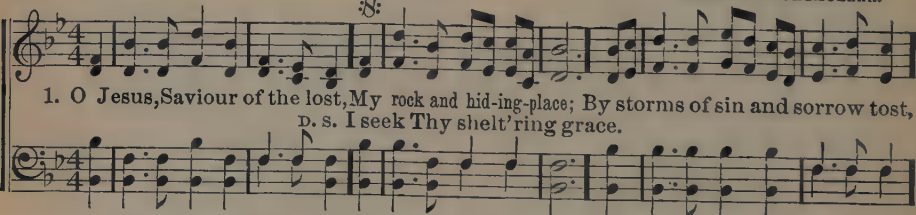
1 The whole creation groans and waits
Till we, who love Thee, Lord,
Shall stand within Thy temple gates,
And shine—the sons of God.

2 The sons of God,—how bright they
No mortal eye can see; [shine!
We sinners shall be made divine!
We shall be one with Thee!

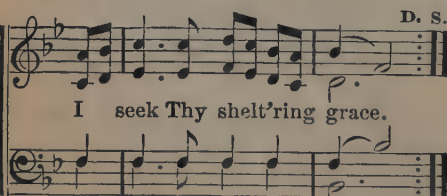
3 One with the Lord and all His saints!
Thy nature in our own!
Thy crown our rich inheritance!
Heirs to Thy royal throne!

4 Thy throne no joy to us would bring,
If we from Thee were riven;
For all our joy is in our King,
And Thou art all our heaven.

428



1. O Jesus, Saviour of the lost, My rock and hid-ing-place; By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
D. S. I seek Thy shelt'ring grace.



I seek Thy shelt'ring grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;

A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

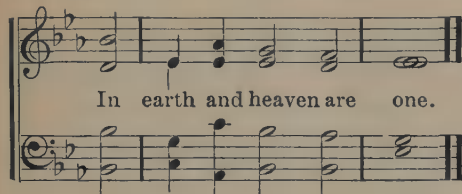
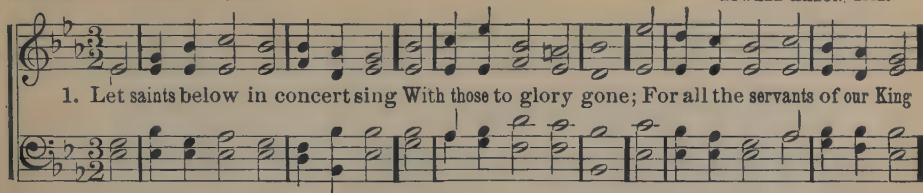
4 And when I stand before Thy throne
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1858.

429

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



- 2 One family—we dwell in Him—
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;

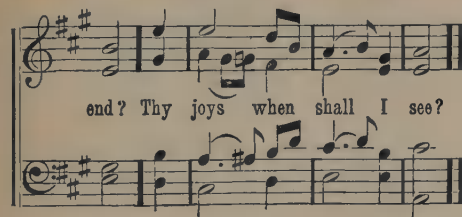
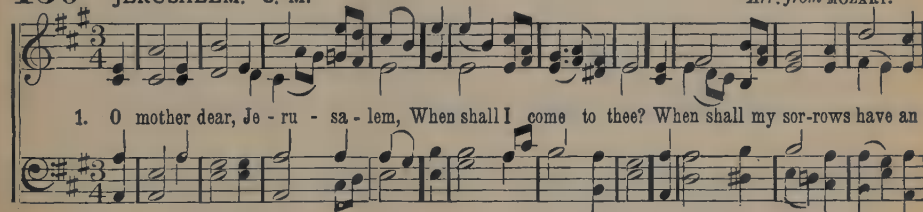
- Part of the host have crossed the flood;
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 5 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven

C. Wesley.

430

JERUSALEM. C. M.

Arr. from MOZART.



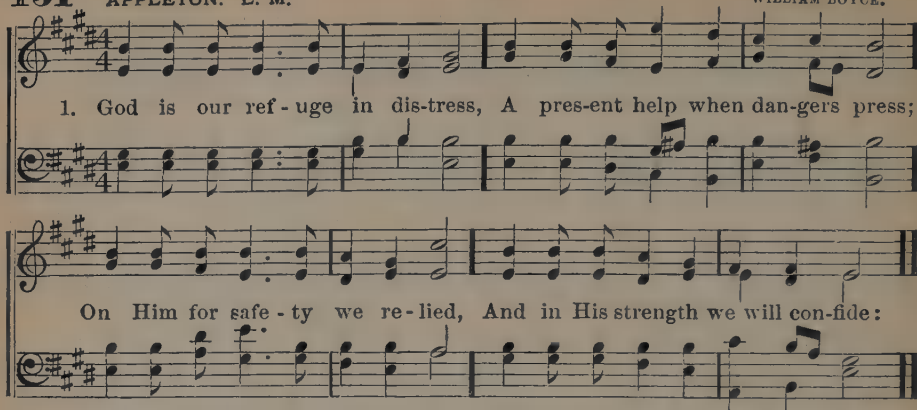
- 2 Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,
Sits on His glorious throne.
- 3 Oh, happy harbor of God's saints!
Oh, sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 4 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
- 5 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place.
I love and long to see;
Oh, that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!
- 6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God, if I were there!
- 7 With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts,
Forever, and amen!

Francis Baker, 1616. Altered by David Dickson, 1649.

431

APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



- 2 Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost;
Or lofty hills from their abode,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring flood.
- 3 Let angry waves together rolled
Rage on with fury uncontrolled;
We will not fear, whilst we depend
On God, who is our constant friend.
- 4 A gentler stream, that ever flows,
And joy to all around bestows,
The city of the Lord shall fill,
The city where He's worshiped still.
- 5 God dwells in Zion, whose strong towers,
Shall mock th' assault of earthly powers;
And His almighty aid is nigh,
To those who on His strength rely.
- 4 Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind:
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.
- 5 Oh, bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.
- 6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

John M. Neale.

432

- 1 O Thou who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love:
- 2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.
- 3 Give those who teach pure hearts and
wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by
prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.
- 1 O Guardian of the Church divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine,
And kindled by Thy hidden fires
The soul to highest aims aspires.
- 2 Thy ministers, O Lord, endure
With wisdom, and their zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O Thou the source of life and light.
- 3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know,
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.
- 4 Protect Thy Church from ev'ry foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
Thy mercy, truth, and righteousness.

T. Chamberlain.

1. Tri-umph-ant Zi-on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead; Though hum-bled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength; And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known:
Then, decked in robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;

- No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

435

DAUGHTER OF ZION. IIS.

LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1. Daughter of Zi-on! a-wake from thy sad-ness; A-wake,—for thy foes shall op-press thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of glad-ness; A-rise,—for the night of thy sor-row is o'er.

CHORUS.

Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness; A-wake,—for thy foes shall op-press thee no more,

CODA.

Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

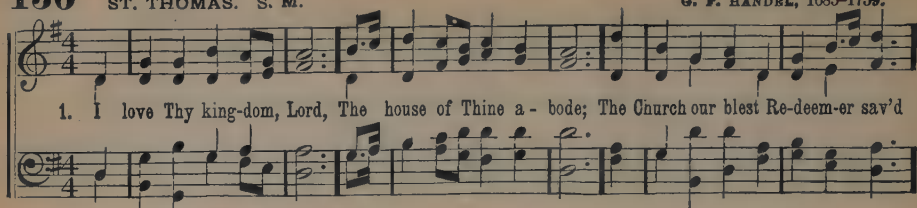
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far; [them;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Cho.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout,—for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free. Cho.

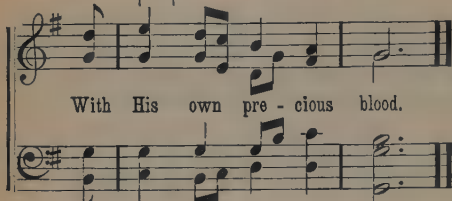
436

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685-1759.



1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode; The Church our blest Re-deem-er sav'd



With His own pre - cious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

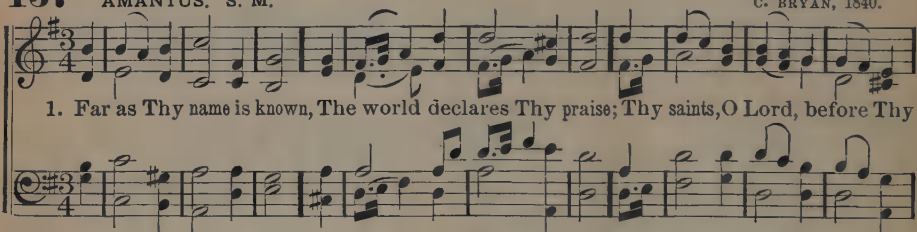
6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

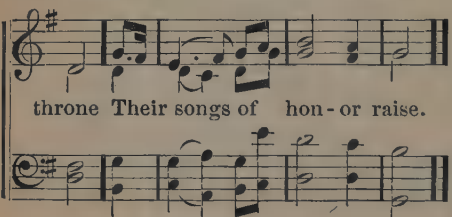
437

AMANTUS. S. M.

C. BRYAN, 1840.



1. Far as Thy name is known, The world declares Thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy



throne Their songs of hon - or raise.

2 With joy Thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,

Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

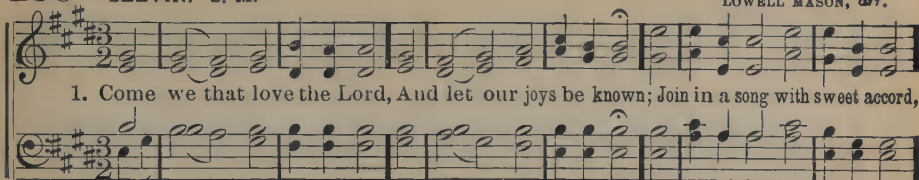
5 How decent, and how wise,
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

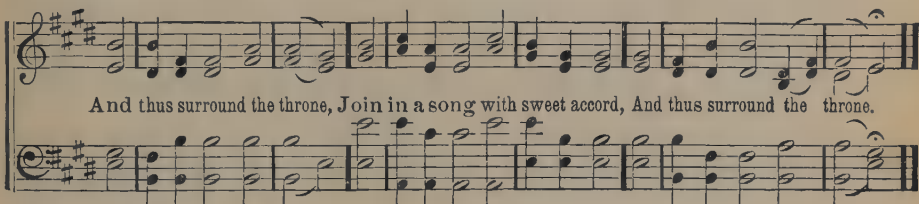
Isaac Watts.

438

SELVIN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,



And thus surround the throne, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co,

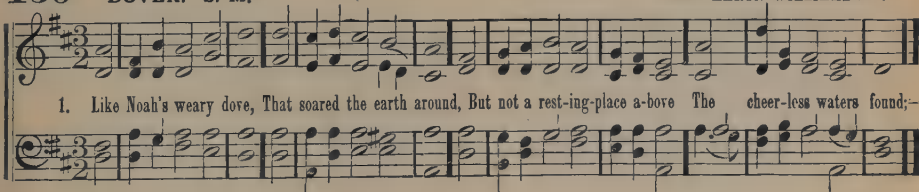
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below.
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,
Isaac Watts, 1707,

439

DOVER. S. M.

From AARON WILLIAMS coll.



1. Like Noah's weary dove, That soared the earth around, But not a rest-ing-place a-bove The cheer-less waters found;—

- 2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

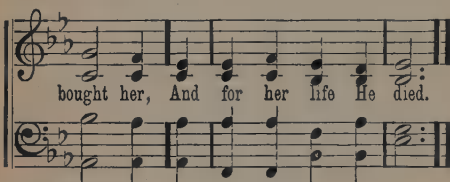
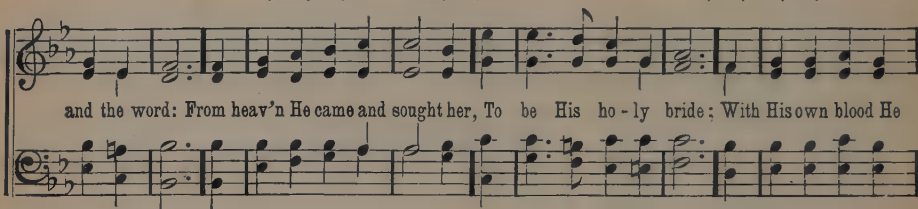
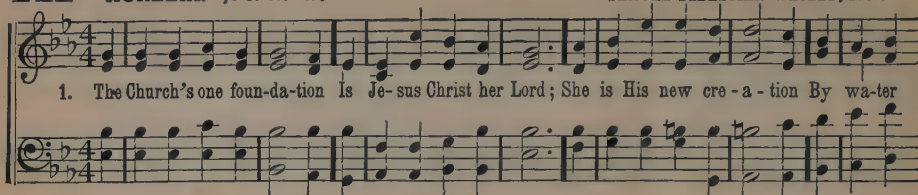
Thou art the spiritual rock,
Whence we must drink, or die.

- 2 Preserve us, Lord, from death:
Thou art the Lamb, whose blood
Sprinkled on Israel's doors in faith
A token was for good.
- 3 With many a bitter thought
Of cherished sin subdued,
'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,
We take Thee for our food.
- 4 Away the signs are cast,
And now Thyself we see;
Yet let each sign that cheered the past
Still lift our hearts to Thee.

Jos. Anstice.

440

- 1 O Lord, refresh Thy flock;
Athirst to Thee we cry:



- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
- 4' Mid toil, and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace forevermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at victor.
- 5 Yet she on earth had union
 With God the Three in One,

And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 Oh, happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.
S. J. Stone, 1866.

442

- 1 O bread, to pilgrims given,
 O food, that angels eat,
 O manna, sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet!
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled;
 Till earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled.
- 2 O water, life-bestowing,
 From out the Saviour's heart!
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art;
 Oh, let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage!
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.
- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take, and doubt no more;
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee;
 Then, death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

Latin Hymn, Trans. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

443

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.

Fine.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; }
 He, whose word can not be broken, Formed thee for His own abode; } On the Rock of A-ges found-ed,
 D. C. With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

D. C.

What can shake thy sure re- pose?

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Thine the streams of living waters
 Springing from the throne above;
 Thither speed thy sons and daughters,
 There all thirst they slake in love;
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever will their thirst assuage;
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

- 3 On their way, around them hovering,
 Pillared cloud or fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 From their banner thus deriving
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving,
 For their daily food have they.

- 4 Saviour, we of Zion's city
 Members through Thy grace became;
 Though the world deride or pity,
 We will glory in Thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

444

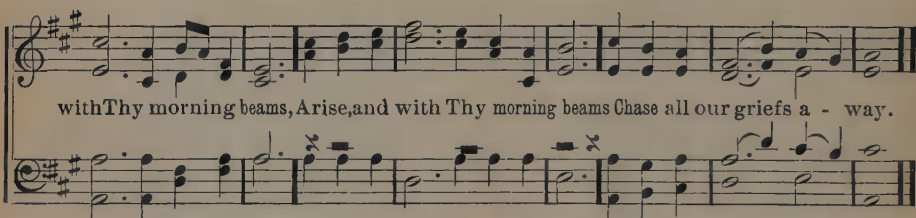
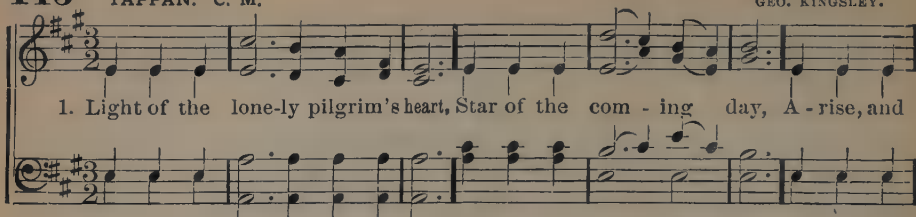
BERLIN. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. As pants the wear-ied hart for cooling springs, That sinks ex-haust-ed in the summer's chase,
 So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa-cred dwelling place.

- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
 Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love.



- 2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now
The palm of victory Thine.

E. Denny.

446

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;

Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

- 4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1757 Michael Bruce, 1781.

447

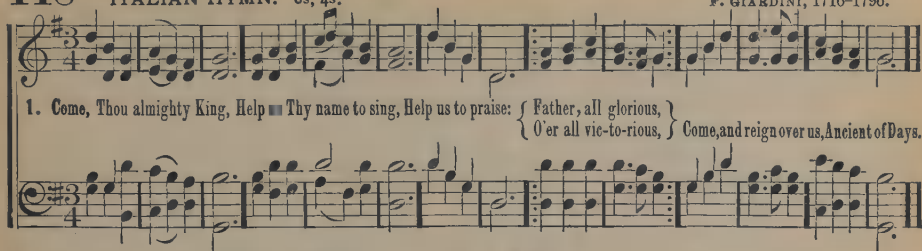
- 1 When from the city of our God
Man wandered far away,
He fell into the Tempter's hands,
Was stripped, and wounded lay.
- 2 Christ bound our wounds, and poured in
And wine with tender care, [oil
And bore us to an inn—His Church—
And safely lodged us there.
- 3 He gave us to the host in charge,
And "at that future day
When I shall come again," He said,
"I will thy pains repay."
- 4 What beams of grace and mercy, Lord,
In Thine example shine! [praise,
Oh, may we give Thee thanks and
By showing love like Thine.
- 5 So may we at that future day,
With joy Thy coming see,
And hear that blessing,—“What ye did
To mine, ye did to Me.”

Christopher Wordsworth.

448

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI, 1716-1796.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: { Father, all glorious, }
 { O'er all vic-tor-ious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear;
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

Charles Wesley.

449

1 Thou, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Oh, now to all mankind
 "Let there be light."

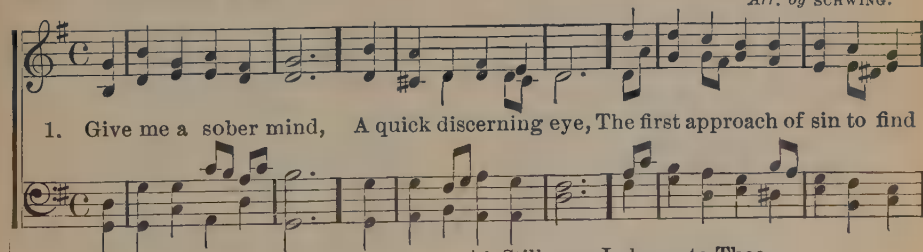
3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight;
 Move o'er the water's face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 "Let there be light."

John Marriott, 1813.

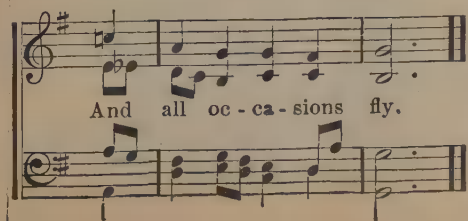
450

WELLER. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.



1. Give me a sober mind, A quick discerning eye, The first approach of sin to find



And all oc-ca-sions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to Thee,
 And never more depart,
 But watch with godly jealousy
 Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
 Of sojourning beneath,
 And languish to conclude my race,
 And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
 Thine image to regain,
 And see Thee in the clouds appear,
 And rise with Thee to reign.

451

MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.

1. The Lord, who tru - ly knows The heart of ev - ery saint,
In - vites us by His ho - ly word, To pray and nev - er faint.

- 2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait;
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus the widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained at last her end.
- 5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes; though He may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.
- 6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

452

- 1 Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee, is life to me,
In my eternal home.

- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee, is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me
Makes heaven forever mine.
Henry Harbaugh.

453

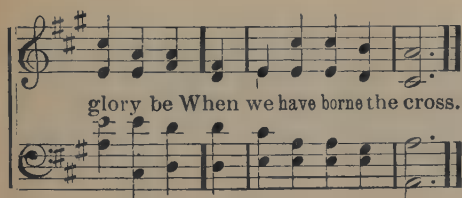
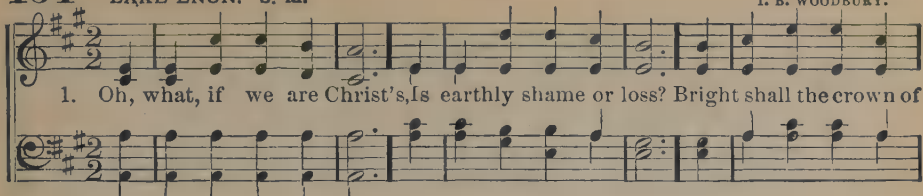
- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet before the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And never-ending songs.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

454

LAKE ENON. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

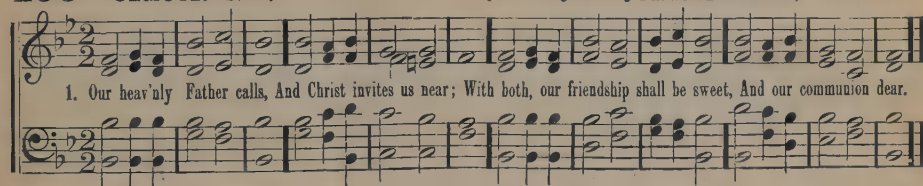
- 5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest in Thine own home,
Where saints and angels live.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

455

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. from Gregorian by DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



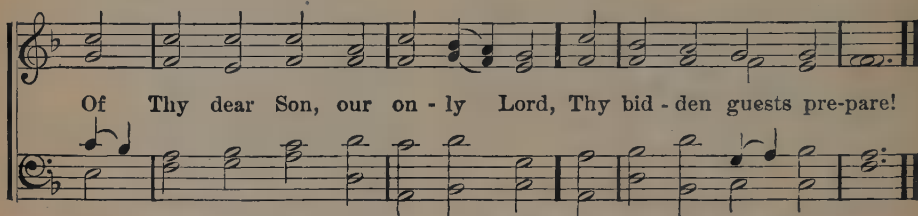
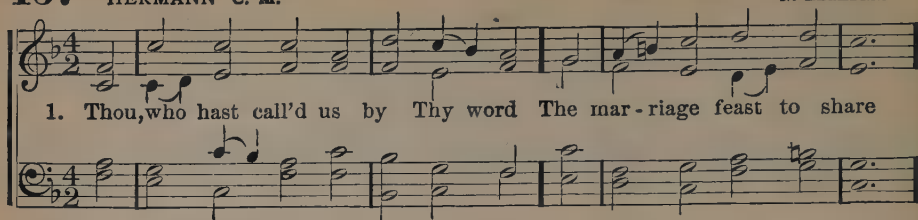
- 2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day,
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care,
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix my roving heart;
Here wait my warmest love;
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

456

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live:
And oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley.



2 No vain excuse we dare to make,
Thy call we do not slight;
We come unworthy; for His sake
Help us to come aright.

3 Thy marriage-garment we require,
Thyself to us impart,
And with Thy precious gifts inspire
A pure and thankful heart.

4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love
The wedding guests has brought,
Who ever helpst from above
Those whom Thy blood has bought,

5 Lord of the feast, our coming bless,
And round our souls entwine
The garment of Thy righteousness,
In which Thy saints shall shine.

John Ernest Bode, 1860.

458

1 Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

459

1 O Thou, the Lord and Life of those
Who rest their hope in Thee;
Whose love from everlasting woes,
Hath set Thy people free;

2 Thine agony and death display
The curse our guilt should bear,
Thy resurrection points the way
To bliss that we may share.

3 To Thee, O Lord, we lift our heart,
Thy mercy we implore;
Help us to choose the better part,
And go, and sin no more.

4 Help us Thee, Saviour, to confess,
In whom our life we see;
And oh, may fruits of holiness
Prove that we live to Thee.

460

PETERBORO. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. We, in ourselves, un-righteous are; With sor-row we con-fess Our great and grievous sins to

Thee, The Lord our Right-eous-ness.

2 Not to Thine angels, nor to saints
Do we our prayers address;
We fly to Thee, and only Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

3 Thou, Christ, the great Jehovah art,
The Fount of holiness;
And, God with us, Thou art become
The Lord our Righteousness.

4 Oh, wash us with Thy blood, and clothe
With Thy pure spotless dress;
Oh, hide us in Thyself, and be
The Lord our Righteousness.

5 Make us by grace to be in deed
What we in word profess;
Oh, make us like unto Thyself,
The Lord our Righteousness.

6 Pour on us plenteous showers of grace,
Increase our fruitfulness,
That we may yield Thine own to Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

7 So, in Thy glorious image rais'd,
May we Thy mercy bless;
And sing for ever praise to Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

461

BRAY. C. M.

NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1561.

1. To Zi-on's hill I lift mine eyes, From thence expecting aid; From Zi-on's hill, and

Zi-on's God, Who heav'n and earth has made,..... Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 Thou, then, my soul in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards,
Will thee in safety keep.

3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest;

Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

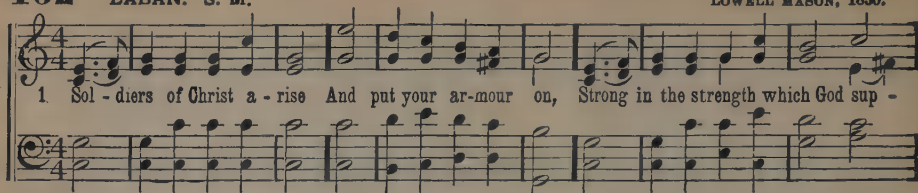
4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

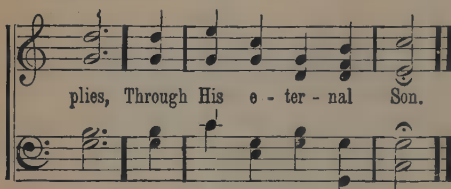
462

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1 Sol - diers of Christ a - rise And put your ar-mour on, Strong in the strength which God sup -



plies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.

- 2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past, [alone,
You may o'ercome through Christ
And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

- 6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come," [high,
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

463

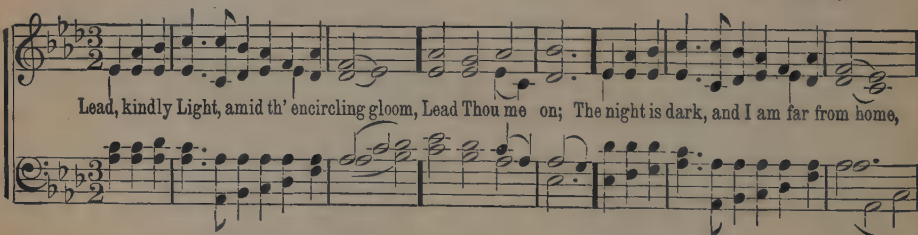
- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath, 1781.

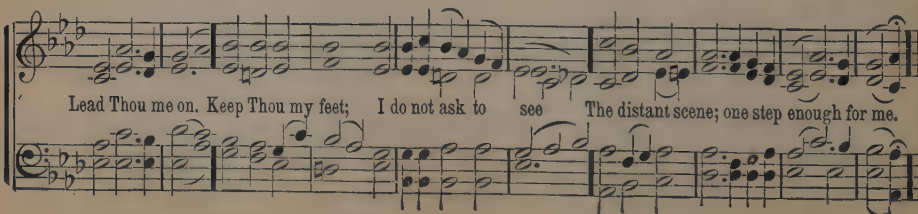
464

LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,

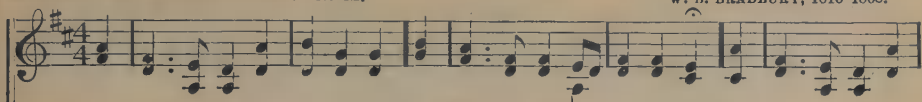


Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

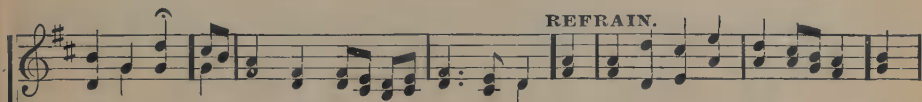
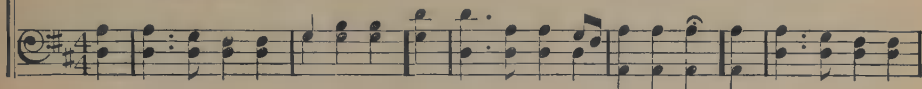
465

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

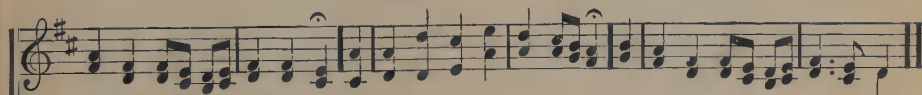
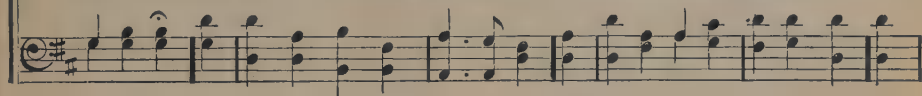
W. B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868.



1. He lead-eth me! Oh, blessed thought! Oh words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-



e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By



His own hand He lead-eth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;

Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore, 1861.

464 Continued.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure, it
Will lead me on [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone; [till
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John Henry Newman, 1855.

466

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1st time.

J. P. HOLBROOK.
2d time.

1. { Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - nous sea; }
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, (Omit.) } For we have no

help but Thee; Yet pos - sess - ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.

Per. of MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

Guard us by Thine outstretched hand:
Guide Thy chosen
Safely to the promised land.

- 2 Feed us with the heavenly manna;
Fainting, may we feel Thy might;
Go before us as our banner,
Cloud by day, and fire by night:
Great Redeemer,
Shine around us;—Thou art light.
- 3 When we come to death's dark river,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Thou who canst our life deliver,
Bear us through the sundered tide:
Praises, praises
Will we sing on Canaan's side.

Josiah Conder, 1856.

467

- 1 Shepherd of Thine Israel! lead us,
Pilgrims o'er this barren sand;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,

468

AMSTERDAM 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. JAMES NARES, 1780.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
{ Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy na - tive place: } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay;

Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

469

KEEP THOU MY WAY. S. M. D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Keep Thou my way, O Lord; My - self I can - not guide; Nor dare I trust my

err - ing steps One mo - ment from Thy side: I can not think a - right, Un - less in -

spired by Thee; My heart would fail with - out Thine aid; Choose Thou my thoughts for me.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 For every act of faith,
And every pure design,
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.
Free grace my pardon seals,
Through Thine atoning blood;
Free grace the full assurance brings,
Of peace with Thee, my God.

3 Oh, speak and I will hear;
Command, and I obey;
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heavenly way;
Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
Oh, bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven my blissful home.

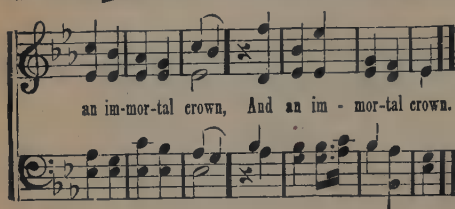
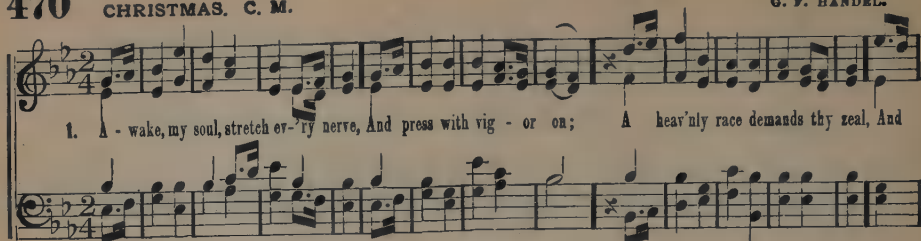
Fanny J. Crosby.

468 Continued.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1748.



- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

471

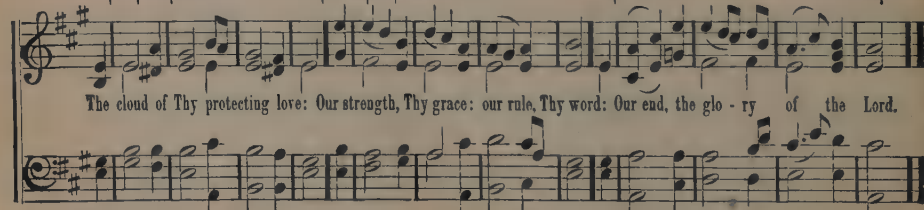
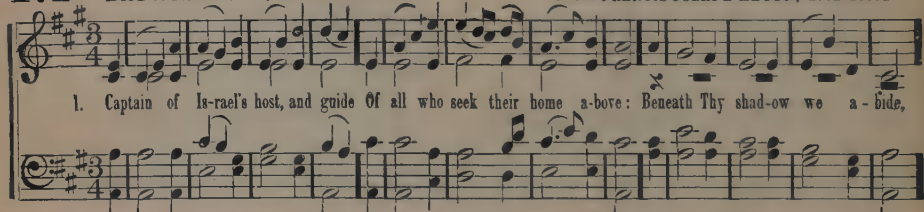
- 1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts com-
And melt in flowing tears! [plain
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Oh, keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

A. Steele.

472

BROWNELL. L. M. 6l.

From FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732-1809.



- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray:
By Thy paternal bounty fed,

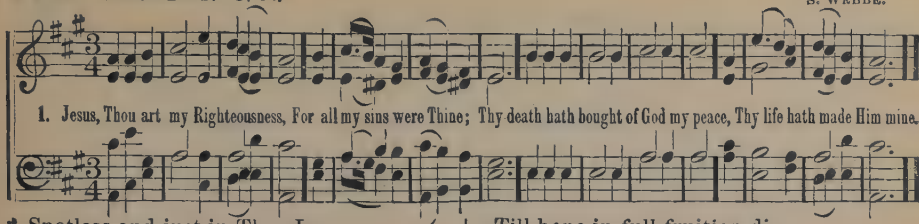
We shall not lack in all our way:
As far from danger as from fear,
While Thine almighty love is near.

C. Wesley.

473

ARUNDEL. C. M.

S. WEBBE.



1. Jesus, Thou art my Righteousness, For all my sins were Thine; Thy death hath bought of God my peace, Thy life hath made Him mine.
- 2 Spotless and just in Thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 4 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
- Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.
- Charles Wesley, 1740.*

474

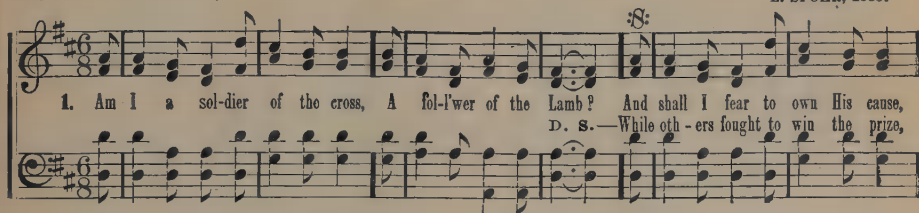
- 1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

475

SPOHR. C. M. D.

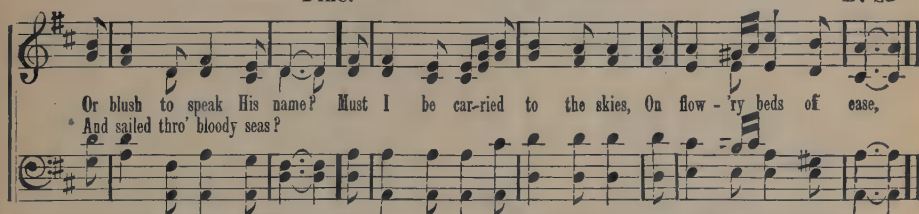
L. SPOHR, 1835.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause,
D. S.—While oth-ers fought to win the prize,

Fine.

D. S.



- Or blush to speak His name? Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow-ry beds of ease,
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1743.

476 JUDEA. C. M.

WM. ARNOLD, 1791.

1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire, and smoke;
 Not to the thun - der of that word, Which God on Si - nai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare His will,
 And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven;
 And God, the Judge of all, declare
 Their vilest sins forgiven!

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is
 Must be forever blest.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

477

1 Jesus, exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given,
 A name surpassing every name
 That's known in earth or heaven;
 2 Before whose throne shall every knee
 Bow down with one accord;
 Before whose throne shall every tongue
 Confess that Thou art Lord;

3 Jesus, who, in the form of God,
 Didst equal honor claim;

Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame:

4 Oh, may that mind in us be formed
 Which shone so bright in Thee!
 A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
 To emulate Thy love;
 So shall we bear Thine image here
 And share Thy throne above.

Thomas Colterill, 1812.

478

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that's sprinkled with Thy blood,
 So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek;
 My dear Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

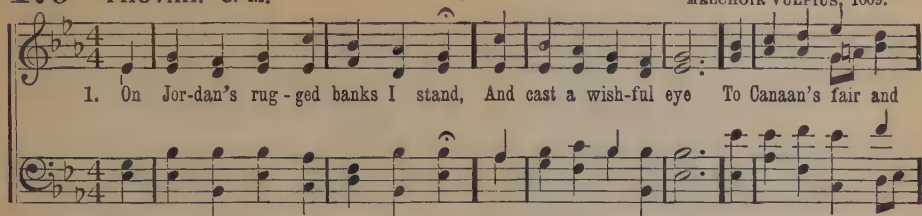
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

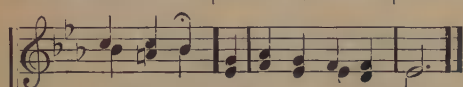
479

PHUVAH. C. M.

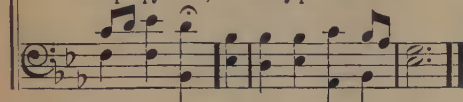
MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.



1. On Jor-dan's rug-ged banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and



hap-py land, Where my pos-sessions lie.



5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Saml. Stennett, 1787.

480

1 FORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert-path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His captain at our head.

2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills;
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

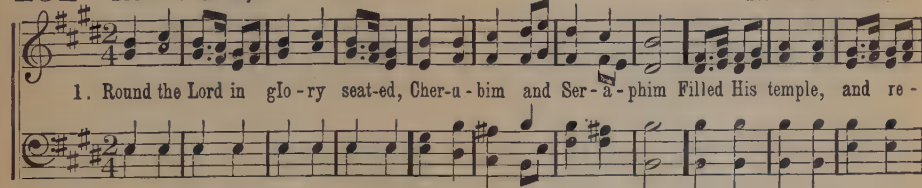
4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

Henry Alford, 1827.

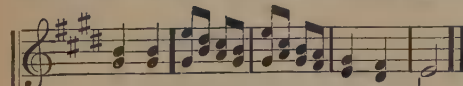
481

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

SICILIAN MELODY.



1. Round the Lord in glo-ry seat-ed, Cher-a-bim and Ser-a-phim Filled His temple, and re-



peated Each to each th' alter-nate hymn:



2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high!"

4 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

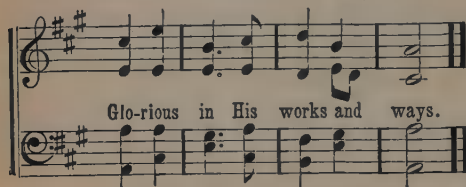
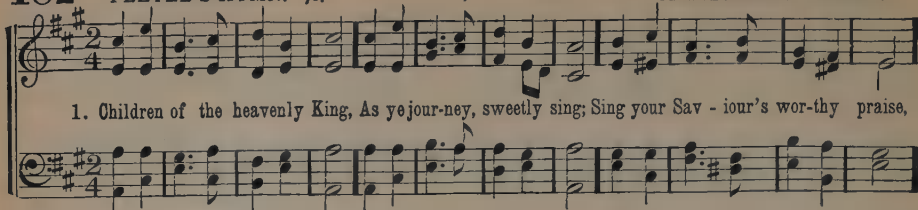
5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

Richard Mant.

482

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL. 1757-1831.



■ Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

5 Seal our love, our labors end;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy kingdom come;
Lord, we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1742.

483

1 Blessed are the son's of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

4 They alone are truly blest;
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ:
They with love and peace are filled,
They are by His Spirit sealed.

Jos. Humphreys, 1743.

484

1 Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To Thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

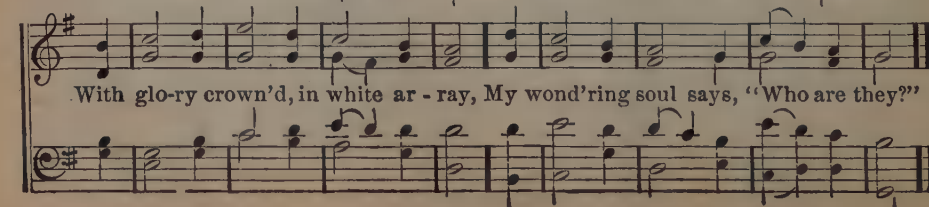
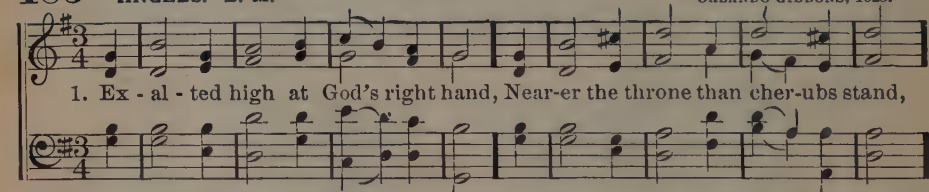
4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide:
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

Charles Wesley.

485

ANGELS. L. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



486

CYPRUS. 75.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847.

1. Son of God, e - ter - nal Word, Glo - rious Day - spring, Christ the Lord,
Shine up - on us with Thy rays, While we cel - e - brate Thy praise.

- 2 When Thou madest heaven and earth,
Angels shouted at their birth;
Morning stars in chorus sang,
When the world from darkness sprang.
- 3 When in sin and death we lay,
Thou didst wake us into day;
Thou, in human nature born,
Wast to us a glorious morn.
- 4 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quickened by Thy breath;
We arose with Thee our Head,
First begotten from the dead.
- 5 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye.
- 6 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth.

487

- 1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
- 3 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

Thomas Raffles, 1812.

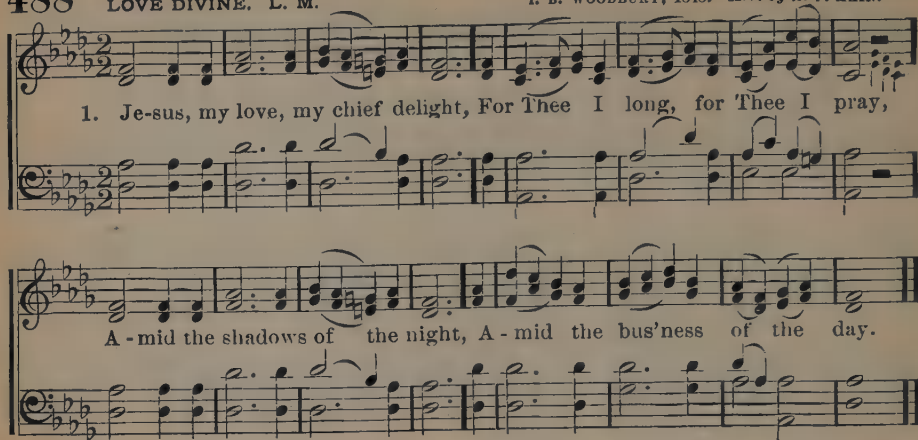
485 Continued.

- 2 These are the saints beloved of God;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine;
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say [they?
Their order what—and whence came
- 4 Through tribulation great, they came;
They bore the cross, and scorned the
Within the living templeblest, [shame;
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.
- 5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their King;—
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?
- 6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.
- 7 Amen, they cry, to Him alone,
Who dares to fill His Father's throne;
They give Him glory, and again
Repeat His praise and say, Amen.

488

LOVE DIVINE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1848. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



1. Je-sus, my love, my chief delight, For Thee I long, for Thee I pray,
A-mid the shadows of the night, A-mid the bus'ness of the day.

2 When shall I see Thy smiling face,
Which I, through faith, have often seen;
Arise, Thou Sun of righteousness
Dispel the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed,
The first of all His gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say, this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at pain or want repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

■ This precious jewel let me keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

489

1 Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love divine,
What, to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore?

3 Oh, teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all!
Before Thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

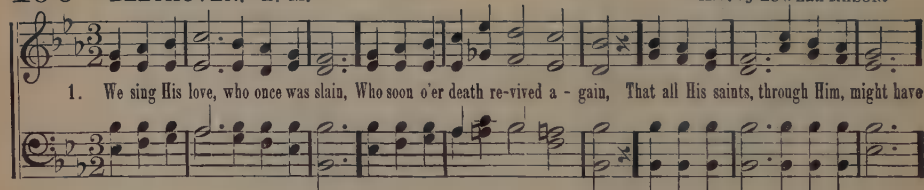
4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart!
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

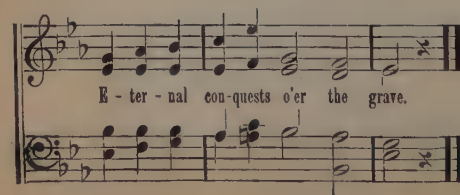
490

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. We sing His love, who once was slain, Who soon o'er death re-vived a - gain, That all His saints, through Him, might have



E - ter - nal con-quests o'er the grave.

2 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

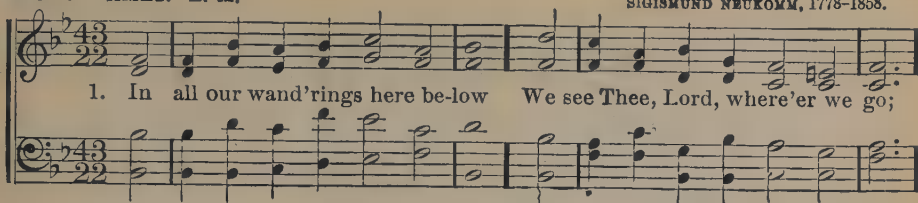
3 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display:
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill, 1796.

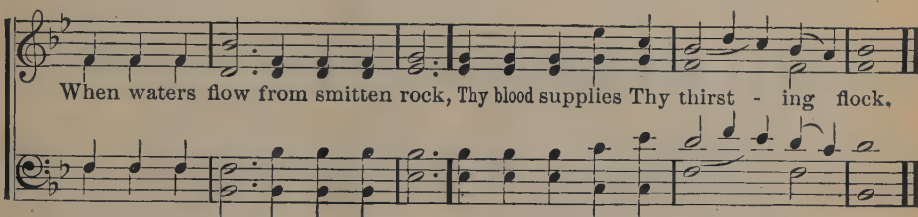
491

AMES. L. M.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM, 1778-1858.



1. In all our wand'rings here be-low We see Thee, Lord, where'er we go;



When waters flow from smitten rock, Thy blood supplies Thy thirst - ing flock.

2 Thy word, and holy festival,
Thy Church—we see Thee in them all;
When manna from the heavens refresh,
Then Jesus feeds us with His flesh.

■ In all the gleams of grace divine
We see Thy holy presence shine;
Beneath the cloud baptized are we,
And Jesus leads us through the sea.

4 No arm can save us from the foe
But Thine,—no other hope we know;

We lean not on ourselves;—Thy rod
Is all our trust, Thou Son of God.

5 In all our long and weary way,
Pilgrims of Canaan, lest we stray,
Be Thou our guide, Thy grace afford
And make us Thine in will and word.

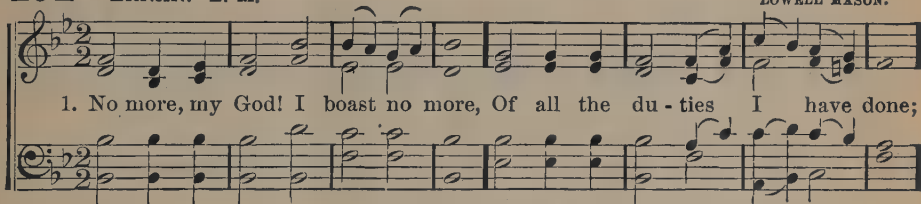
6 So may we through life's desert go,
And come where fruits of Eschol grow;
Gain the rich promise of Thy word
And rest forever with the Lord.

C. Wordsworth.

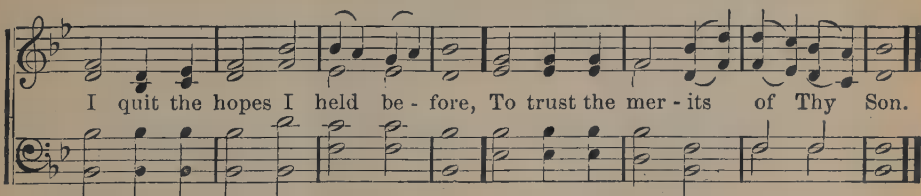
492

ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. No more, my God! I boast no more, Of all the du - ties I have done;



I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must, and will, esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;

Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

493

MAGDALENE C. M.

J. CONGER. 1688.

1. My God, Thy cov - e - nant of love A - bides for - ev - er sure; And in its match - less grace I feel

My hap - pi - ness se - cure. A - men.

Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home,—

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart, [death,
Which, when mine eyelids close in
Shall warm my chilling heart.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,

494

OUR RULER. 8s, 7s & 7s.

W. H. MONK.

1. { On the fount of life e - ter - nal Gaz - ing wist - ful and a - thirst; } Here the soul an ex -
{ Yearn - ing, strain - ing, from the pris - on Of con - fin - ing flesh to burst, }

ile sighs For her na - tive Par - a - dise.

4 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light;
And from peril safe at last,
Reckon up their triumphs past.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates forever open
Each in pearly splendor shine;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages;
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial spring-tide,
Blossoms the lily with the rose;
And the Lamb, with purest ray,
Scatters round eternal day.

5 There, in strains harmonious blending,
They their sweetest anthems sing;
And, on harps divinely thrilling,
Glorify their glorious King;
Aided by whose arm of might,
They were victors in the fight.

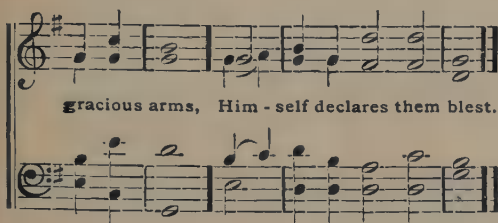
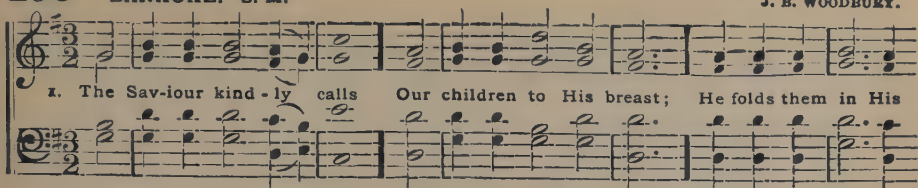
6 Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, O grant us rest for ever,
In Thy beatific sight;
And Thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

Pietro Damiani.
Trans. E. Caswall.

495

BANKOKE. S. M.

J. B. WOODBURY.



Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim ;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these,
 For such as these I came."

2 Our children Thou dost claim,
 O Lord, our God, as Thine ;
 Ten thousand blessings to Thy name
 For goodness so divine !

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
 And bless the happy bands,
 Which, closer still, engage their hearts
 To honor Thy commands.

4 Thee let the fathers own,
 Thee let the sons adore,
 Joined to the Lord in solemn vows
 To be forgot no more.

5 How great Thy mercies, Lord,
 How plenteous is Thy grace,
 Which, in the promise of Thy love,
 Includes our rising race!

6 Our offspring, still Thy care,
 Shall own their fathers' God,
 To latest times Thy blessings share,
 And sound Thy praise abroad.

H. U. Onderdonk.

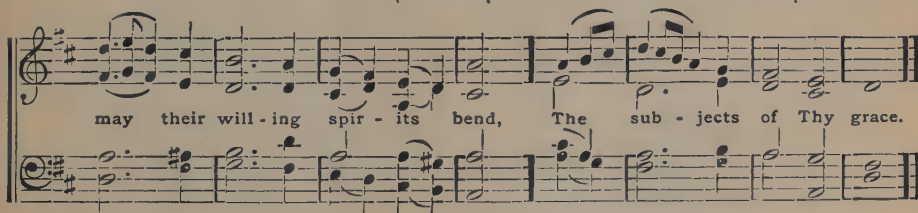
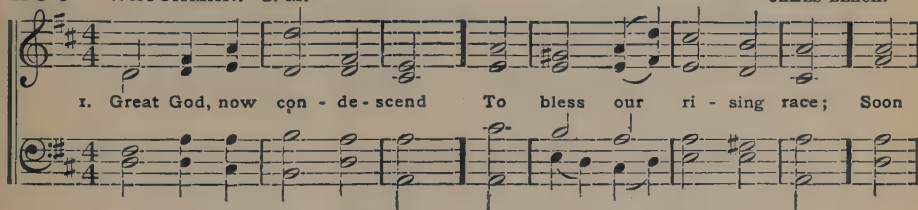
496

1 Lord, what our ears have heard
 Our eyes delighted trace,
 Thy love in long succession shown,
 To every faithful race.

497

WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAMES LEACH.



2 Oh, what a pure delight
 Their happiness to see;
 Our warmest wishes all unite,
 To lead their souls to Thee.

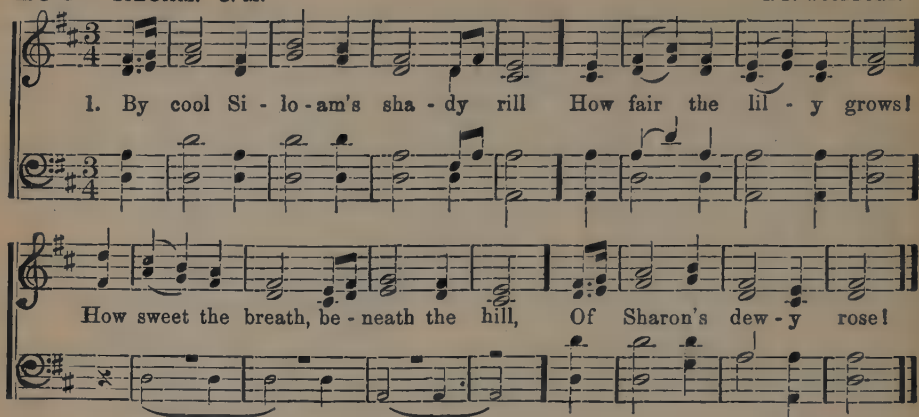
3 Now bless, Thou God of love,
 This ordinance divine ;
 Send Thy good Spirit from above,
 And make these children Thine.

J. Fellows.

498

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine !

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways ;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
O save Thy servant, Lord !
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in Thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform Thy will.

J. Watts.

500

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms !
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms !

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
hands,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge. 1740.

499

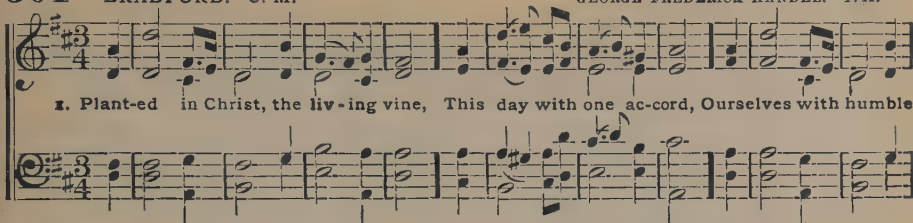
1 Thou art my portion, O my God,
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

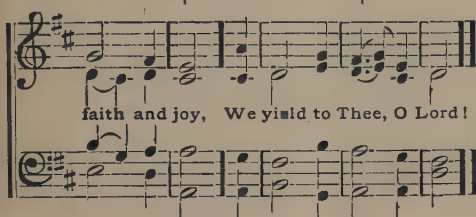
501

BRADFORD. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL. 1741.



x. Plant-ed in Christ, the liv-ing vine, This day with one ac-cord, Ourselves with humble



faith and joy, We yild to Thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be ;
One inward life partake ;

One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

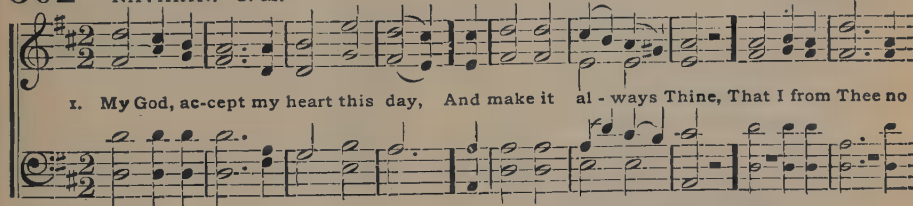
4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine !

S. F. Smith.

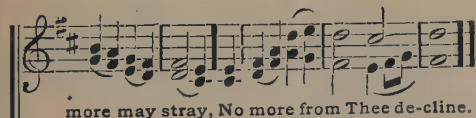
502

NAVARIN. C. M.

L. L. WHITE. 1832.

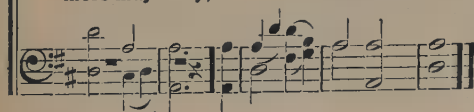


x. My God, ac-cept my heart this day, And make it al-ways Thine, That I from Thee no



more may stray, No more from Thee de-cline.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.



2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own ;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

503

1 Witness, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break :—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

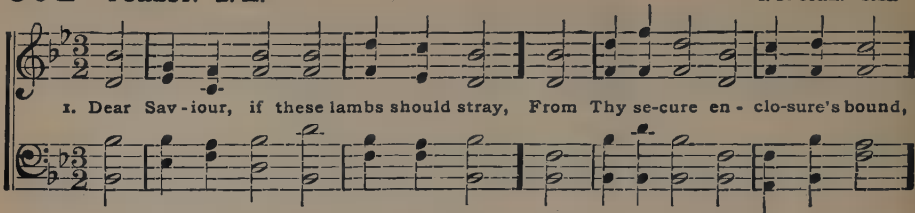
4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways :
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise !

Benj. Beddome.

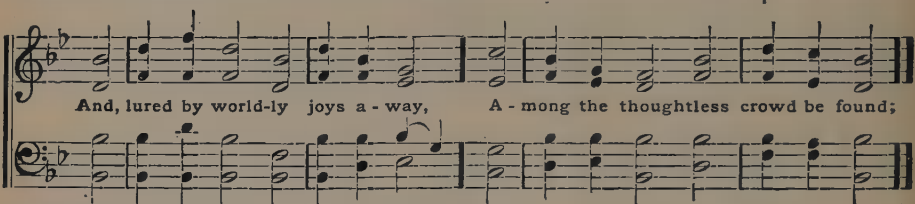
504

FOREST. L. M.

I. P. COLE. 1813.



1. Dear Sav-iour, if these lambs should stray, From Thy se-cure en-clo-sure's bound,



And, lured by world-ly joys a-way, A-mong the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

A. B. Hyde.

505

1 This child we consecrate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity;
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that with true and faithful heart
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast
given,

And laboring for the prize in heaven.

506

1 Dear Lord, I give my heart to Thee,
Its throbs of griefs will never cease,
Till yearning faith be taught to see
In Christ, the risen Prince of Peace.

2 My time is flitting day by day,
Sad conscience weaves, in restless
loom,

A shroud, whose dusky lines portray
The travails of eternal gloom.

3 The bitter fruits of wasted years,
The empty store of worldly gain,
Hope's blighted flowers, rank with tears,
And mem'ry's ashes mixed with pain;

4 This weighty sum of life I bring
To Calv'ry's gleaming, lofty tree;
Lo! at its foot, the load I fling,
And to its arms for refuge flee.

5 My guilt—the spear that pierced Thy
side,
My death once swelled Thy dying
cry;

O cleanse my sins in mercy's tide,
Still ebbing earthward from the sky.

6 Thine eye doth read the soul's dis-
tress,
When mourning for Thy peace it
pleads,

Let Thy forgiveness, Jesus, bless,
And fill my spirit's piteous needs.

R. S. Mathews. 1859.

507 • ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON. 1830.

1. Come, ev-er-bless-ed Spir-it, come, And make Thy serv-ants' hearts Thy home: Thus con-se-cra-ted

Lord, to Thee, May each a liv-ing tem-ple be.

And ever, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth.

508

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all,
I yield to Thee beyond recall;
Accept Thine own—so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield.

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal:
Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity.

Samuel Davies.

509 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

:S: Chorus. FROM E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { Oh, happy day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! } Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd

my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
And live re-joicing ev-ry day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me Thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess Thy voice divine.

4 Here rest my oft divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When called on angel's food to feast?

5 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

2 O happy bond! that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

510

SONG. 8s & 5s.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Sing of Je-sus, sing for - ev-er Of the love that changes nev-er: Who or what from Him can

And through all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven and sought them,
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

2 With His blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,

5 Let His people sing with gladness,
Other mirth than this is madness,
Mirth it is that ends in sadness,
Be it far away.

6 'Tis the saints have solid treasure,
They can sing with holy pleasure,
And their joy will know no measure,
In the final day.

Thomas Kelley. 1816.

511

ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES. 1861.

1. Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing, With the shepherd's kind-est care,

All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

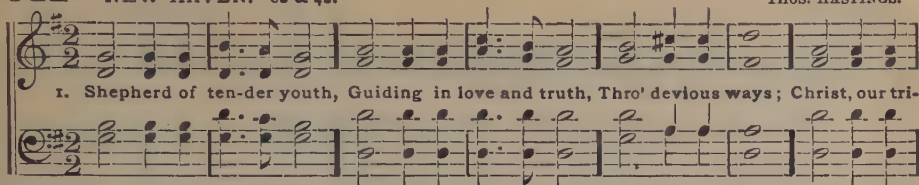
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

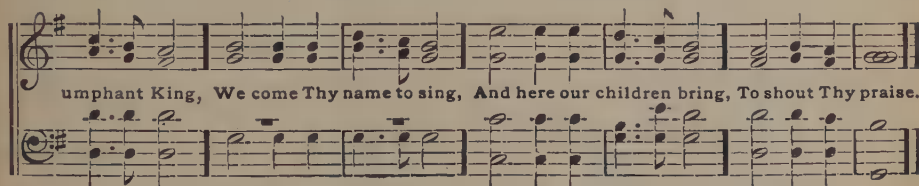
512

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Shepherd of ten-der youth, Guiding in love and truth, Thro' devious ways; Christ, our tri-



umphant King, We come Thy name to sing, And here our children bring, To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord;
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain,
Help Thou dost not disdain,—
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song
Jesus, Thou Christ of God!
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

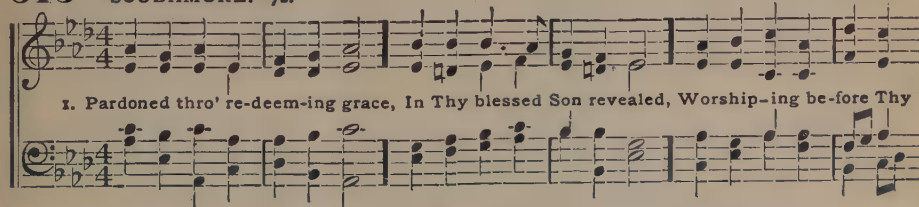
5. So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng,
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

*Clement of Alexandria, 200.
Trans. H. M. Dexter.*

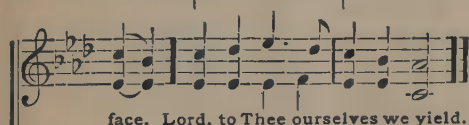
513

SCUDAMORE. 7s.

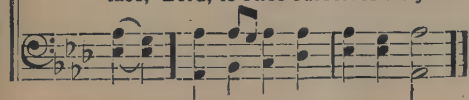
R. R. CHOPE.



1. Pardoned thro' re-deem-ing grace, In Thy blessed Son revealed, Worship-ing be-fore Thy



face, Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.



2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through Thy Son;

Quicken us in Him to live;
Lord, in us Thy will be done.

3 By the hallowed outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly Thine:
Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord,
And our every deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord!"

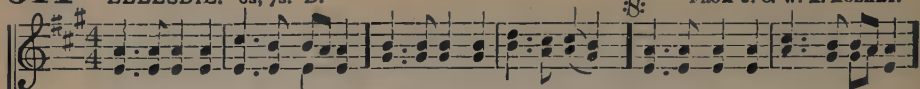
Edward Oster. 1886.

514

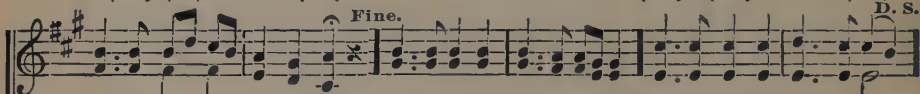
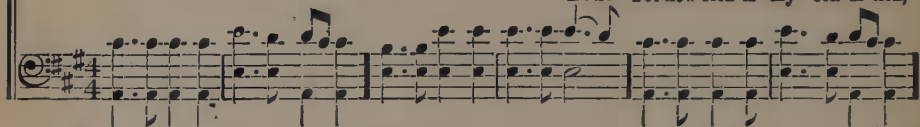
ELLESDIE. 8s, 7s. D.

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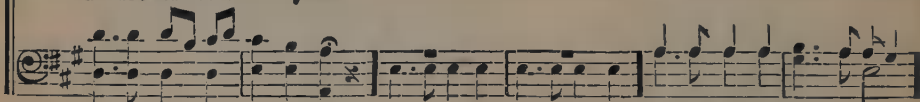
FROM J. C. W. A. MOZART.



L. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Nak-ed, poor, de-spised, for-sak-en,
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,



Thou, from hence, my all shalt be; Perish, ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
God and heav'n are still my own.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—

Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

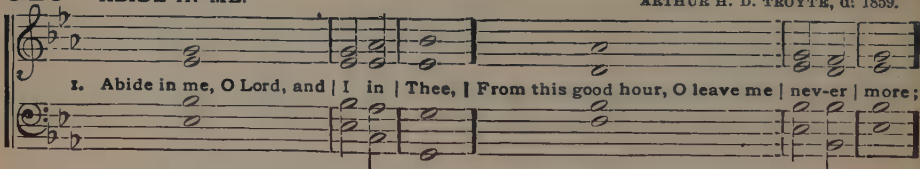
4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

H. F. Lyte.

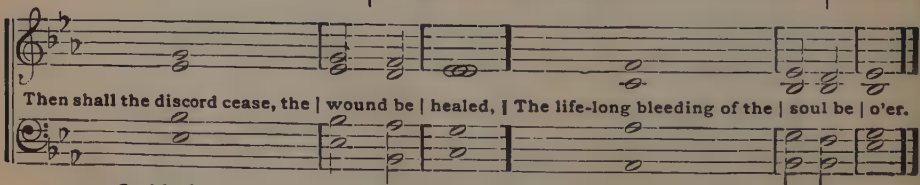
515

ABIDE IN ME.

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, d. 1859.



1. Abide in me, O Lord, and | I in | Thee, | From this good hour, O leave me | nev-er | more;



Then shall the discord cease, the | wound be | healed, | The life-long bleeding of the | soul be | o'er.

2 Abide in me; o'ershadow | by Thy | love
Each half-formed purpose and dark | thought of | sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, | low de- | sire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm | and di- | vine.

516

SANTOLIUS. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me, Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son; }
 { That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done. }

Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;

Wear-y come I now, and pray-ing—Take me to Thy love, my God! A - MEN.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.
 Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely, life and soul I offer—
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee;
 Father, take me, all forgiving
 Fold me to Thy loving breast;
 In Thy love forever living,
 I must be forever blest!

Ray Palmer. 1865.

515 Continued.

- 3 As some rare perfume in a | vase of | clay,
 Pervades it with a fragrance | not its | own,
 So, when Thou dwellest in a | mortal | soul,
 All heaven's own sweetness seems a- | round it | thrown.
- 4 Abide in me: there have been | moments | blest,
 When I have heard Thy voice and | felt Thy | power;
 Then evil lost its grasp; and | passion, | hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment | of the | hour.
- 5 These were but seasons beauti- | ful and | rare;
 Abide in me, and they shall | ever | be;
 Fulfil at once Thy precept | and my | prayer,
 Come, and abide in me, and | I in | Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

517

BREAD OF LIFE. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!

Per. of Bishop J. H. VINCENT, owner of Copyright.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;

Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All! *M. A. Lathbury.*

518

COMMUNION. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un-seen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness upon Thee lean. A-men.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
heaven;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
given.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord; enough, indeed:
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might
alone.

4 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in
one;

No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing
blood,
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord
my God!

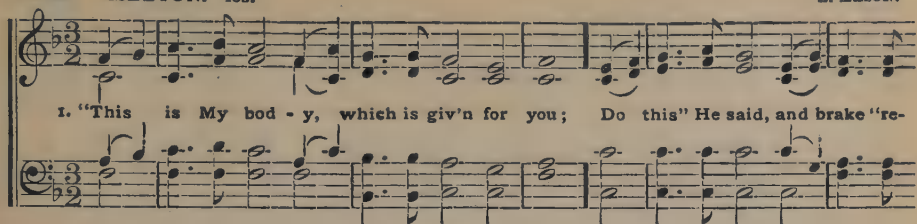
6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast
above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal Feast of bliss
and love.

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

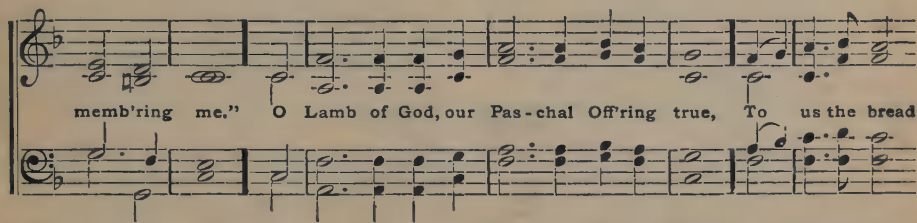
519

MELTON. 108.

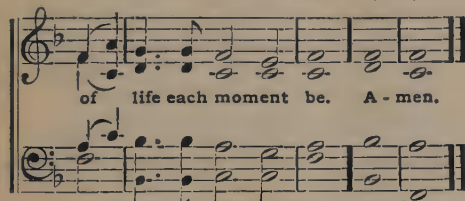
L. MASON.



1. "This is My bod - y, which is giv'n for you; Do this" He said, and brake "re-



membr'ing me." O Lamb of God, our Pas-chal Offring true, To us the bread



of life each moment be. A - men.

6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;

A saddened awe pervades our darkened sense,

In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy voice—"Arise, let us go hence."

C. L. Ford.

520

2 This is My blood, for sin's remission shed—
He spake, and passed the wine-stained chalice round :
So let us drink, and on Life's fullness fed
With heav'nly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

3 The hour is come! with us in peace sit down,
Thine own beloved, O love us to the end;
Serve us one banquet ere the night's dark frown
Veil from our sight the presence of our friend.

4 Girded with love still wash Thy servant's feet,
While they submissive wonder and adore:
Bathed in Thy blood our spirits ev'ry whit
Are clean—yet cleanse our goings more and more.

5 Some will betray Thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon Thy love we ask in fear;
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin is near.

1 Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you out-poured;
Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

2 Salvation's Giver, Christ, God's only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the vict'ry won;
Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and Himself the priest.

3 He, ransom from death, and light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid;
With heav'nly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

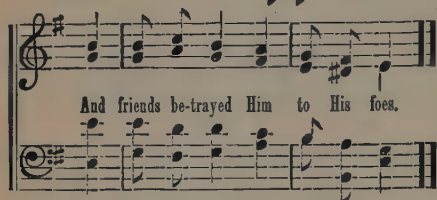
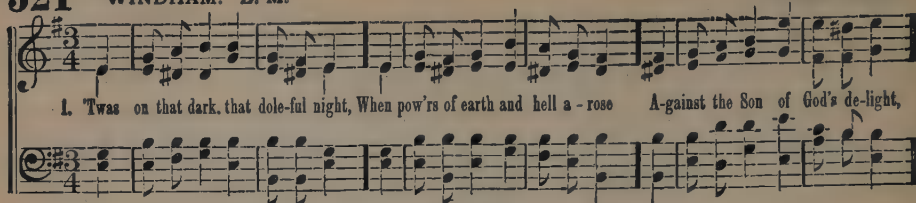
4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here;
He, that in this world rules His saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

7th Century, Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861.

521

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



6 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

522

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake:
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 For us His flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon His head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet, at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

1 Body of Jesus, oh, sweet food!
Blood of my Saviour, precious blood,
On these Thy gifts, eternal Priest;
Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.

2 Weary and faint I thirst and pine
For Thee, my bread, for Thee, my wine,
Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
I journey to the mount of God.

3 There clad in white, with crown and palm,
At the great supper of the Lamb,
Be mine, with all Thy saints to rest,
Like him that leaned upon Thy breast.

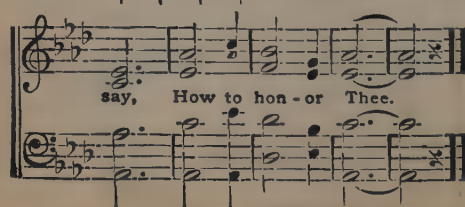
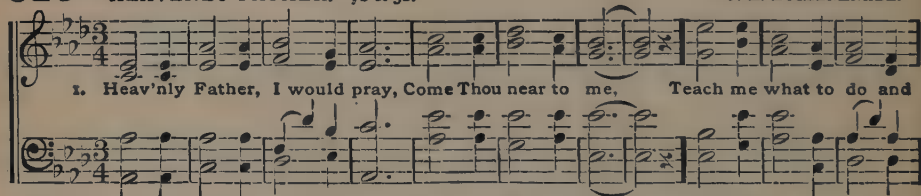
4 Saviour! till then, I fain would know
That feast above by this below;
This bread of life, this wondrous food,
Thy body and Thy precious blood.

Arthur C. Coxe. 1858.

523

HEAVENLY FATHER. 7s & 5s.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



2 Blessed Jesus, I would ask
For a gentle will;
Help Thou me my every task
Faithful to fulfil.

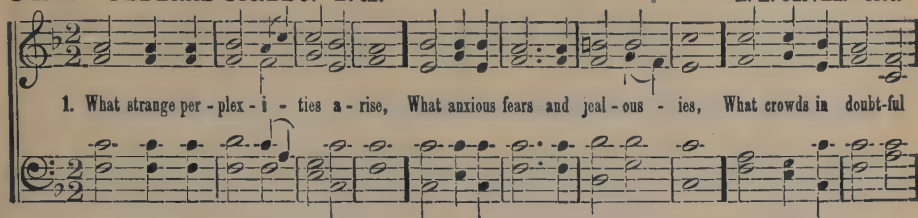
3 Holy Spirit, loving guide!
Lead me day by day;
Guard my steps on every side,
Lest I go astray.

For J. H. KURZENKNABE.

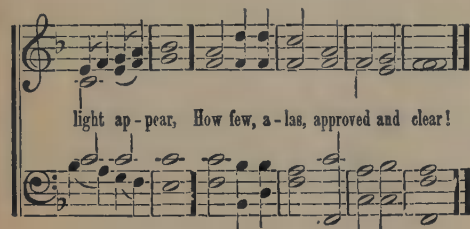
524

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 1800.



1. What strange per-plex-i-ties a-rise, What anxious fears and jeal-ous-ies, What crowds in doubt-ful



light ap-pear, How few, a-las, approved and clear!

5 May I, consistent with Thy word,
Approach Thy table, Oh my Lord?
Oh, quicken, clothe, and feed my soul,
Forgive my sins and make me whole.

525

1 Eternal King, enthroned above,
Look down in faithfulness and love,
Prepare our hearts to seek Thy face,
And grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Unworthy to approach Thy throne,
Our trust is fixed on Christ alone;
In Him Thy covenant stands secure,
And will from age to age endure.

3 Oh let us hear Thy pardoning voice,
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;
Revive our souls, our faith renew,
Prepare for duties now in view.

4 Make all our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let hope, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

2 And what am I!—my soul awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

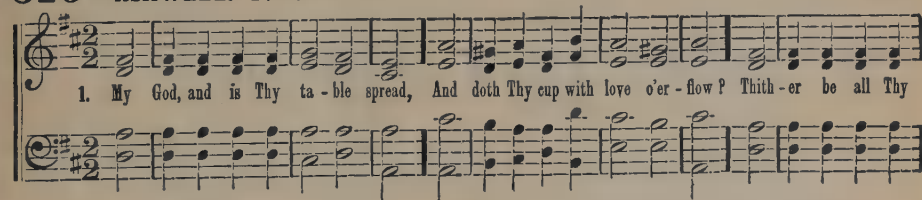
3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed, and living there?
Say, do His lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, Oh search me still,
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

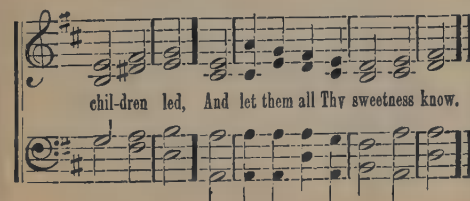
526

ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My God, and is Thy ta-ble spread, And doth Thy cup with love o'er-flow? Thith-er be all Thy



chil-dren led, And let them all Thy sweetness know.

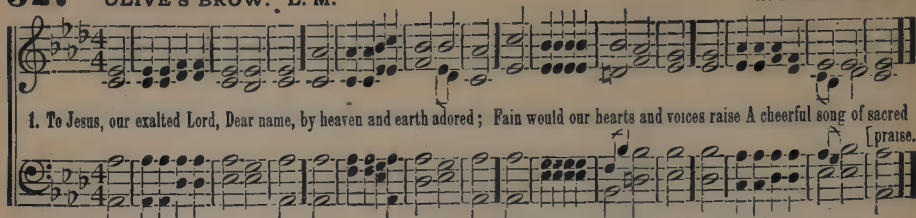
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!

Philip Doddridge.



1. To Jesus, our exalted Lord, Dear name, by heaven and earth adored; Fain would our hearts and voices raise A cheerful song of sacred praise.

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our mortal songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around His board we meet,
And worship at His glorious feet,
Oh! let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see Thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, Thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;

And Thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

Anne Steele. 1760.

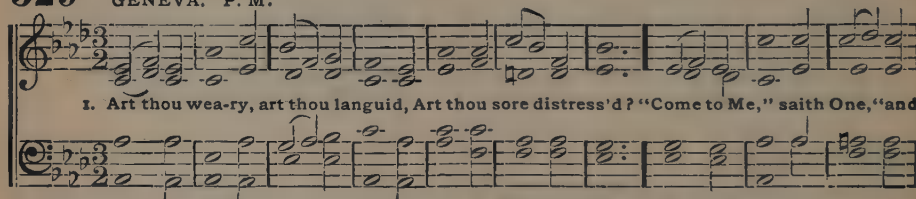
528

- Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

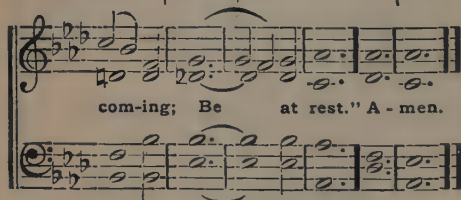
John Stewart.

529

GENEVA. P. M.



1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore distress'd? "Come to Me," saith One, "and



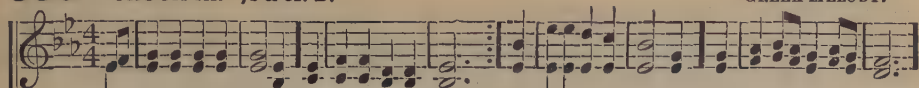
com-ing; Be at rest." A-men.

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?—
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

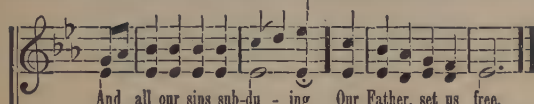
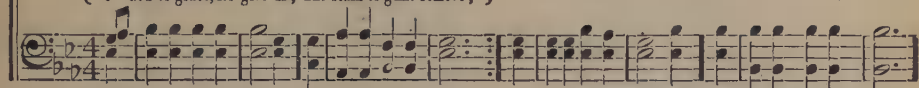
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, yes."

CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. D.

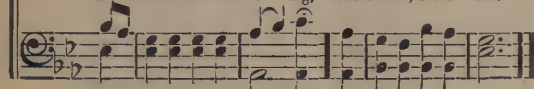
GREEK MELODY.



1. { We stand in deep repentance Before Thy throne of love ;
O God of grace, for-give us ; The stain of guilt remove ; } Behold us while with weeping We lift our eyes to Thee ;



And all our sins sub-du - ing. Our Father, set us free.



- 2 O should'st Thou from us fallen
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;

But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

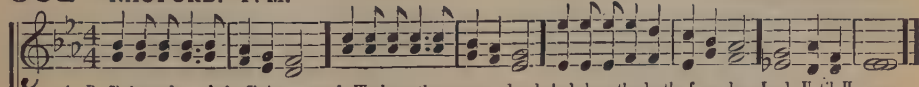
- 3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou !
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow;
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer.

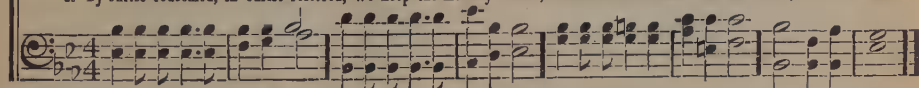
531

NAUFORD. P. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Until He come.



- 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread ;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see ;
The cup shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

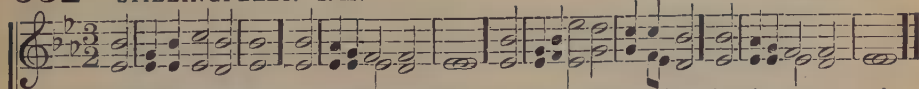
- 5 Oh, blessed hope ! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come.

G. Rawson.

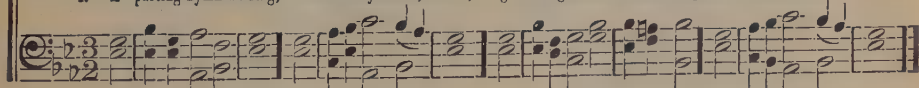
532

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

SWISS COLL.



1. A parting hymn we sing, A-round Thy ta-ble, Lord ; Again our grateful tribute bring, Our solemn vows re - cord.



- Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here ;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

- 4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

- The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—

533

VIGILS. C. M.

W. A. MOZART.

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not ■ thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. *J. D. Carlyle, 1806.*

534

- 1 O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow;
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus would we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler. 1836.

535

- 1 Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down, and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to Thine.
- 4 Yes, Thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at Thy call.

Samuel Stennett. 1787.

536

- 1 The blest memorials of Thy grief,
The suff'rings of Thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges Thou wast pleas'd to leave
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with love.
- 4 Here in obedience to Thy word
We take the bread and wine,
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is Thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would Thy full salvation prove,
And share Thy flesh and blood.

537

DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs, With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand
thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. Watts.

538

- 1 Let us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And Thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 Blest be the Lord that gives His flesh,
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads His table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.
- 4 The God of mercy be adored
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath. *Isaac Watts.*

539

ST. JOHN. C. M.

JAMES TURL.

1. Ac-cord-ing to Thy gracious word, In meek hu-mil-i-ty, This will I do, my
dy-ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me, *J. Montgomery.*

540

HOLLEY. 78.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

Oh, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

■ In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee,—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond.

541

Hark! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
“Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”

2 “I delivered thee when bound
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 “Can a woman’s tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 “Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;

Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 “Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;—
Oh, for grace to love Thee more.

William Couper.

542

1 Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

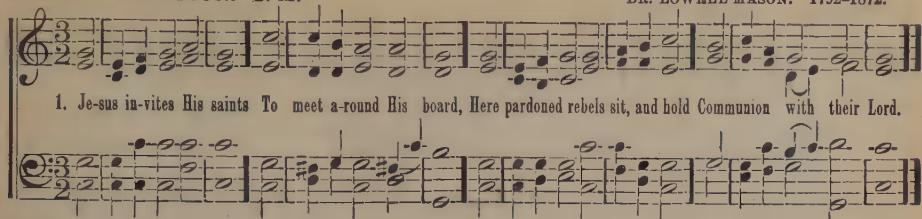
5 Thine forever! Thou our guide!
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

543

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



- 2 For food He gives His flesh ;
He bids us drink His blood ;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God !
- 3 The sacred elements
Remain mere wine and bread ;
But signify and seal the love
Of Christ our cov'nant head.
- 4 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.
- 5 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one ;
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.
- 6 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 7 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise ;

Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

I. Watts.

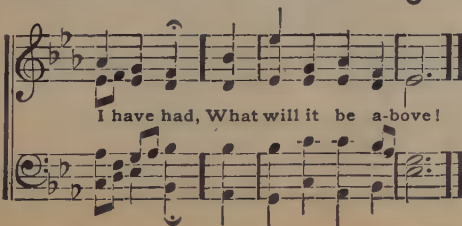
544

- 1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord.
- 2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast ;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.
- 4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer ;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

545

BEDFORD. C. M.

WILLIAM WHEALL, 1720.



- 2 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 3 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee ;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

546

DIX. 78. 61.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, *arr.*

1. "Till He come:" oh, let the words Linger on the trembling chords; } Let us think how heaven and home Lie beyond that—
 Let the little while between In their golden light be seen; } "Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast!
 Hush! be every murmur dumb,
 It is only—"Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine, and break the bread;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only—"Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

547

1 Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed,
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed:
 Ever may our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread:
 Day by day with strength supplied
 Through the life of Him that died.

2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice:
 Lord, Thy wounds our healing give;
 To Thy cross we look and live:
 Jesus, may we ever be
 Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Josiah Conder. 1836

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

548

MONSON. C. M.

REV. — BROWN.

1. Fa-ther of mercies, con-de-scend To hear our fervent pray'r, While these our brethren

we commend To Thy pa-ter-nal care.

On them Thy Holy Spirit pour,
 And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
 Supply their every need;
 Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
 But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
 Uphold them by Thy grace,
 And guard them by Thy mighty power,
 Till they shall end their race.

Thomas Morell. 1818.

2 Before them set an open door;
 Their various efforts bless;

1. Lord, pour Thy Spir-it from on high, And Thine or-dain-ed serv-ants bless; Graces and gifts to each sup-
ply, And clothe Thy priests with right-eous-ness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign:
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

James Montgomery.

550

GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN. 1770-1827.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, bow Thine ear, At-ten-tive to our earn-est pray'r; We plead for those who plead for
Thee; Suc-cess-ful may they ev-er be.

2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
And light through distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head. *B. Beddome.*

551

DEDICATION. C. M.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Lord, Thine ap-point-ed serv-ants bless, That they may faithful be, To preach the truth in
right-eous-ness, And sin-ners win to Thee.

2 Uphold them by almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And, in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer Thou their fainting heart.

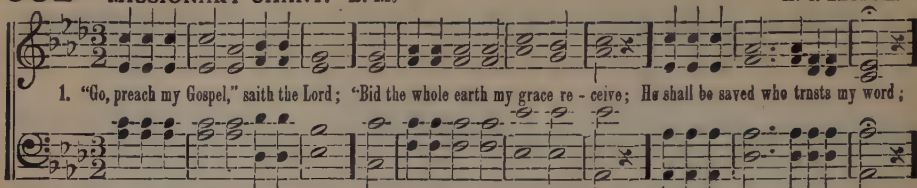
3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near Thy side;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified.

4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,
Thy Spirit now be given;
That they who preach, and those who hear,
May sing Thy praise in heaven.

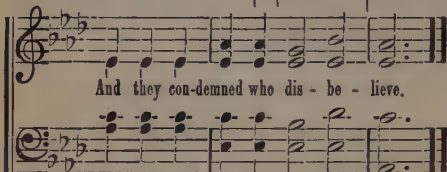
552

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. "Go, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth my grace re-ceive; He shall be saved who trusts my word;



And they con-demned who dis-be-lieve.

They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

553

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;

1 Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

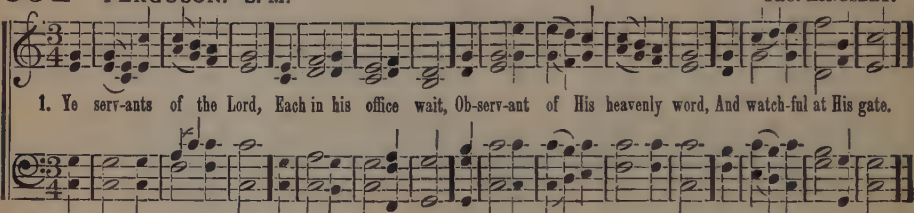
3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

B. H. Draper, 1808.

554

FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Ye serv-ants of the Lord, Each in his office wait, Ob-serv-ant of His heavenly word, And watch-ful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command:
And, while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge. 1740.

To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home."

Jas. Montgomery.

555

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;

556

APOLLOS. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace re-veal. How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are!
"Zi-on, be-hold thy Sav-iour King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

557

1 Lord of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,

And all our wants supply.
On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

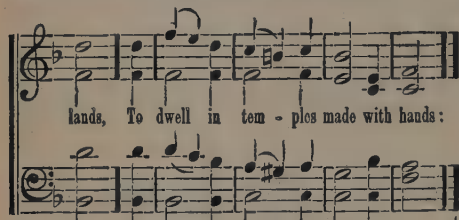
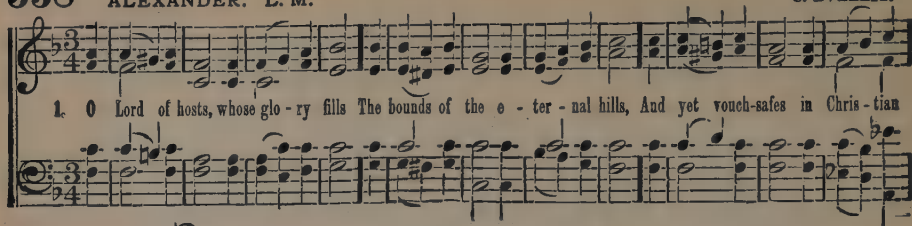
3 Oh, let them spread Thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That Thou hast died for all.

C. Wesley.

558

ALEXANDER. L. M.

C. EVBEESE.



2 O grant that we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;

The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, they are Thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain ; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea ;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We render, Lord, to Thee Thine own.

5 The architects endue with skill :
The hands that work preserve from ill ;
May all, who build this house to Thee,
Built in Thy heavenly temple be.

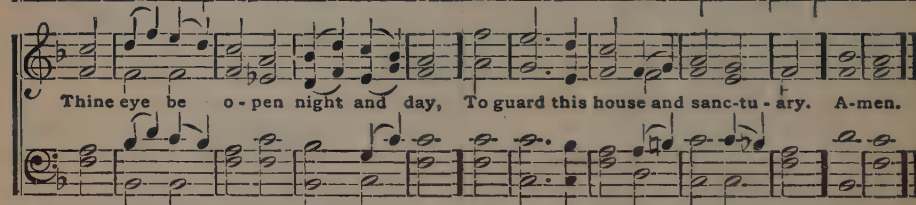
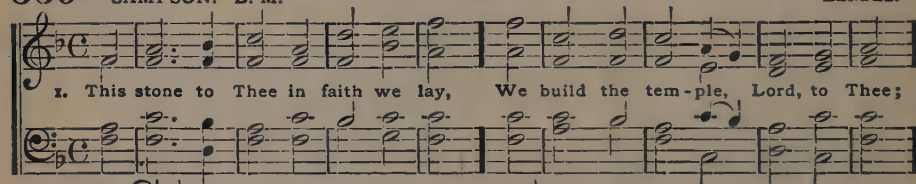
6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect ;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,

O ever blessed Trinity. *John M. Neale.*

559

SAMPSON. L. M.

HANDEL.



2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,

Hosanna ! let their angels sing
And heaven with earth the strain prolong

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest !
Will here the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 That glory never hence depart ?
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery.

560

WALTHAM. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Christ made the sure Foun-da-tion, And the precious Cor-ner-stone, Who, the two-fold walls sur-mount-ing,
Binds them close-ly in-to one: Ho-ly Zi-on's help for-ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone.

2 All that dedicated city
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One, and God the Trinal,
Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day,
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they supplicate to gain:
Here to have and hold forever
Those good things their prayers obtain:
And hereafter in Thy glory
With Thy blessed ones to reign.
5 Laud and honor to the Father;
Laud and honor to the Son;
Laud and honor to the Spirit;
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Latin Hymn. Trans. John M. Neale.

561

HOWARD. C. M.

S. HOWARD.

1. Be-hold the sure foun-da-tion Stone Which God in Zi-on lays,
To build our heav'n-ly hopes up-on, And His e-ter-nal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is Thy name!
Saints trust their whole salvation here
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;

Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes,

J. Watts.

562

SUTHERLAND. H. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

Christ is our Corner-stone; On Him a-lone we build;
With His true saints alone The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great love Our hopes we place,

Of pres-ent grace, And joys a-bove.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,

The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim Both loud and long,
In joyful song, That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, Each holy day,
On all who pray, Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day To endless rest
When all the blest Are called away.

563

MONKLAND .7s.

JOHN P. WILKES.

1. Lord of Hosts to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise: Thon Thy people's hearts prepare, Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly
bread:

Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the
land:

Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time
shall end.

564

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. O Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o-ver earth and sea, Ac-cept the walls that

hu-man hands Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,

The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

565

GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1. O God, who lov-est to a-bide In Zi-on's cho-sen gate, More than the thousand

tents be-side, Where Is-rael's faithful wait.

2 Accept our works, and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be ;
And look in mercy on the house
We dedicate to Thee.

3 Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
Thy people when they pray ;
Here in the waters of Thy font
Let sin be washed away.

4 Here set Thy confirmation's seal
For ghostly strength and good ;
Here give Thy people, as they kneel,
Their Saviour's flesh and blood.

5 If after sin they seek Thy face,
And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive.

6 If there be famine in the land,
Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from heaven Thy strong
right hand,
When here Thy flock fall low.

7 Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry,
That raised Thy temple here :
That in Thy house beyond the sky,
With joy they may appear.

John M. Neale.

566

LUTZEN. C. M.

NICHOLAUS HERMANN.

1. A-rise, O King of grace, a-rise And en-ter to Thy rest ; Lo! Thy Church waits, with

longing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford,

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

J. Watts.

567

GLADSTONE. L. M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.

1. And wilt Thou, O E - ter - nal God, On earth es - tab - lish Thine a - bode? Then look pro - pi - tious from Thy

throne, And take this tem - ple for Thine own.

2 These walls we to Thine honor raise,
Long may they echo in Thy praise,

And Thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of Thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
Thousands were born for glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

568

BUSCHE. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1. The per - fect world, by Ad - am trod, Was the first tem - ple built to God;

His ■ - at laid the cor - ner - stone, And heaved its pil - lars one by one.

■ He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and all was good;
And when its first few praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, ■ house for Thee;
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, made with hands.

5 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright Thy glories are;
But, Lord, if Thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the christian's tear.

Nathaniel P. Willis. 1876.

569

PILESGROVE. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Oh, bow Thine ear, E - ter - nal One, On Thee our heart a - dor - ing calls;

To Thee the followers of Thy Son Have raised and now de - vote these walls.

2 Here let Thy holy days be kept ;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

J. Pierpont.

570

MARKET STREET. S. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Je - sus, most lov - ing Lord, Bless us, who now re-joice The glo - ries of this

hallowed house To tell with gladsome voice.

3 Here Jesus to His own
His body gives for food ;
And stays their thirst with draughts
Of His most precious blood. [divine

4 For sick and guilty souls
Sure mercies here abound :
The Judge in tenderness acquits ;
Grace heals the deadly wound.

2 Here are the healing streams
To cleanse the sin-defiled :
Here God the Spirit with His strength
Endows the new-born child.

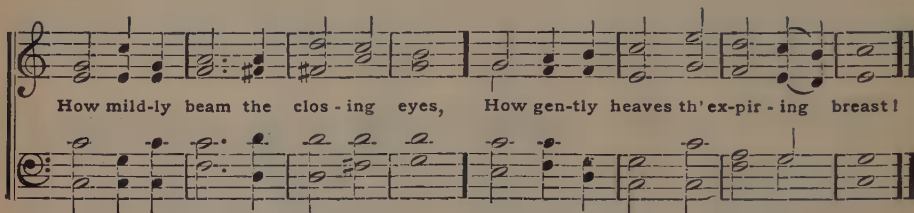
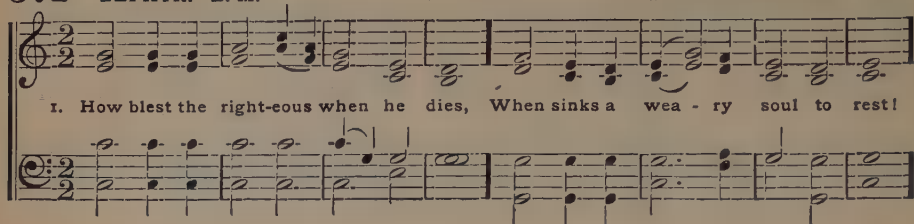
5 Yea, God, whose throne is heaven,
Deigns here to dwell, and train
The souls that worship Him, and strive
His home above to gain.

Isaac Williams. 1944.

571

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY. 1844.



2 So fades ■ summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

A. L. Barbauld.

572

1 Why should we start, and fear to die ?
What timorous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away,
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,

Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

573

1 Through every age, eternal God !
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was Thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

2 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity ;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in Thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span ;
Till faith, and love, and piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

Isaac Watts.

574

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.

I. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing—
That death hath lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay. 1882.

575

1 The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring
thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty, ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;

Yet shall our hope in Thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On Thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to Thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on Thy covenant-love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

576

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds;—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the
bed.

Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the
shade.

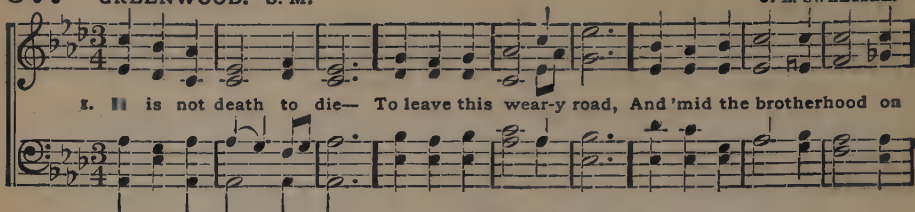
4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn'
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust;—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

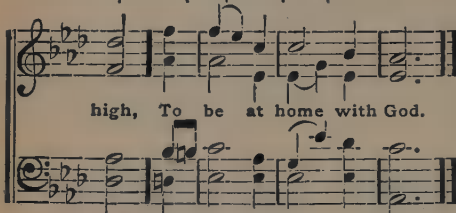
577

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



1. It is not death to die— To leave this wear-y road, And 'mid the brotherhood on



high, To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,

And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

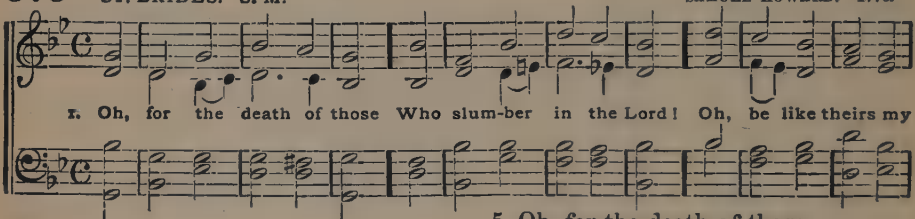
4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

George W. Bethune. 1847.

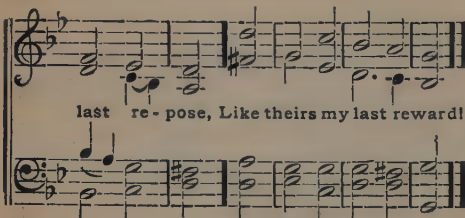
578

ST. BRIDES. S. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD. 1770.



1. Oh, for the death of those Who slum-ber in the Lord! Oh, be like theirs my



last re- pose, Like theirs my last reward!

5 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

J. Montgomery.

579

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long, succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

580

VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1. There is no night in heaven; In that blest world a - bove Work nev - er can bring wear - i -

ness, For work it - self is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies

Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

4 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

5 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

6 There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies.

F. W. Knollis.

581

ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wear-y pil-grims found:

They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose. That shuts, &c.

3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,

Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight. Pursue, &c.

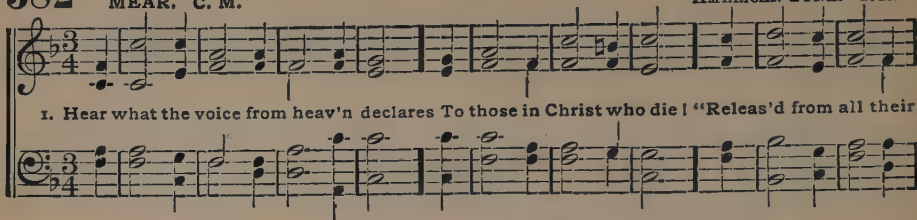
4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day. A star, &c.

James Montgomery.

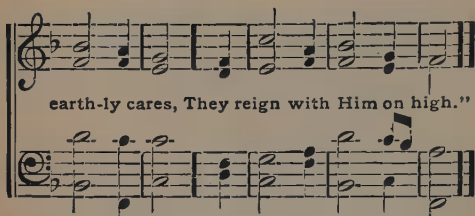
582

MEAR. C. M.

AMERICAN TUNE. 1740.



1. Hear what the voice from heav'n declares To those in Christ who die! "Releas'd from all their



earth-ly cares, They reign with Him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

3 If sin be pardoned we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

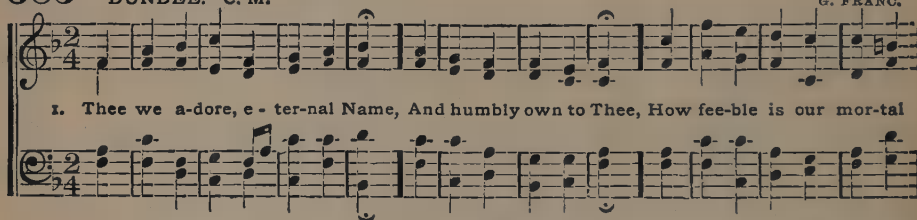
4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
When in the grave He lay;
And rising thence, their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ our life, we'll sing:
"Where is thy victory, O grave!
And where, O death, thy sting!"

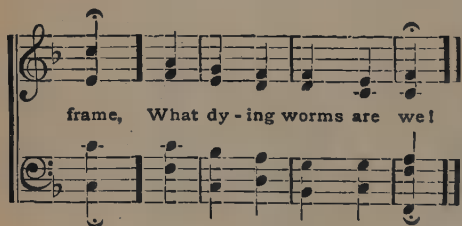
583

DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANCO.



1. Thee we a-dore, e-ter-nal Name, And humbly own to Thee, How fee-ble is our mor-tal



frame, What dy-ing worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves the small number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the
ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things,
The eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

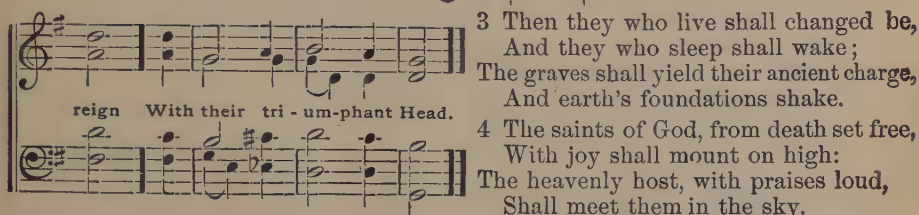
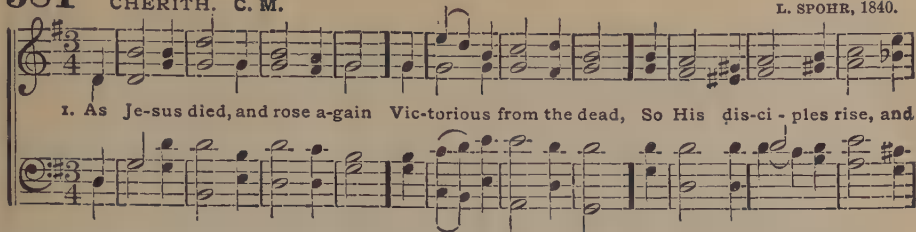
6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

584

CHERITH. C. M.

L. SPOHR, 1840.



2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

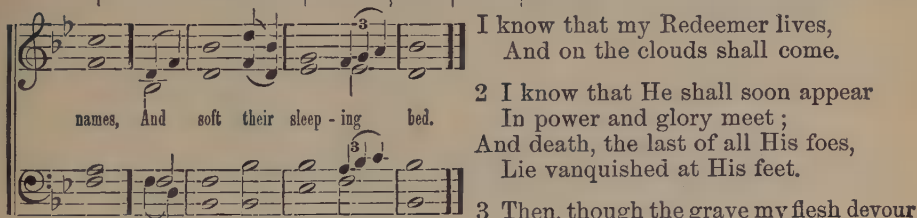
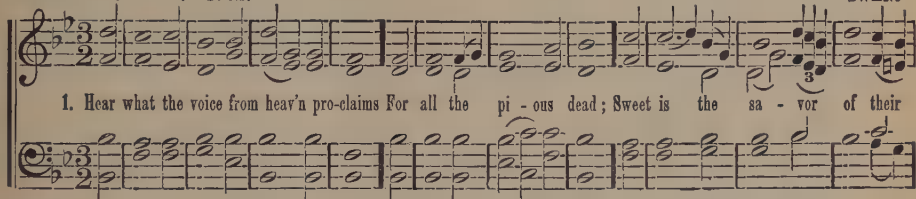
5 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts, they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

Michael Bruce. 1768.

585

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.



2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour
And hold me for its prey,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment-day.

4 I, in my flesh, shall see my God,
When He on earth shall stand;
I shall with all His saints ascend
To dwell at His right hand.

5 Then shall He wipe all tears away,
And hush the rising groan;
And pains, and sighs, and griefs, and fears
Shall ever be unknown.

586

1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave
And trample on the tomb;

587

MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s & 7s.

BACH.

1. { Ten-der Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing; }
 Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing, }

And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

588

CRAIG. 6s & 4s.

THOS. O'NEILL.

1. Fa-ther, oh, hear me now, Fa-ther, oh, hear me now, Fa-ther di-vine! Thou, on-ly

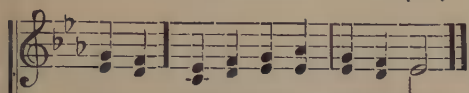
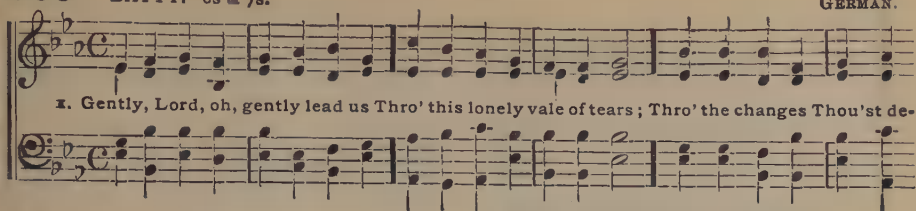
Thou, canst see The heart's deep ag-o-ny; Help me to say to Thee "Thy will, not mine!"

2 O God, be Thou my stay,
 O God, be Thou my stay,
 In this dark hour;
 Kindly each sorrow hear,
 Hush every troubled fear,
 Then let me still revere,
 Still own Thy power.

3 In Thee alone I trust,
 In Thee alone I trust,
 Thou Holy One;
 Humbly to Thee I pray
 That, through each troubled day
 Of life, I still may say,
 "Thy will be done!"

BATTY. 8s & 7s.

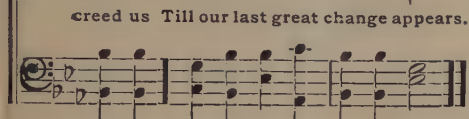
GERMAN.



Till by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thos. Hastings.

590



- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us ;
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
- 4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest ;

1 Every thing we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave ;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
Time can nothing, nothing save.

2 All is fading, all is fleeing ;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

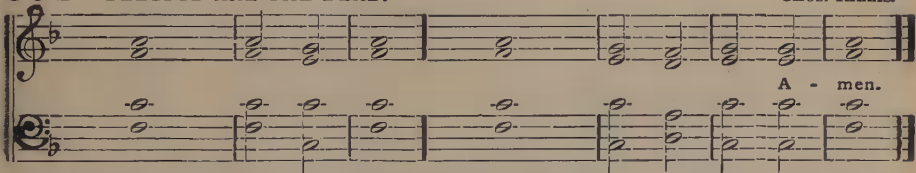
3 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus lives, the first, the last,
Lean on Me alone, He sayeth ;
Hope, and love, and firmly trust.

4 Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
And who life eternal gives !

591

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

THOS. TALLIS.



- 1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence-| forth ; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
- 2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding ; || We are but of yesterday ; there is but a | step | between | us and | death ;
- 3 Man's days are as grass : as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth ; || He appeareth for a little time, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.
- 4 Watch ! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come ; || Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man— | cometh.
- 5 It is the Lord ; let Him do what | seemeth | Him | good ; || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed | be the | name | of the | Lord.
- 6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence | forth ; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

592

PAULINA. 11s.

DONIZETTI. Arr. by L. W. BACON. 1863.

1. The things of the earth, in the earth let ■ lay, The ash-es with ash-es, the dust with the clay:

But lift up the heart, and the eye, and the love, O lift up the soul, to the re-gions a - bove!

2 Since He, the Immortal, hath entered the gate,
So too shall we mortals, or sooner or late :
Then stand we on Christ ; let us mark Him ascend,
For His is the glory and life without end.

3 On earth with His own ones, the giver of good,
Bestowing His blessing, a little while stood:
Now nothing can part us, nor distance, nor foes,
For lo ! He is with us, and who can oppose ?

4 So, Lord, we commit this our brother to Thee,
Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is free:
We know that through grace, when our life here is done,
We live still in Thee, and forever in one.

5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit, and Son,
Who Three art in Person, in substance but One,
In whom we have victory over the grave,
Who lovest Thy people to pardon and save.

From the Greek. Trans. Jno. M. Neale, 1864.

593

CHANT.—Beyond the Smiling.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

1. Beyond the smiling, and the weeping, I shall be soon ; Beyond the waking, and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing, and the reaping,

I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home, home, sweet home ! Lord, tar - ry not, but come !

2 Beyond the blooming, and the fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining, and the shading,
Beyond the hoping, and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

■ Beyond the parting, and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell, and the greeting,

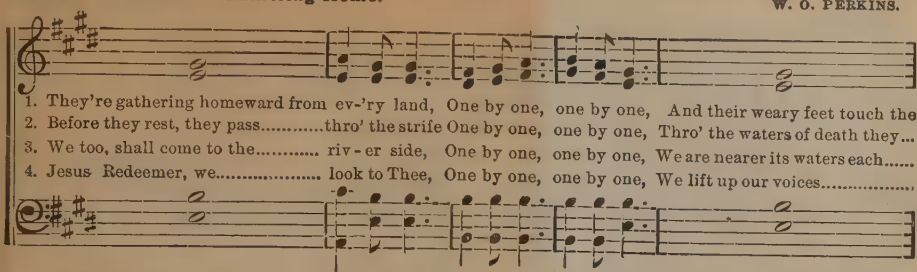
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain, and the fever,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste, and the river,
Beyond the ever, and the never,
I shall be soon.

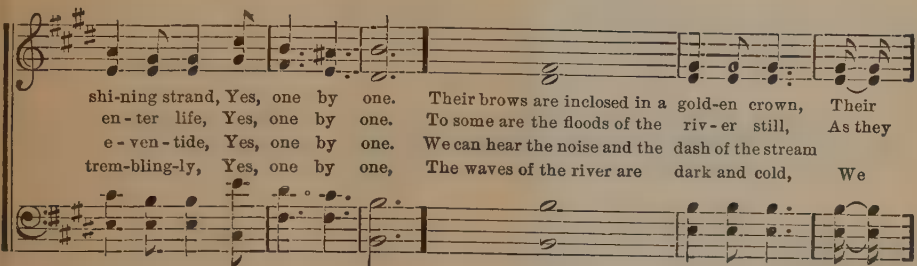
Horatius Bonar,

CHANT.—"Gathering Home."

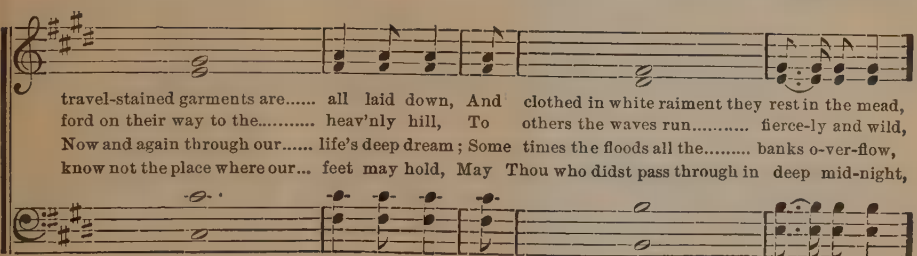
W. O. PERKINS.



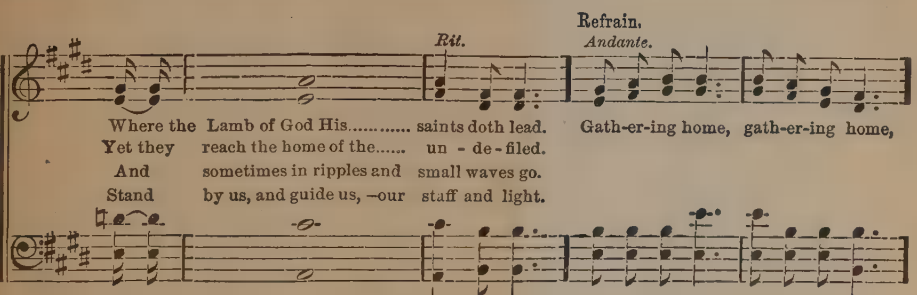
1. They're gathering homeward from ev'-ry land, One by one, one by one, And their weary feet touch the
 2. Before they rest, they pass.....thro' the strife One by one, one by one, Thro' the waters of death they...
 3. We too, shall come to the..... riv-er side, One by one, one by one, We are nearer its waters each.....
 4. Jesus Redeemer, we..... look to Thee, One by one, one by one, We lift up our voices.....



shi-ning strand, Yes, one by one. Their brows are inclosed in a gold-en crown, Their
 en-ter life, Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv-er still, As they
 e-ven-tide, Yes, one by one. We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream
 trem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one, The waves of the river are dark and cold, We

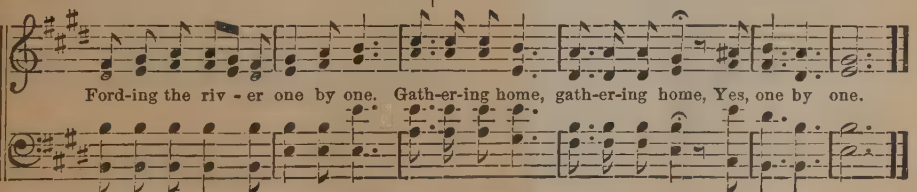


travel-stained garments are..... all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead,
 ford on their way to the..... heav'nly hill, To others the waves run..... fierce-ly and wild,
 Now and again through our..... life's deep dream; Some times the floods all the..... banks o-ver-flow,
 know not the place where our... feet may hold, May Thou who didst pass through in deep mid-night,



Rit. *Andante.*

Where the Lamb of God His..... saints doth lead. Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home,
 Yet they reach the home of the..... un-de-filed.
 And sometimes in ripples and small waves go.
 Stand by us, and guide us, -our staff and light.

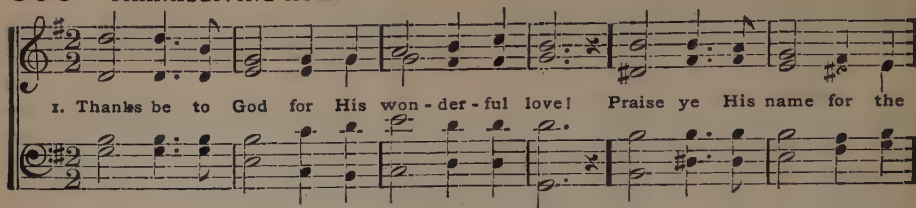


Ford-ing the riv-er one by one. Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home, Yes, one by one.

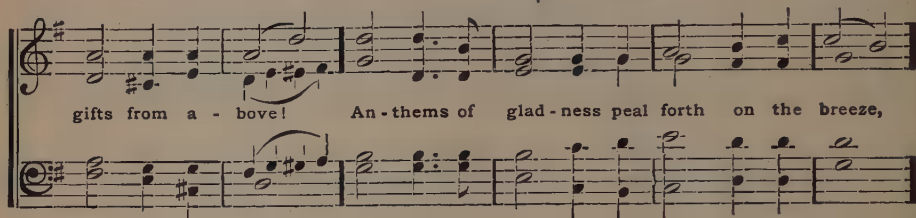
595

THANKSGIVING HYMN. 108.

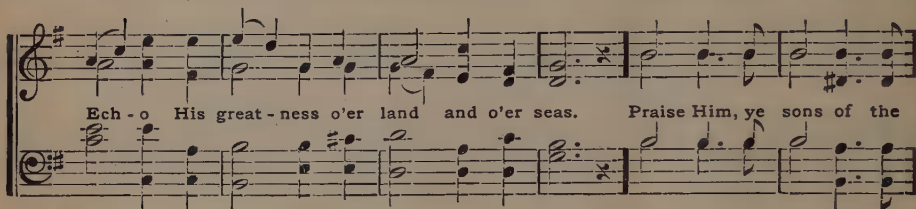
OLEN S. CARTER.



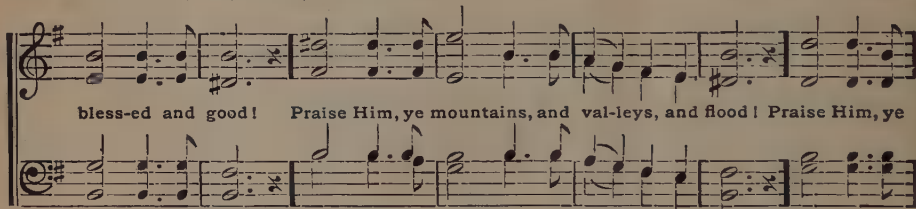
1. Thanks be to God for His won - der - ful love! Praise ye His name for the



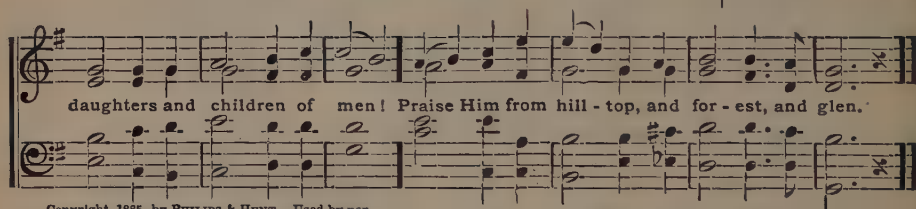
gifts from a - bove! An - thems of glad - ness peal forth on the breeze,



Ech - o His great - ness o'er land and o'er seas. Praise Him, ye sons of the



bless - ed and good! Praise Him, ye mountains, and val - leys, and flood! Praise Him, ye



daughters and children of men! Praise Him from hill - top, and for - est, and glen.

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■ Thanks for the gift of His only dear Son!
 Thanks for His goodness life's journey to run!
 Thanks for the summer and winter be-
 tween!
 Thanks for the autumn and spring ever-
 green!
 Thanks for the air, and for winds, and for sky!
 Thanks for the sun, and for stars upon high!
 Thanks for the moon, and for day, and for
 night!
 Thank Him for dew, and for rain, and for light.

■ Praise His great name! let the nations adore;
 Redeemer and Saviour, God evermore;
 Enthroned with the angels, blessed above;
 Praise Him, O earth, for His wonderful love!
 Praise Him, ye smallest and greatest of all!
 Praise Him, ye kindred that rise from the
 fall!
 Praise Him, ye children of weakness and
 death!
 Praise Him! O praise Him! all ye that have
 breath!

George D. Emerson.

596

MILES LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. Shine on our land, Je - ho-vah, shine With beams of heav'nly grace, Reveal Thy pow'r thro'
all our coasts, And show Thy smil-ing face, And show Thy smil - ing face.

- 2 Here fix Thy throne exalted high,
And here our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround Thy favorite land.
- 3 When shall Thy name from shore to
shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts.

597

- 1 O blessed Lord, the earth is Thine!
By Thy creative hand
The golden harvests crown the year,
And deck the fertile land.
- 2 O blessed Lord, Thou bread of life
That cometh down from heaven!
Supplies of everlasting food
By Thee to man are given.
- 3 Thy Godhead is the well-spring, Lord,
The pure, exhaustless source
From which they flow, through age to age,
In never-ending course.

- 4 In channels formed by Thee they flow
In rivulets of grace,
Refreshing all who wander here
In this world's desert place.
- 5 O feed us weary pilgrims, Lord,
And to Thy Zion bring,
To keep a heavenly feast with Thee,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

C. Wordsworth.

598

- 1 Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear:
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.
- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew
wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The Spirit's growth unseen;
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
brace,
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious fruits brought
forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

John Keble, 1857.

599

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

H. CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

■ My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

600

SCHUBERT. 8s & 7s.

Arranged from SCHUBERT.

1. Fa-ther, bless-ing ev-'ry seed-time, And re-fresh-ing all the soil, Ri-pen-ing the gra-cious har-vest
For which all Thy servants toil; O Thou source of ev-'ry bless-ing Showered dai-ly from a-bove,
Hearken to our lips con-fess-ing Our thanks-giv-ing for Thy love. Our thanks-giv-ing for Thy love.

2 Here we bless Thy hand that gave us
Thought and feeling, life and limb;
Bless Thy Son, who died to save us,
In our glad and joyous hymn;
Bless Thy Spirit, who doth make us
Fit to worship as we ought:
Father, leave not nor forsake us,
Till into Thy garner brought.

3 With Thy dew and sunshine tend us,
Through life's long and changeful year;
From the enemy defend us,
Lest the tares of sin appear.
Let Thine eye and hand the keepers
Of our souls for ever be,
Till Thine angel harvest-reapers
Sheaves of glory bind for Thee.—Judith Madan.

601

EBRARD. P. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. GERMAN CHORAL.

1. { Now thank we all our God, With hearts, and hands, and voi - ces, } Who, from our moth - er's arms,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces; }

Hath blessed us on our way With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee:
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still Thy goodness spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:
We praise Thy love and power
In loud and happy chorus,
To heaven our song shall soar;
Forever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

M. Rinkart, 1644. Tran. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

602

DORT. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The God of harvest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice! The valleys laugh and sing; Forests and mountains ring;

The plains their trib-ute bring; The streams re-joice.

Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

J. Montgomery.

603

2 Yea, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight, 1844.

1. Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne: Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All
mu-sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy
matchless king Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

- 2 Crown Him the virgin's Son!
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
Fruit of the mystic rose,
True branch of Jesse's stem,
The root whence mercy ever flows,-
The babe of Bethlehem!
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—

Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

- 4 Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the best Spirit, through Him given
From yonder Triune throne.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. *Matthew Bridges.*

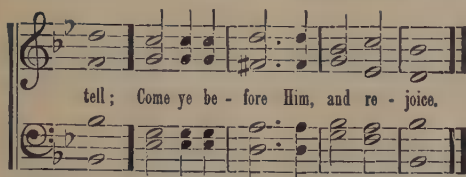
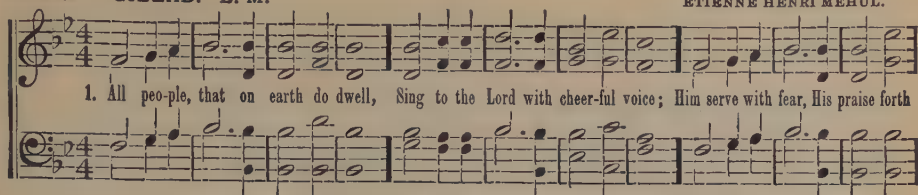
1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song!
His wondrous names and pow'rs re-hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

- 2 He rides, and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to His name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints, rejoice before His face.
- 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

606

GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.



His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

John Hopkins, or Wm. Kethe, about 1562.

607

- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;

1 Let Zion praise the mighty God,
And make His honors known abroad,
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

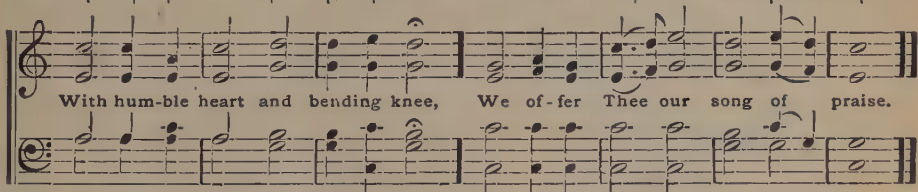
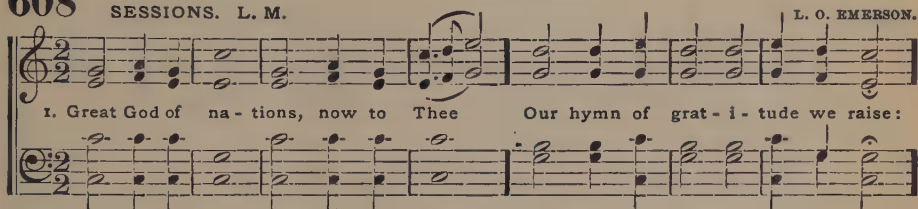
2 Our children live secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds His blessings to their meat.

3 Through all our coasts His laws are
shown,
His Gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed His word
To every land; praise ye the Lord!

608

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



2 Thy name we bless, almighty God!
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here Thou our fathers' steps did'st guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise Thee that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in Thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship Thee.

Alfred Alexander Woodhull, 1899.

609

WARSAW. H. M.

THOS. CLARK.

1. Sing to the Lord most high, Let ev - ry land a - dore; With grate - ful voice make known
His good-ness and His pow'r; Let cheerful songs de - clare His ways, And let His praise in - spire your tongues.

2 Enter His courts with joy,
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with His hand,
And quickened by His word.
With wide command He spreads His sway
O'er every sea, and every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon His care,

And in His pastures live.

With cheerful songs declare His ways,
And let His praise inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure.
With bounteous hand He spreads His sway
O'er every sea, and every land.

610

PATRIA. H. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. (1800-1847.)

1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And rules the world be - low, Bound - less in
pow'r and love. Our thanks we bring in joy and praise, Our hearts we raise to heav'n's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blessed
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care;
For this fair land, for this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,—gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen;
May every tongue be tuned to praise,
And join to raise a grateful song.

4 Earth, hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore,
And bow before the Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
Oh! may our native land,
From all its rending toms,
Send forth a glorious band,
A countless throng, ever to sing,
To heav'n's high King, salvation's song.

Francis Scott Key. 1832.

611

ALL GOOD GIFTS AROUND US. 7s & 6s.

1. We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand ;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain.

Refrain.

All good gifts around us Are sent from heav'n a-bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far :
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food ;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1740-1815. Tr. Miss J. M. Campbell, 1861.

612

SEIR. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great ; He makes His churches

His a-bode, His most delightful seat.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

2 These temples of His grace—
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

613

MESSIAH. 7s. D.

Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY. 1888.

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home! All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin: God our Mak-er doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied: Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home.

3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home: From His field shall in that day All offenses purge away; Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast: But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore.

2 We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield: Wheat and tares together sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear: Grant, O Harvest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home; All are safely gathered in, Free from sorrow, free from sin: There, forever purified, In God's garner to abide; Come, ten thousand angels, come, Raise the glorious Harvest Home.

Henry Alford.

614

BEDELL. 7s.

T. LOUD.

1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Prais-es to our God be-long; Saints and angels join to sing Prais-es to the heav'nly King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand Flow around this happy land:

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway, May we cheerfully obey; Never feel oppression's rod, Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings Praises to the King of kings; Let us join the choral song, And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

615

TULFORD. 7s. D.

E. J. HOPKINS.

x. Thou, by heav'nly hosts adored, Gracious, mighty, sov'reign Lord ! God of nations, King of kings !

Head of all created things, By the Church with joy confest, God o'er all forever blest ; Pleading at Thy

throne we stand, Save Thy people, bless our land !

2 From all public sin and shame,
From ambition's grasping aim,
From rebellion, war, and death,
From the pestilential breath,

From dread famine's awful stroke,
From oppression's galling yoke,
From the judgments of Thy hand ;
Spare Thy people, spare our land !

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee ;
Let the powers by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained ;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace ;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh, 1860.

616

DALLAS. 7s.

From M. L. CHERUBINI.

x. Sum-mer end-ed, harvest o'er, Lord, to Thee our song we pour, For the valley's gold-en

yield, For the fruits of tree and field.

2 For the promise ever sure
That while heaven and earth endure
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat
Shall their yearly round complete.

3 For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,

Watch o'er all the buried grain
Soon to burst to life again.

4 When the reaping angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King,
Jesus, may we gathered be
In the heavenly barn to Thee.

5 Then the angel-cry shall sound,
Praise the Lamb ! the lost are found ;
And the answering song shall be,
Alleluia, praise to Thee—

6 Praise to Thee, the toil is o'er ;
Blight and curse shall be no more ;
Lo ! the mighty work is done :
Glory to the Three in One. *G. Phillimore*

617

DAY-SPRING. 7s.

PRUSSIAN AIR.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of ev - ry joy,

Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; All to Thee, O God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. A-men.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,

- Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams ;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

618

DAYMAN. 10s.

J. BARNEY. 1870.

1. Hon-or and glo-ry, thanksgiving and praise, Mak-er of all things, to Thee we up-raise ;

God the Al-might-y, the Fa-ther, the Lord; God by the an-gels o-beyed and a-dored.

- 2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth ;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth ;
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
Started to life and to light at Thy word.

619

NEANDER. P. M.

GERMAN CHORAL. Arr. by SCHWING.

1. { Praise to the Lord! He is King o-ver all the cre-a-tion! } Join in the song—
 { Praise to the Lord! O my soul, as the God of sal-va-tion! }

Psal-t'ry and harp, roll a-long Praise in your sol-lemn vi-bra-tion.

- 2 Praise to the Lord! Who in glorious majesty reigning,
 Beareth thee upward, on wings like the eagles' sustaining—
 Thee to uphold,
 Arms of His mercy enfold—
 Faithful 'mid all thy complaining.
- 3 Praise to the Lord! Who with honor and blessing hath crowned thee,
 Pouring His gifts out of heaven like showers around thee;
 Think of it too,
 What the Almighty can do—
 How by His love He hath bound thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! and let all that is in me adore Him:
 All that hath breath sing, with Abraham's children before Him—
 He is our light,
 Fountain of glory and might,
 Come, let us kneel and adore Him!

Joachim Neander. Trans. Thomas C. Porter.

618 Continued.

- 3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
 Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
 Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,
 Find in creation their place and a home.
- 4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
 Sky with the dewdrop, the wind, and the rain,
 Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
 All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.
- 5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
 Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
 Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call
 Thee the Creator, the Father of all.
- 6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love
 Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
 Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
 And, at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the past.

E. A. Dayman.

620

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. A - wake, my soul, to grateful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise He just-ly claims a song from me !

His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free ! His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free !

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !

- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

621

MEDWAY. L. M.

G. B. PERGOLESI, 1730.

1. Great God at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs ;

To spend one day with Thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—He makes our day ;
God is our shield—He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

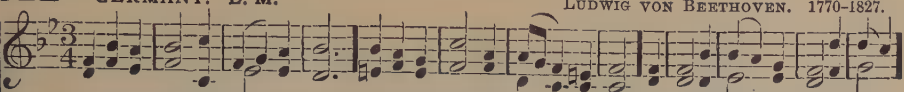
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display Thy grace, exert Thy power,
Till all on earth Thy name adore.

Isaac Watts.

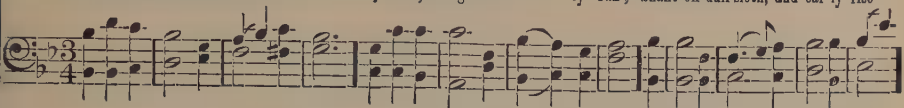
322

GERMANY. L. M.

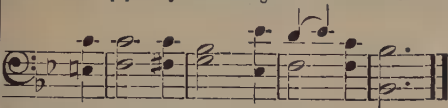
LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN. 1770-1827.



1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du - ty run ; Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise



To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.



Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

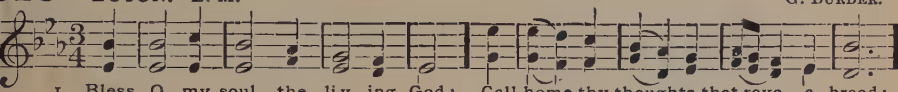
5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

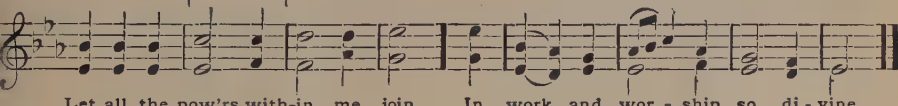
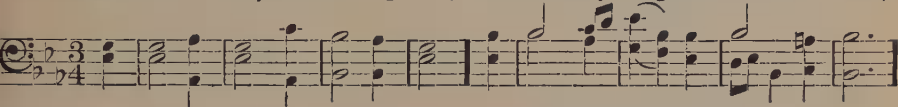
323

LUTON. L. M.

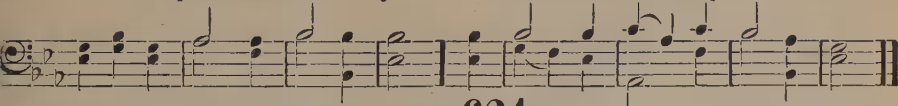
G. BURDER.



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God ; Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad ;



Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.



Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

Let every land His power confess ;

Let all the earth adore His grace :

My heart and tongue with rapture join

In work and worship so divine.

624

1 Give thanks to God ; He reigns above :
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love :
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

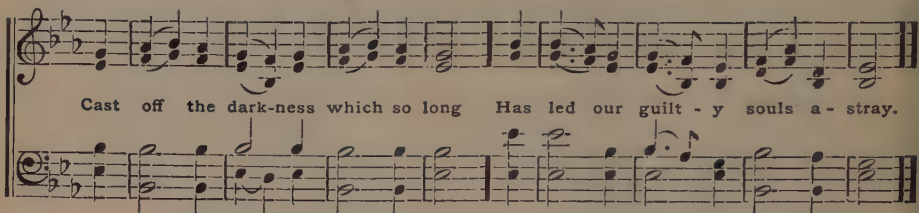
2 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray :
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great His works ! how kind His ways !
Let every tongue pronounce His praise !

625

GRATITUDE. L. M.

A. BOST. ART. BY T. HASTINGS, 1837.



2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

4 Grant us a body pure within;
A wakeful heart, a ready will;
That no dark deed nor cherished sin
The fervor of the soul may chill.

5 Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true,
With Thy most pure, celestial ray;
So may we walk in safety through
All the temptations of this day.

6 Upon our fainting souls distill
The grace of Thy celestial dew;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

7 Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
To scorn all vanities below;
Faith to detect each falsity;
And knowledge Thee alone to know.

Latin Hymn. Trans. E. Caswall.

And morning mercies from above
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from Thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

627

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Wm. Cooper.

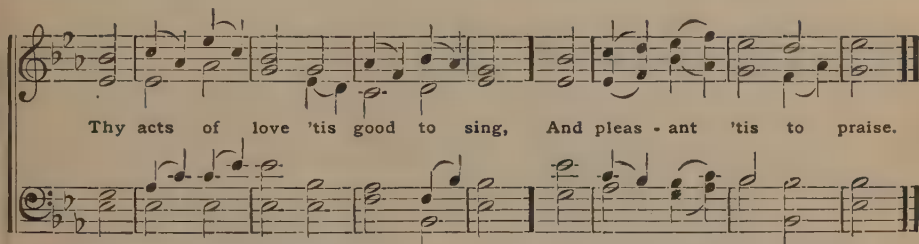
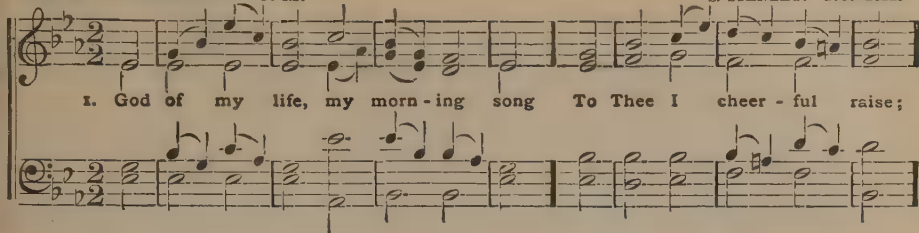
626

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;

628

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY. 1767-1822.



- 2 Preserved by Thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 Oh, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let Thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

629

- 1 O God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

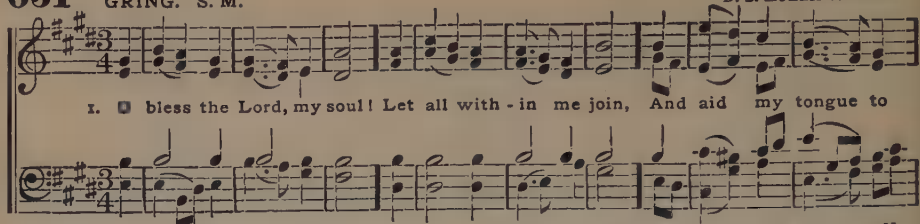
630

- 1 Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eyes;
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

631

GRING. S. M.

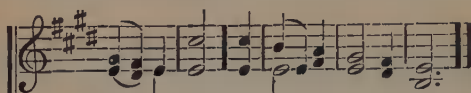
D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.



I. ■ bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to

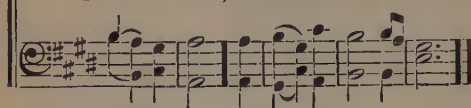
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.



bless His name, Whose favors are divine.

632



1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery, 1853.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

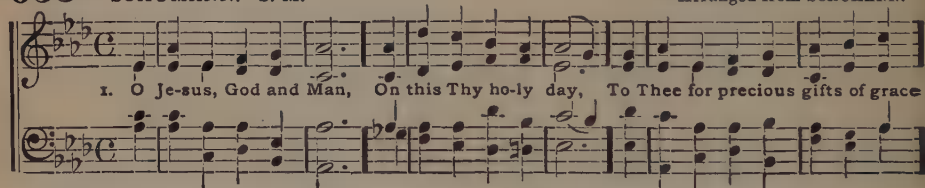
3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;

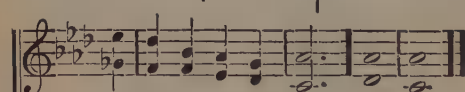
633

SCHUMANN. S. M.

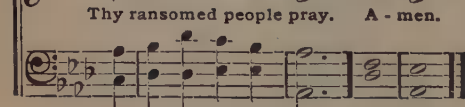
Arranged from SCHUMANN.



I. O Je-sus, God and Man, On this Thy ho-ly day, To Thee for precious gifts of grace



Thy ransomed people pray. A - men.



3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessed saints.

4 On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

5 O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally!

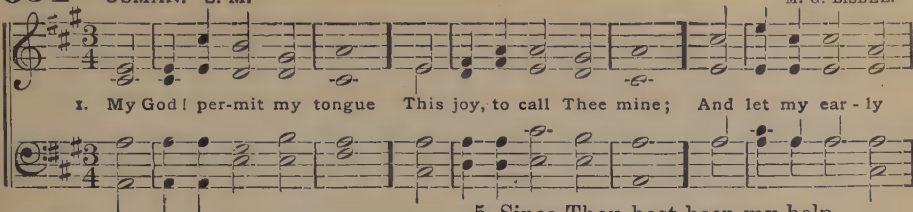
Henry W. Baker, 1854.

2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below,
As angels do above.

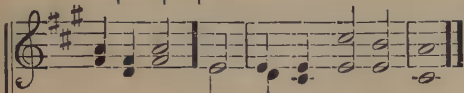
634

OSMAN. S. M.

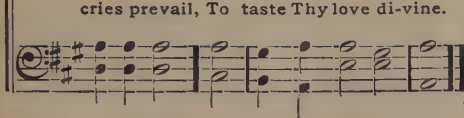
M. G. BISBEE.



1. My God! per-mit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine; And let my ear - ly



cries prevail, To taste Thy love di-vine.



2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without Thy love,
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

Isaac Watts.

635

1 We lift our hearts to Thee,
Thou Day-star from on high:
The sun itself is but Thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh, let Thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of Thy love,
Come like the morning light!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

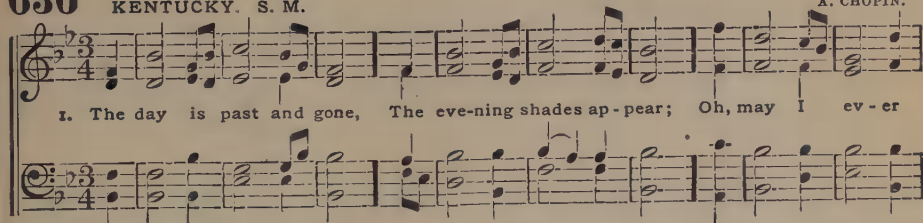
4 May we this life improve,
To morn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

J. Wesley.

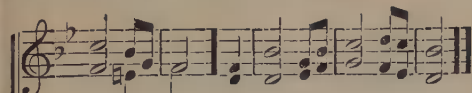
636

KENTUCKY. S. M.

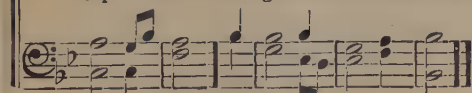
A. CHOPIN.



1. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap-pear; Oh, may I ev-er



keep in mind The night of death draws near.



I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;

So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

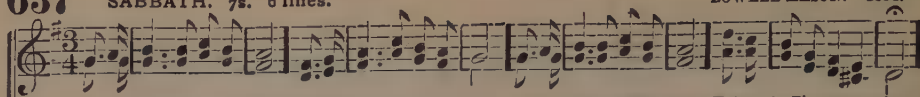
4 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, may I in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

J. Leland.

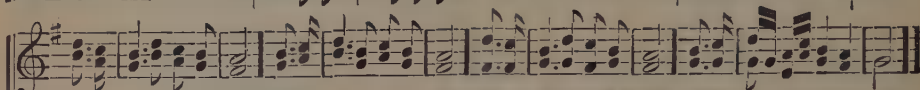
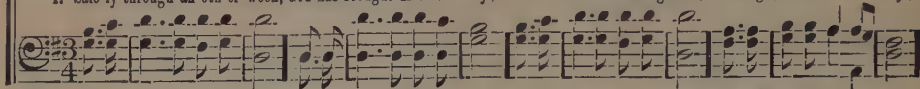
637

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

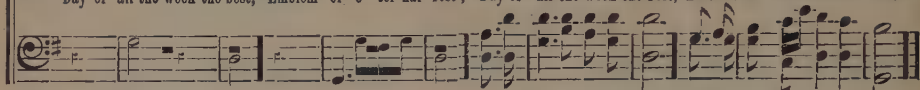
LOWELL MASON. 1834.



1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day;



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.



- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in Thee.
- 3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,

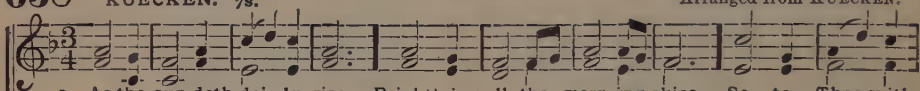
- While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1779.

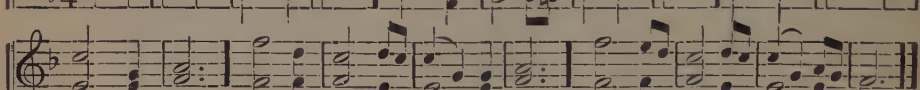
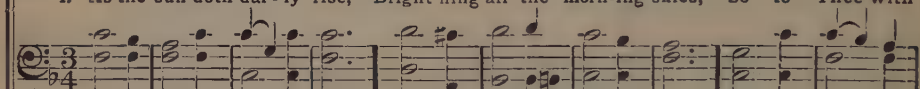
638

KUECKEN. 7s.

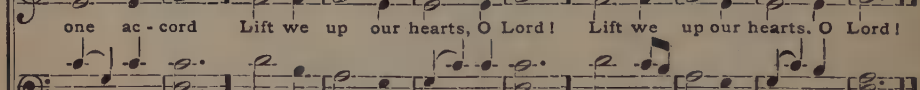
Arranged from KUECKEN.



1. As the sun doth dai-ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn-ing skies, So to Thee with



one ac-cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!



- 2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good;
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living bread, O Lord!
- 3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!
- 4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace,
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

- 5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!
- 6 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the Tempter lurketh near,
Be Thy strengthening grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord!
- 7 Praise we with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

King Alfred, 900. Trans. Earl Nelson, 1864.

639

PHILBROOK. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Brightness of the Father's glo-ry; Of His light es-sen-tial ray; Light of life, all light eu-shrin-ing; Day il-lum-in-ing the day; Je-sus, sun di-vine, up-on us With perpetual brilliance gleam; Fill our hearts, each sense enlighten With the Spir-it's hal-low-ing beam.

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Thee we pray, too, Holy Father,
Fount of life, and source of grace,
By the cleansing of Thy Spirit
Taint of sin from us efface:
In each strong resolve be with us,
And the Tempter's rage subdue;
Turn to good each sad misfortune;
Be our guide in all we do.

- 3 Rule our inmost thought and action;
Grant us heavenly purity,
Faith that glows with holy fervor,
Incorrupt simplicity.
Feed us with the bread from heaven,
And that drink that cannot cloy;
Comfort us in all our weakness
With the Spirit's holy joy.

- 4 Thus shall speed the day in gladness,
Modesty like dawn shall glow,
Faith shall shine as light at noonday,
And the soul no night shall know.
Praise and glory to the Father,
Praise and glory to the Son,
Praise and glory to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One!

Ambrose, 340-397. Trans. W. S. Copeland.

640

KOZELUCH. 7s.

G. KOZELUCH.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way;
Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within;
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane, 1894.

641

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS. 1567.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,

Be - neath Thine own al - mighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;

To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away?
And praise with the angelic choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Thomas Ken, 1697.

642

OBERLIN. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS, arr.

1. O Light of life, O Sav - iour dear, Be - fore we sleep, bow down Thine ear;

Thro' day and dark, o'er land and sea, We have no oth - er hope but Thee.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide, and path, and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God, our maker and our friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis T. Palgrave.

643

ST. VINCENT. L. M.

THEO. NEUKOMM.

1. O blest Cre - a - tor, God most High, Great Ru - ler
of the star - ry sky, Who, ro - bing day with beau - teous
light, Hast clothed in soft re - pose the night. A - men.

2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the careworn breast;
And lull our anxious griefs to rest.

3 We thank Thee for the day that's gone;
We pray Thee, now the night comes on:
O help us sinners as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

4 To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing;
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

5 Lord, when the parting beams of day
In evening's shadows fade away,
Let faith no wildering darkness know,
But night with faith's own splendor glow.

J. D. Chambers.

644

1 Great God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:

Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love

Ungrateful can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone

I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And find acceptance at Thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

Anne Steele.

645

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

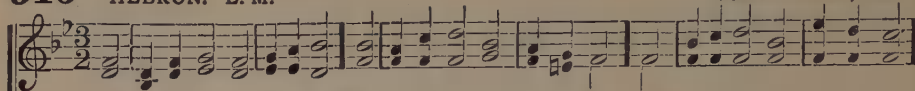
3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

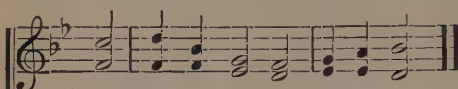
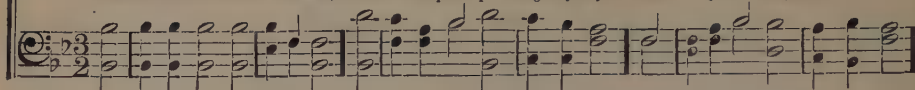
646

HEBRON. L. M.

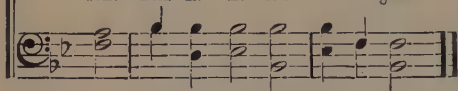
LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro- longs my days; And ev'-ry eve-ning shall make known



Some fresh me- mo- rial of His grace.



2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O, may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

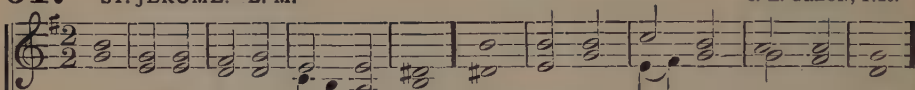
5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

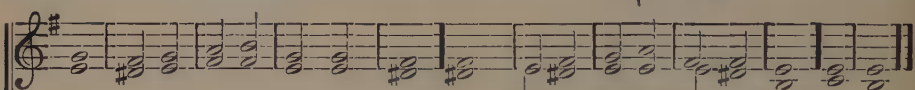
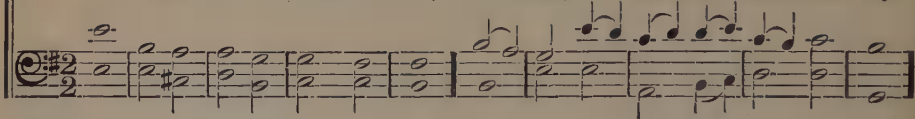
647

ST. JEROME. L. M.

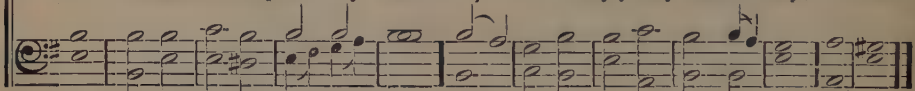
C. H. GRAUN, 1720.



1. At ev-en ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a- round Thee lay:



Oh in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a- way! A-men.



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain;
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would love Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

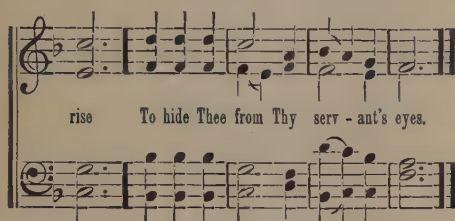
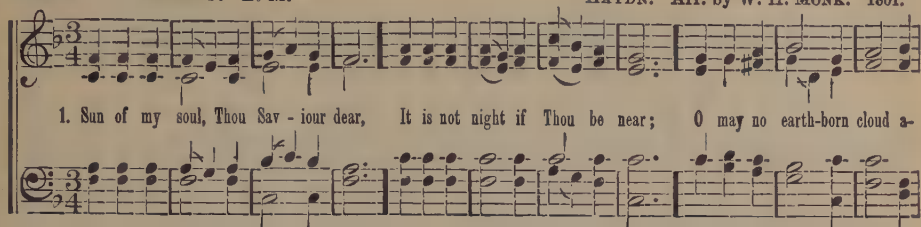
7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

648

HURSLEY. L. M.

HAYDN. Arr. by W. H. MONK. 1801.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest,
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store,
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

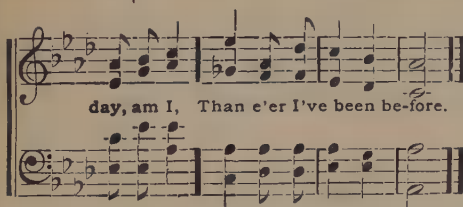
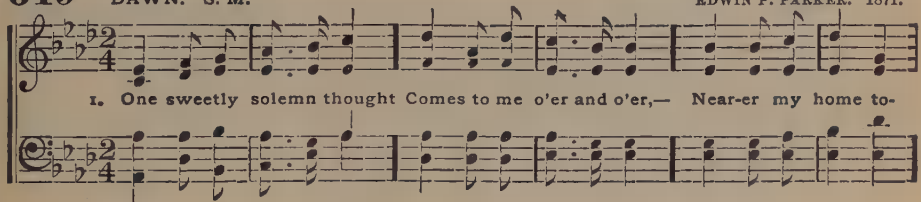
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1837.

649

DAWN. S. M.

EDWIN P. PARKER. 1871.



Per. EDWIN P. PARKER.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;

Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my power of faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

650

LAST BEAM. P. M.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.

i. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the day is de-cliping;

Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night; From the

fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, [have

mer-cy, Father, have mer-cy, Father, have mercy thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. -A-men. 2d verse.

- 2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call!
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
 In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light;
 Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
 Wake in Thine arms when morning returns.—Ref.

651

HERMON. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Far from these narrow scenes of night, Unbounded glo - ries rise, And realms of infinite delight, Unknown to mor - tal eyes.

652

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

x. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev' - ry cumbering care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer

- 2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. *P. H. Brown.*

- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows :
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

654

653

- 1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet, more free, than they.
- 3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 4 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason, 1683.

651 Continued.

- 2 Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

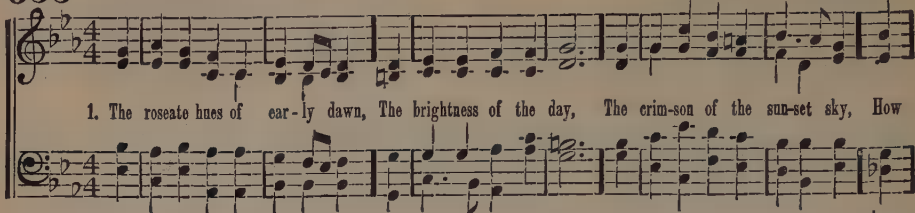
- 4 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love !
Till wings of faith, and strong desire
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele

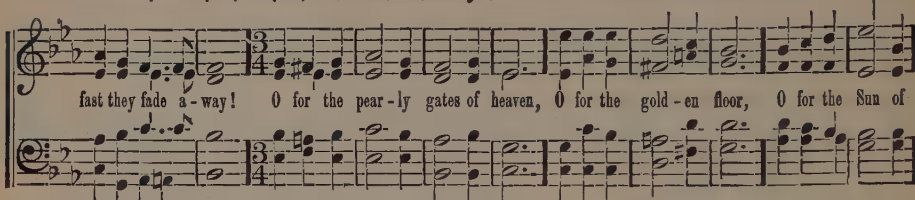
655

THE ROSEATE HUES. C. M. D.

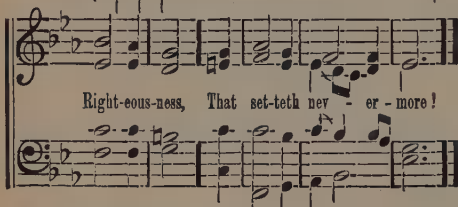
FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY.



1. The roseate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How



fast they fade a-way! O for the pear-ly gates of heaven, O for the gold-en floor, O for the Sun of



Right-eous-ness, That set-teth nev-er-more!

■ The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.

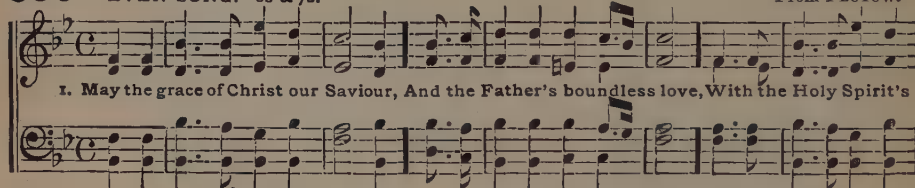
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

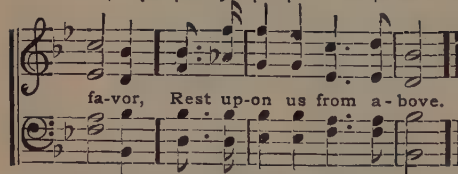
656

EVEN SONG. 8s & 7s.

From FLOTOW.



1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's



fa-vor, Rest up-on us from a-bove.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton.

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

Richard Mant.

657

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;

658

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

EDWARD HARWOOD. 1760.

1. Thy mighty working, mighty God, Wakes all my pow'rs; I look a-broad, And can no

long-er rest; I, too, must sing when all things sing, And from my heart the praises ring

The High - est lov - eth best.

3 What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light
Where all the air is sweet;
Still laden with the unwearied hymn
From all the thousand Seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat!

2 If Thou, in Thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

4 Oh, were I there! oh, that I now
Before Thy throne, my God, could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing Thine endless praise
In many a sweet toned psalm.

Tr. by C. Winkworth.

659

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

REV. D. E. JONES. 1815-1881.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal: Sin and want we come con-

fessing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

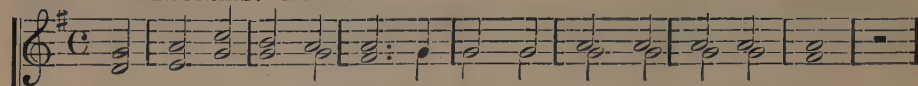
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,

May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

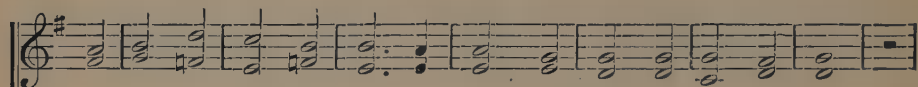
660

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

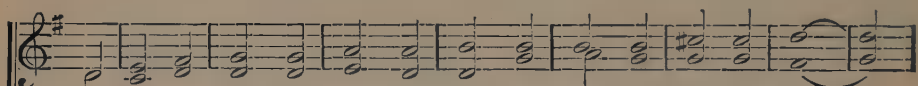
HENRY HILES.



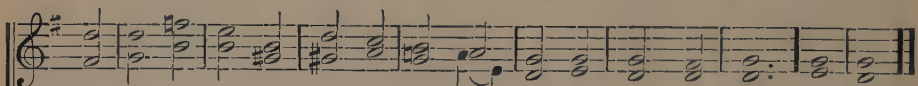
1. The shadows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the darkening sky,



Up-on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie;



Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;



Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthy love and joy,
That one by one depart;

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Proctor.

661

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; } There everlasting spring abides, In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain;

And nev-er withering flow'rs : Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes :—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

662

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one an-oth-er's

peace de-light, And so ful-fill His word: When each can feel his brother's sigh,

And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

2 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

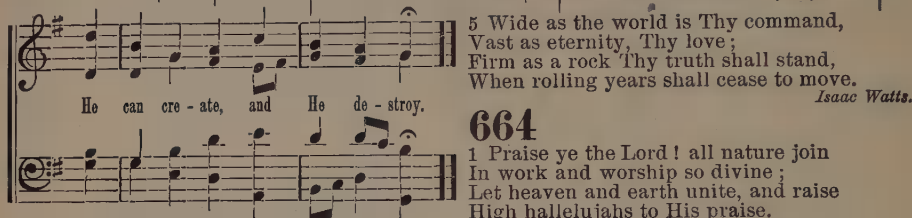
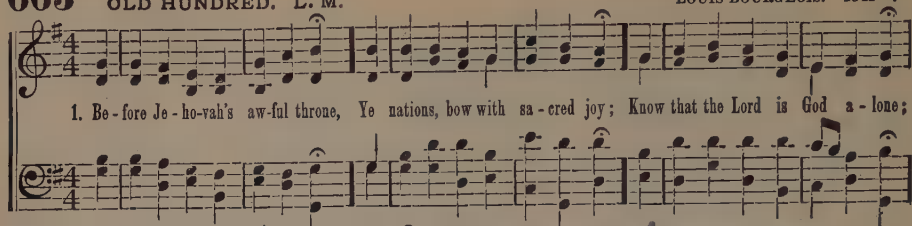
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

663

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1541—



Isaac Watts.

664

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

1 Praise ye the Lord! all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound,
Let saints below, and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to His name.

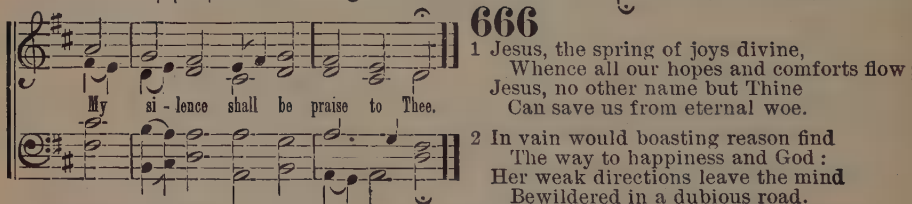
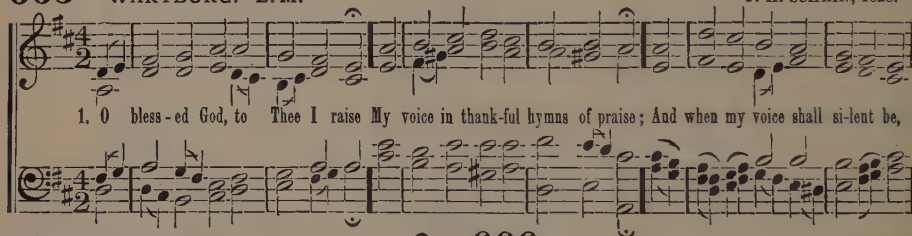
4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the Church will raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

Isaac Watts.

665

WARTBURG. L. M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.



2 For voice and silence doth impart
The filial homage of my heart;
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou parent of all good—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who loves my loudest praise to hear,
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.

Greek Hymn.

1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God:
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

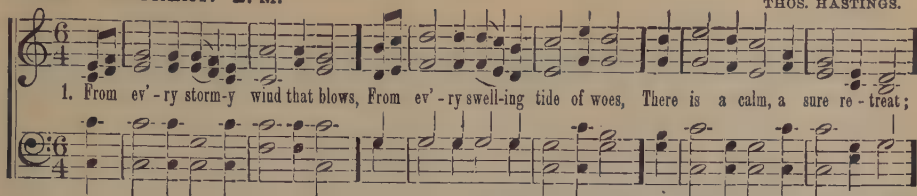
3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

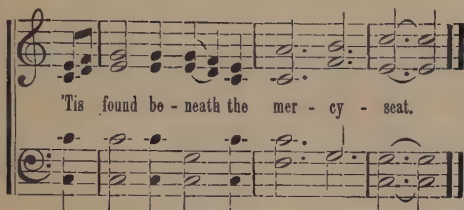
667

RETREAT. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat;



'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat. *Hugh Stowell.*

668

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

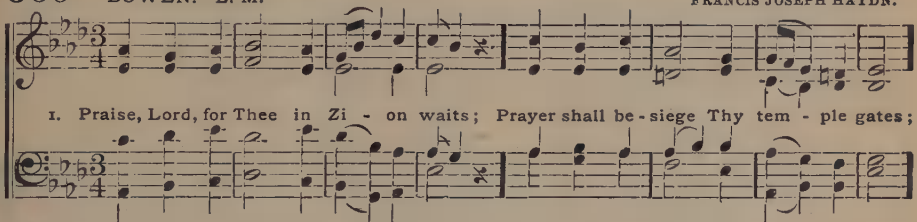
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore.
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

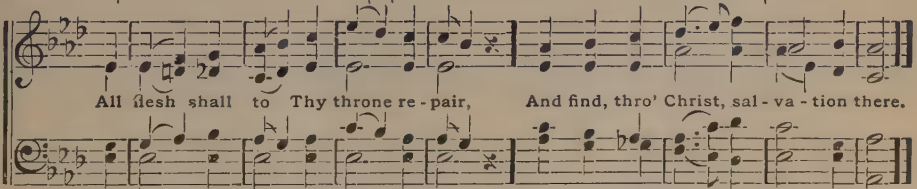
669

BOWEN. L. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi-on waits; Prayer shall be-siege Thy tem-ple gates;



All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal-va-tion there.

2 How blest Thy saints, how safely led,
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her king.

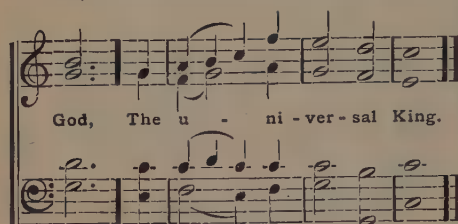
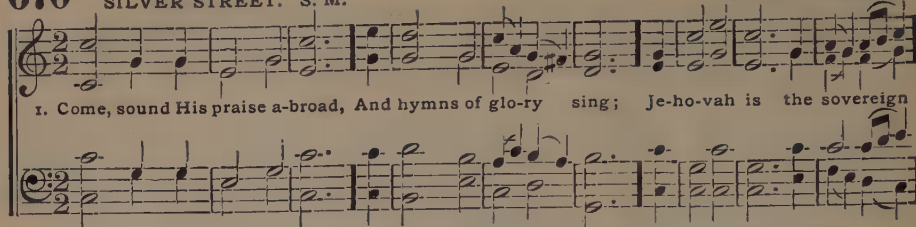
5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

670

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH. 1770-1800.



Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

James Montgomery, 1825.

671

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where my great God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing, and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Wm. Brown, 1831.

672

ALEXANDER. S. M.

H. C. ZEUNER



Per. O. DITSON & Co.

- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit
And smile on all around.
- 4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;

- He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. Stennett, 1787.

673

SCHAEFFER. C. M.

J. B. DYKES. Arr. by SCHWING.

1. A-gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And to Thy courts re - pair; A-gain with joy - ful feet we
come, To meet our Sav - iour here.

3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

2 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within Thy house of prayer;
Oh, give us hearts to pray!

5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

John Newton, 1779.

674

DENFIELD. C. M.

C. G. GLASER. 1784-1829. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

John Newton, 1779.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;

675

1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry,
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with Thy hands, a holy heart,
To His sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

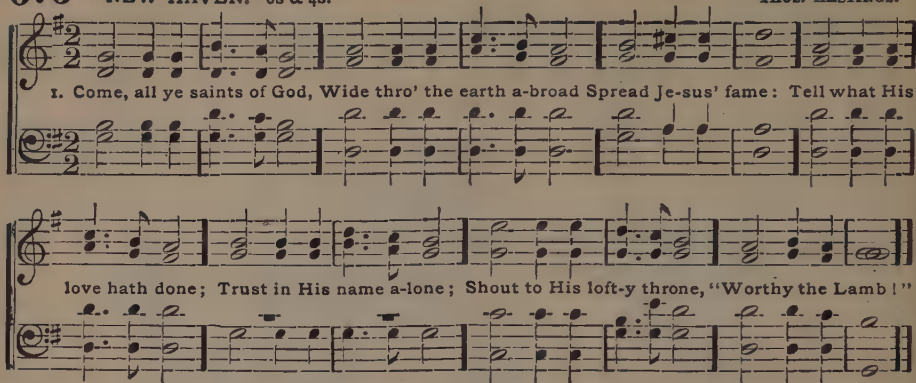
4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

J. Needham, 1768.

676

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
 Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme :
 To Christ, our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string ;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

3 Hark ! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on His name !
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

Jas. Boden.

677

1 Jesus ! Thy name I love
 All other names above,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Oh, Thou art all to me !
 Nothing to please I see,
 Nothing apart from Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord !

2 Thou, blessed Son of God !
 Hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Oh, how great is Thy love,
 All other loves above —
 Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus, my Lord !

3 When unto Thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord !

What need I now to fear ?
 What earthly grief or care,
 Since Thou art ever near ?
 Jesus, my Lord !

4 Soon Thou wilt come again ;
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord !

J. G. Deck.

678

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name ;
 Praise through His courts proclaim ;
 Rise and adore ;
 High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound His great acts of love,
 While His rich grace we prove,
 Vast as His power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Sounds of triumphant praise,
 Wide as His fame ;
 There let the harp be found ;
 Organs, with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with His name.

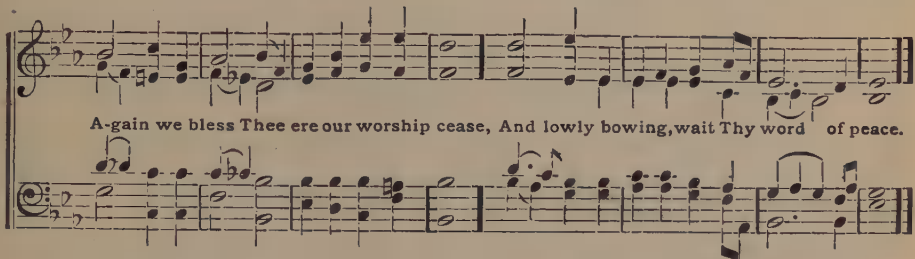
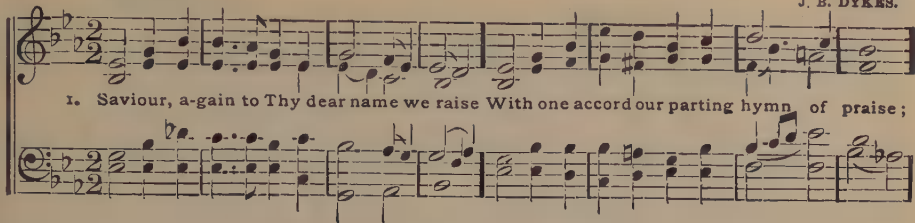
3 While His high praise you sing,
 Shake every sounding string ;
 Sweet the accord !
 He vital breath bestows ;
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose :
 Praise ye the Lord.

Wm. Good

679

PAX DEI. 108.

J. B. DYKES.



2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-ward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,

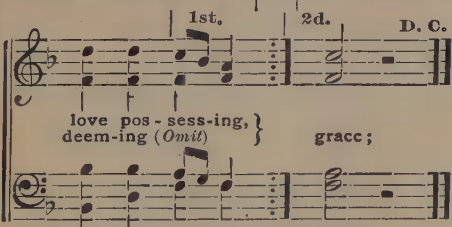
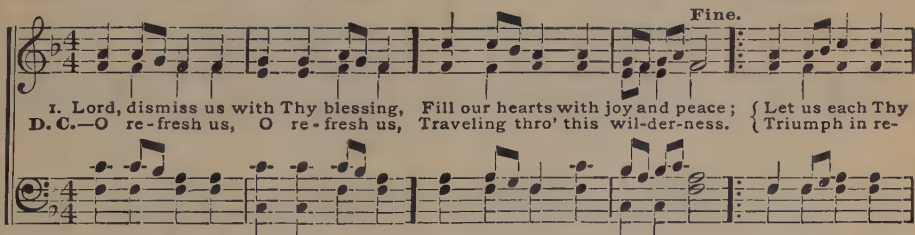
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our peace in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

680

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROSSEAU. 1753.



May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,

We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Robert Hawker, 1774.

■ Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;

681

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH. 1812.
Fine.

I. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise: }
D. C.—Praise the mount,—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from the courts above.

Robert Robinson.

682

ANASTASIUS. L. M.

JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.

1. When two or three, with sweet ac-cord, O-be-dient to their sovereign Lord, Meet to re-count His acts of grace,
And of-fer sol-emn prayer and praise;

Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett.

683

1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart.

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unveil His smiling face,
And bid His glories fill the place.
3 We meet at Thy command, O Lord!
Relying on Thy faithful word;

684

COMPLINE. L. M. D.

i. Dear Sav - iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our
minds in - still, And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With
low - ly love and fer - vent will; Through life's long day and
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

Through life's long day and death's dark
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast
cared,

Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

Through life's long day and death's dark
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

6. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;

O, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Through life's long day and death's dark
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

685

ANGEL-VOICES. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. An-gel. voi-ces, ev - er sing-ing Round Thy throne of light,— An-gel harps, for

ev - er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee,

And confess Thee, Lord of might. A - men.

- 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yes, we can.
- 3 Yes, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,

For Thy praise combine;
Poet's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

- 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily, [voices,
Hearts and minds, and hands and
In our choicest
Melody.
- 5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee! Amen.

F. Pott, 1861.

686

MAUD. P. M.

A. S. GATTY.

1. { Ho - ly Je - sus, be my light, Shine upon my way
Through this tempting, changing life Lead me day by (Omit. .) } day. A - men.

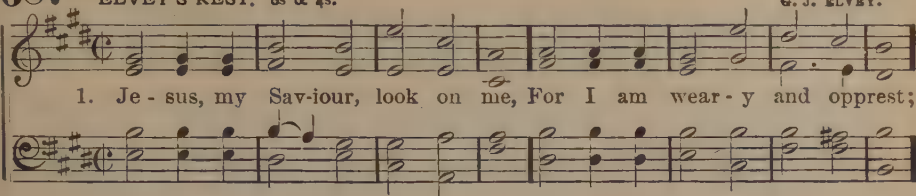
- 2 As the wise men came of old,
Traveling afar,
Guided to Thy cradle throne
By a wondrous star;

- 3 So be Thou my constant guide,
Lead me all the way,
Till I reach Thy home at last,
Nevermore to stray. Amen.

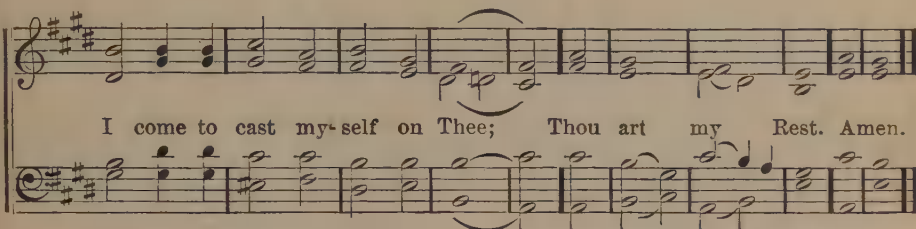
687

ELVEY'S REST. 8s & 4s.

G. J. ELVEY.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, look on me, For I am wear-y and opprest;



I come to cast my-self on Thee; Thou art my Rest. Amen.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;

Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my peace.

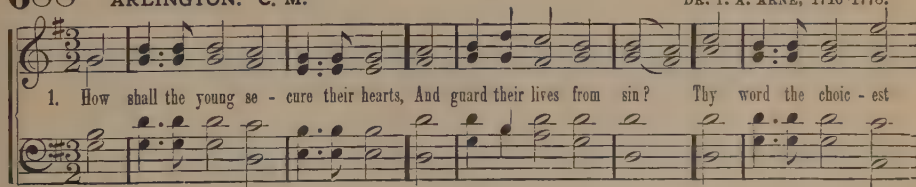
5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all. Amen.

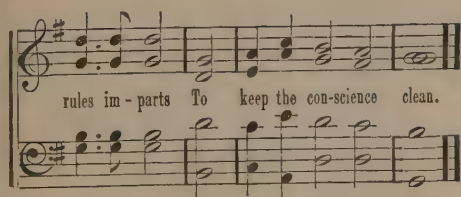
688

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. T. A. ARNE, 1710-1778.



1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est



rules im - parts To keep the con-science clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M.

Arr. by R. B. WILLIS.

1. Beauti-ful Sav - iour, King of cre - a - tion, Son of God and Son of man;

Tru-ly I'd love Thee, Tru-ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my joy, my crown. A-MEN.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;

Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of man;
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,

Now and forevermore be Thine. AMEN

Trans. by R. S. Willis.

690

JESUS LOVES ME. 8s, 7s.

1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, He is al - ways, al - ways near;

If I try to please Him tru - ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-MEN.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,
For to save my soul He died;
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailed hands and pierced side.

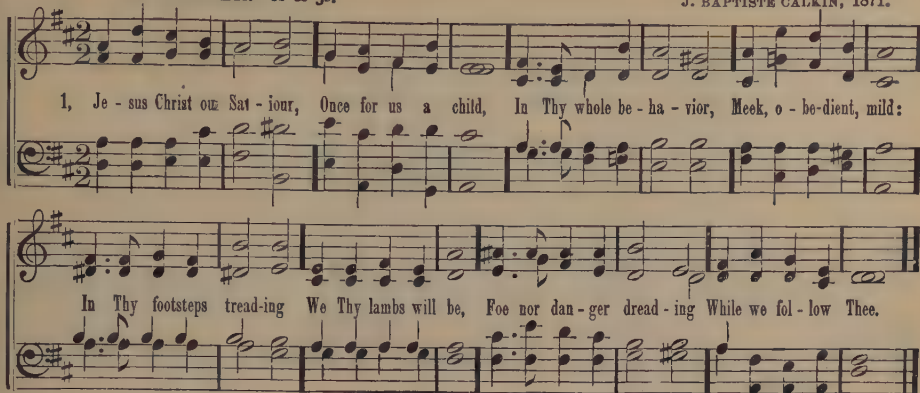
3 Jesus loves me; night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy angels
Safe to keep me till I die.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love
Keep me ever pure and holy
Till I come to Thee above. AMEN.

691 OUR LEADER. 6s & 5s.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1871.



1, Je - sus Christ our Sat - iour, Once for us a child, In Thy whole be - ha - vior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild:
In Thy footsteps tread - ing We Thy lambs will be, Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low Thee.

2 For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We Thy face shall know;
We, Thy children, raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts.

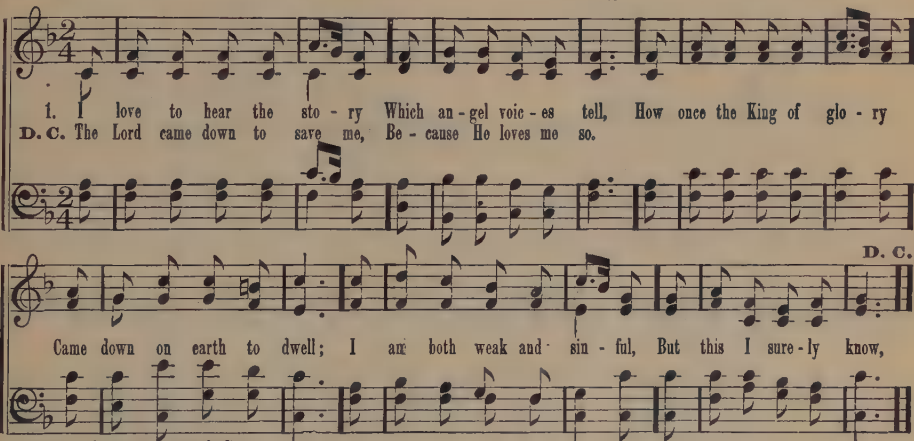
3 Let Thine angels guide us;
Let Thine arms enfold;
In Thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

W. Whiting.

692 THE STORY OF LOVE. 7s, 6s. D.

Fine.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell, How once the King of glo - ry
D. C. The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loves me so.
Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
D. C.

Per. of JNO. CHURCH & Co.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones should be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

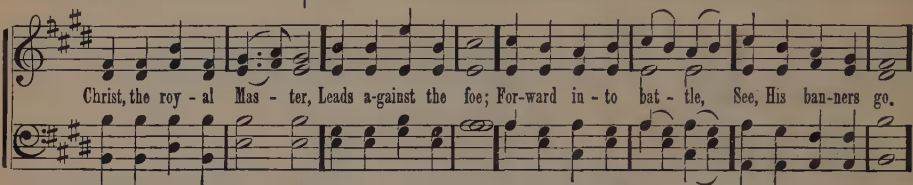
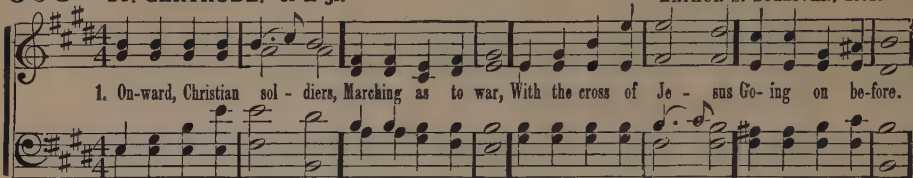
3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know he hears my praise;
And He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Emily Huntington Miller.

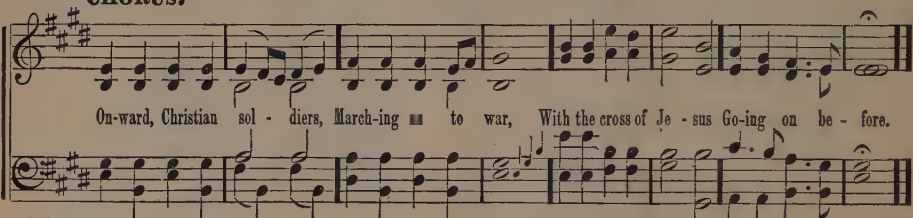
693

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



CHORUS.



2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

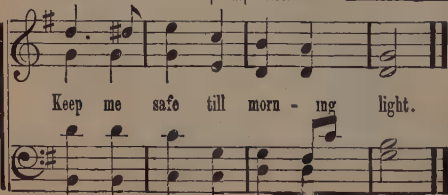
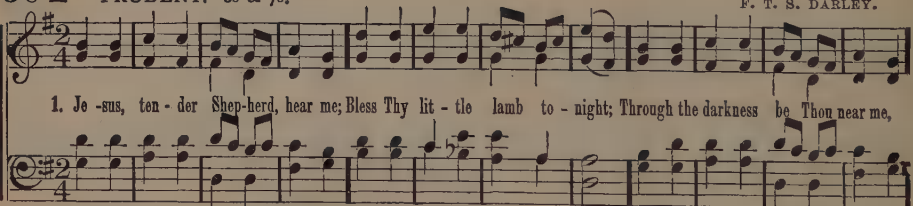
4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Cho.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

F. T. S. DARLEY.

694

PRUDENT. 8s & 7s.



2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer: [me,

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1839.

695

THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

1. There's a Friend for lit-tle chil-dren A-bove the bright blue sky— A Friend that nev-er chang-es,
D. S. This Friend is al-ways wor-thy

Fine. D. S.

Whose love will nev-er die. Our earth-ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years; A-men.
Of that dear name He bears.

■ There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by—

A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favor
And loved His name below.

4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. AMEN.

696 I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

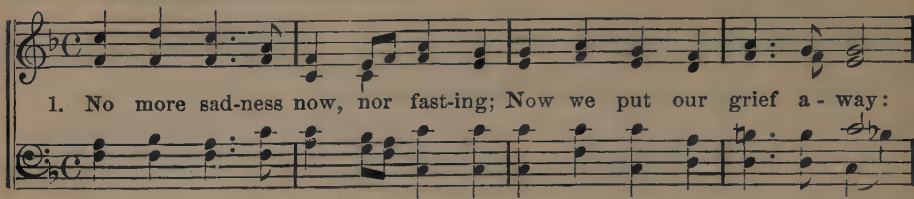
1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle lamb, There-fore glad and gay I am;
D. C. Tends me ev-'ry day the same, E-ven calls me by my name.

D. C.

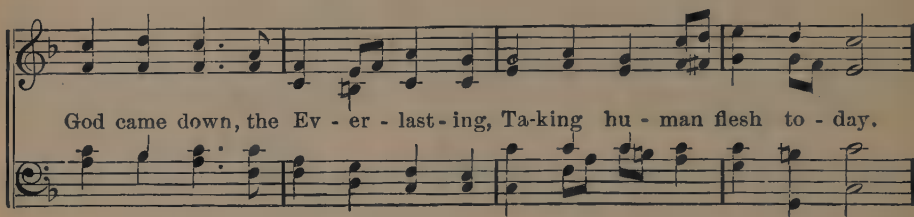
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me, A-MEN.

2 Out and in I safely go,
Want and hunger never know;
Soft green pastures He discloseth,
Where His happy flock reposeeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook He leadeth me.

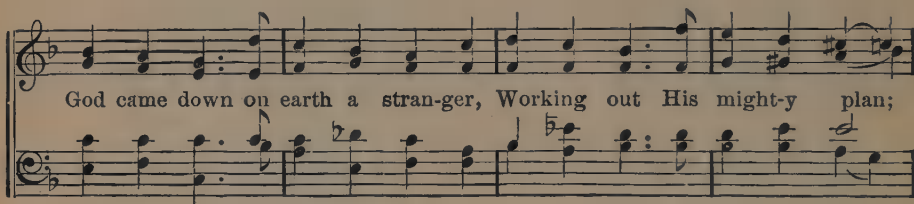
3 Should not I be glad and gay,
In this blessed fold all day,
By this holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, oh yes, my lot is bright. AMEN.



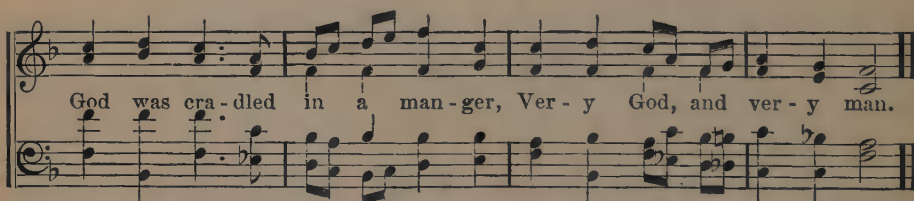
1. No more sad-ness now, nor fast-ing; Now we put our grief a - way:



God came down, the Ev - er - last-ing, Ta-king hu - man flesh to - day.



God came down on earth a stran-ger, Working out His might-y plan;



God was cra-dled in a man-ger, Ver - y God, and ver - y man.

- 2 There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing,
And the sky above was bright;
And a glory shone around them
On the grass as they were laid;
And a holy angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.
- 3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring,
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
Christ is born, the Lord and King."

- As the angel told the story
Of the Saviour's lowly birth,
Multitudes were singing "Glory
Be to God, and peace on earth!"
- 4 Since Thy love for our salvation,
Saviour, covered Thee with shame,
Let Thy Church, in every nation,
Sing the glory of Thy name;
Let Thy Holy Spirit make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our Father's house above.

698

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, }
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round }

Sing glory, glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, glory, glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry.

PER. BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 "Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
Had seized their troubled mind;) And in a manger laid."—Cho.
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.—Cho.
3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.—Cho.
4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall
To human view displayed, [find
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song.—Cho.
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace; [men
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to
Begin, and never cease!"—Cho.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

699

WAKEN, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

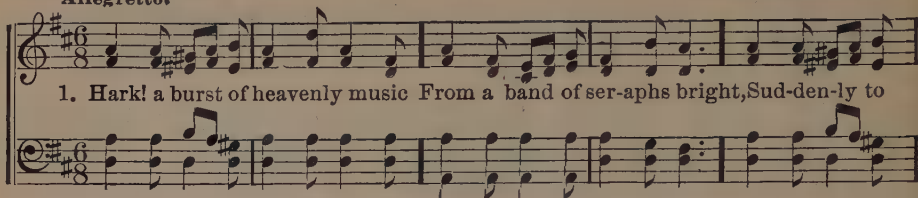
Brightly.

1. Wa - ken, Chris-tian chil - dren, Up, and let us sing, With glad hearts and voic - es, Of our new-born King.

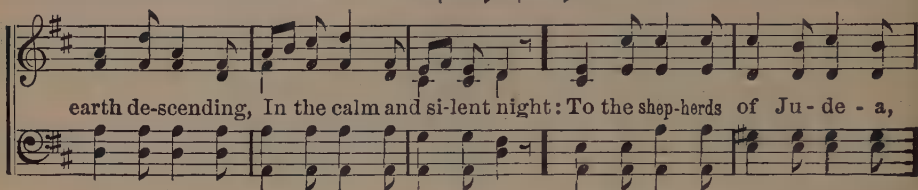
Up! 'tis meet to wel - come With a joy - ous lay Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Born for us to - day.

- 2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heav'nly child,
O'er him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.
Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.
- 3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a king.
Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.
- 4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, he loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

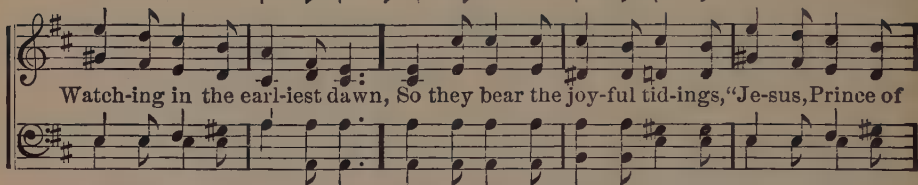
S. C. Hamerton.



1. Hark! a burst of heavenly music From a band of ser-aphs bright, Sud-den-ly to

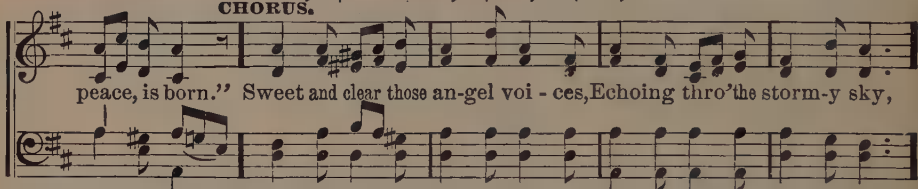


earth de-scending, In the calm and si-lent night: To the shep-herds of Ju-de-a,

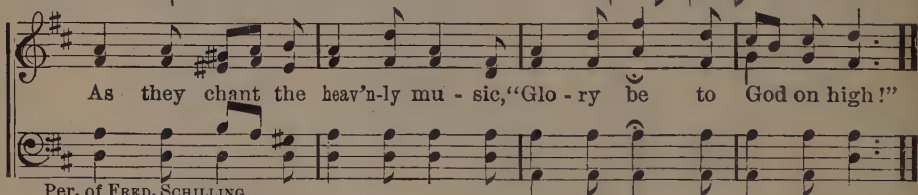


Watch-ing in the ear-li-est dawn, So they bear the joy-ful tid-ings, "Je-sus, Prince of

CHORUS.



peace, is born." Sweet and clear those an-gel voi-ces, Echoing thro'the storm-y sky,



As they chant the heav'n-ly mu-sic, "Glo-ry be to God on high!"

Per. of FRED. SCHILLING.

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy Stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long expected,
Full of wisdom, love, and grace,
To redeem His ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.

Cho.—So let angels wake the chorus,
So let ransomed men reply,
Chanting the celestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

3 And this joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

Cho.—Hark! we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heav'nly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

Mrs. M. N. Meigs.

701

ANGELIC SONG. P. M.

J. E. ROE.

1. Hark! hark my soul; an-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing

CHORUS.

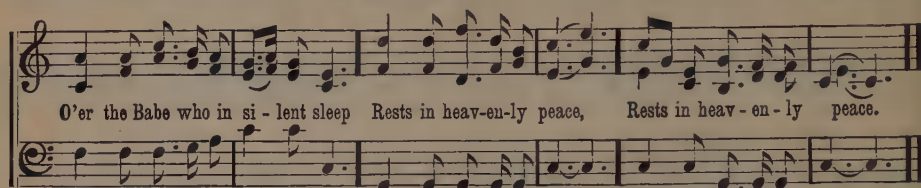
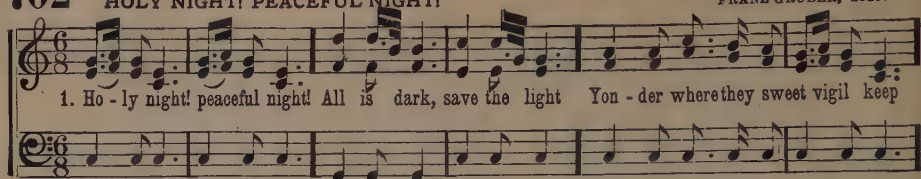
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je-sus,
an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night. A-men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

F. W. Faber.

HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

FRANZ GRUBER, 1818.



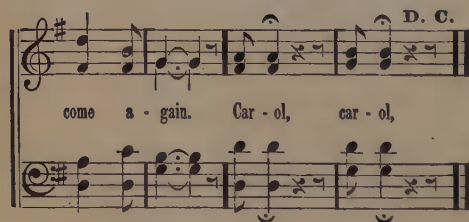
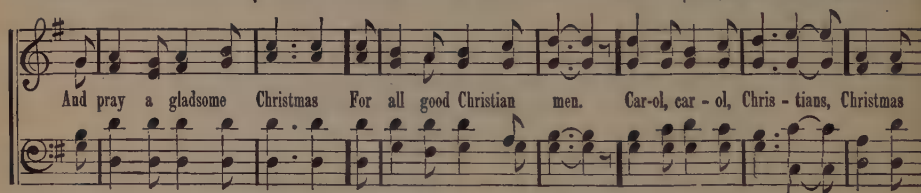
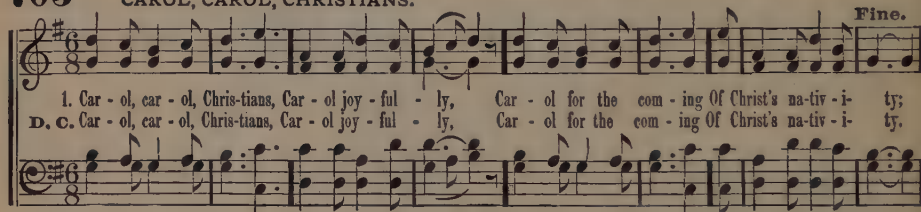
2 Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight
Came blest visions of angel-throngs
With their loud alleluia songs,
Saying, Jesus is come,
Saying, Jesus is come.

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright [born!
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy,
Full of heavenly joy.

703

CAROL, CAROL, CHRISTIANS.

Fine.



2 Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow,

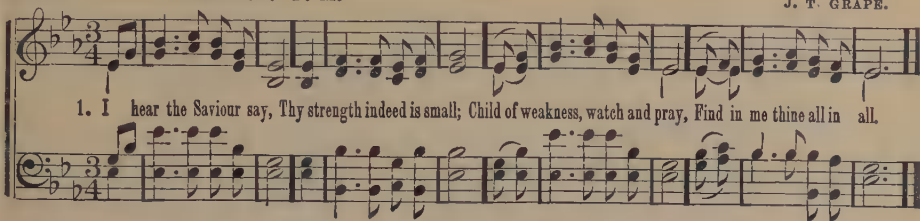
And gather them for Jesus,
Wreathe them for His shrine,
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine.—Carol, etc.

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness
For the robes of light,
That we may live as lowly
As Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again. Carol, etc.

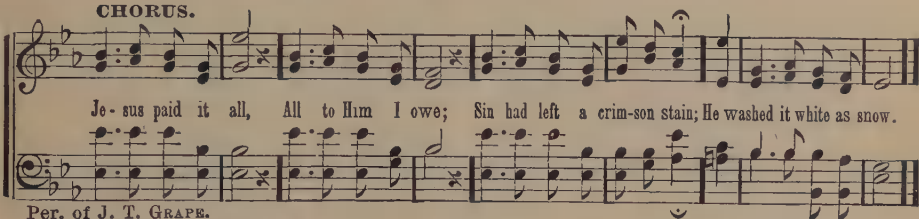
704

ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

J. T. GRAPE.



CHORUS.



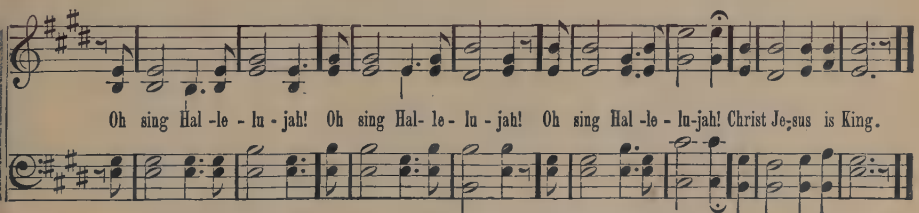
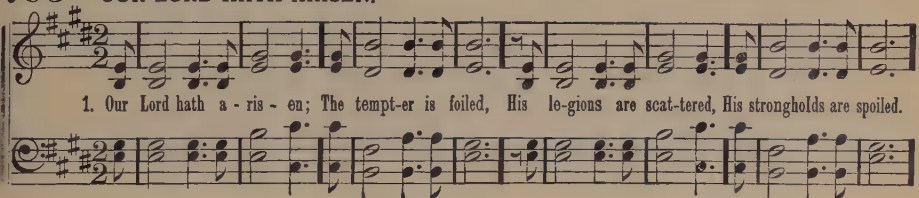
Per. of J. T. GRAPE.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—Cho.
- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—Cho.

- 4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—Cho.
- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—Cho.

705

OUR LORD HATH ARISEN.



- 2 O death, we defy thee;
A stronger than thou
Hath entered thy palace;
We fear thee not now.
Oh sing, etc.

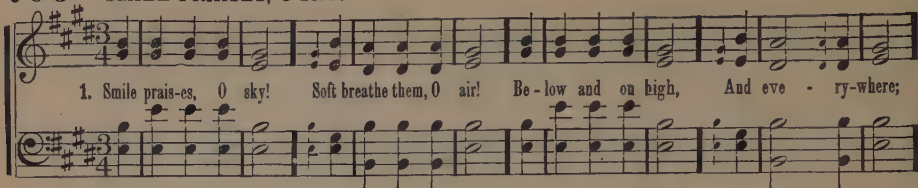
- 3 O sin, thou art vanquished,
Thy long reign is o'er;

Though still thou dost vex us,
We dread thee no more.
Oh sing, etc.

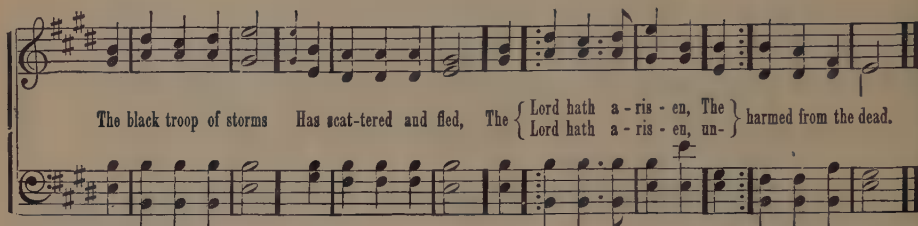
- 4 Our Lord hath arisen,
Day breaketh at last;
The long night of weeping
Is now wellnigh past. Oh sing, etc.

706

SMILE PRAISES, O SKY!



1. Smile prais-es, O sky! Soft breathe them, O air! Be-low and on high, And eve-ry-where;



The black troop of storms Has scat-tered and fled, The { Lord hath a-ris-en, The } harmed from the dead.

2 Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song.
Sing, sing, for He liveth,
He lives, as He said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharm'd from the dead.

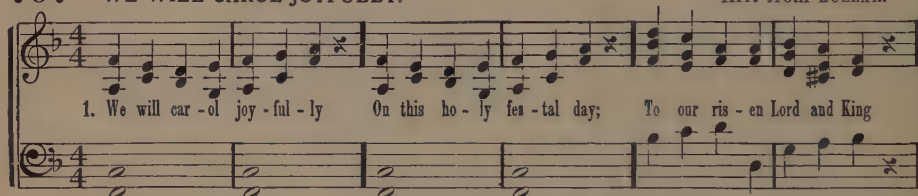
3 Clap, clap your hands, mountains;
Ye valleys, resound;
Leap, leap for joy, fountains;
Ye hills, catch the sound.
All triumph! He liveth,
He lives, as He said;
The Lord has arisen
Unharm'd from the dead.

Trans. by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

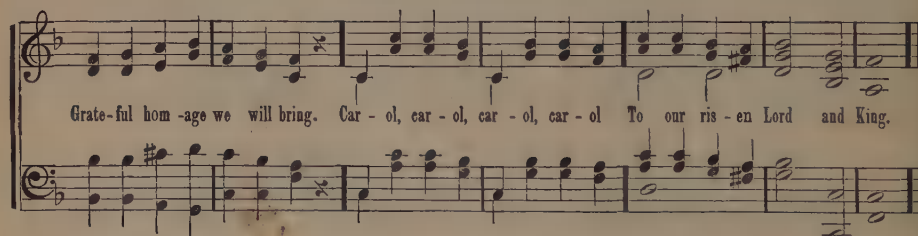
707

WE WILL CAROL JOYFULLY.

Att. from KULLAR.



1. We will car-ol joy-ful-ly On this ho-ly fes-tal day; To our ris-en Lord and King



Grate-ful hom-age we will bring. Car-ol, car-ol, car-ol, car-ol To our ris-en Lord and King.

2 We will carol joyfully
As with sweet accord we bring
Praise from every heart and voice
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.

3 We will carol joyfully
While our love and thanks we give

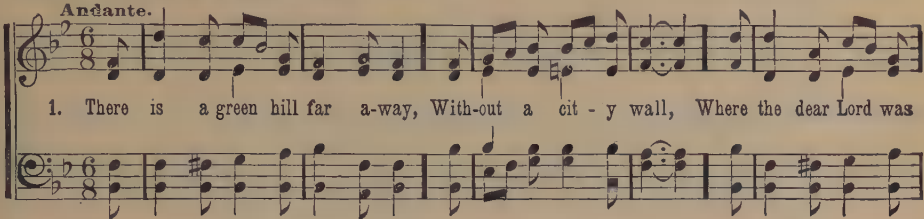
To our risen Lord and King,
Him who died that we might live.
Carol, carol, etc.

4 We will carol joyfully,
And to Him our offerings bring—
Grateful hearts, with love and praise,
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.

708

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

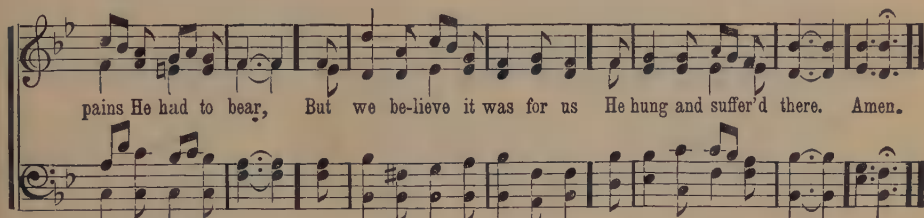
R. S. WILLIS, 1849-1860.

Andante.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was



cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell, What



pains He had to bear, But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffer'd there. Amen.

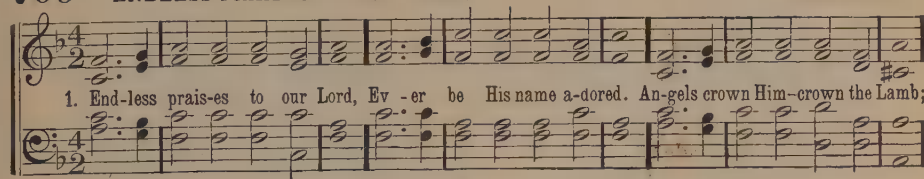
2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
There was none other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all. Amen.

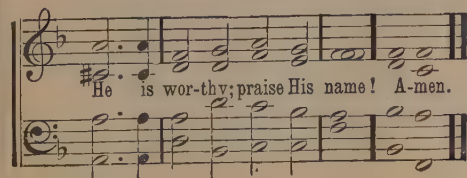
709

ENDLESS PRAISES TO OUR LORD.

GREGORIAN.



1. End-less prais-es to our Lord, Ev - er be His name a-dored. An-gels crown Him-crown the Lamb;



He is wor-thy; praise His name! A-men.

2 Now adore Him for His grace
To our guilty, fallen race;
Come, then, children, join to sing;
"Glory to our God and King!" Amen.

OLD, OLD STORY. 7s, 6s. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto-ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

CHORUS.

For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto-ry,

Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.—Cho.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

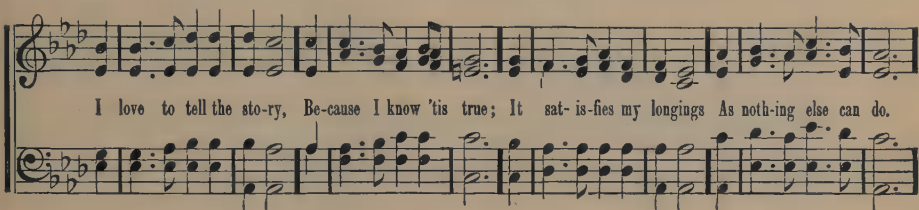
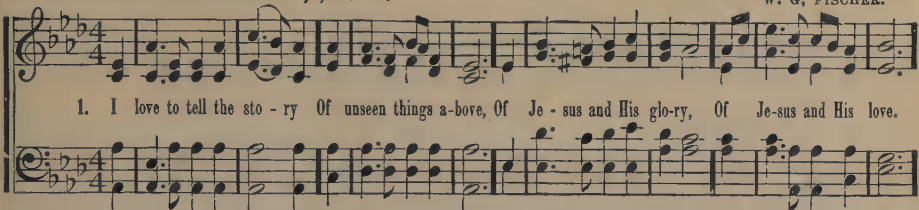
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—Cho.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story: [Cho.
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
K. Hankey.

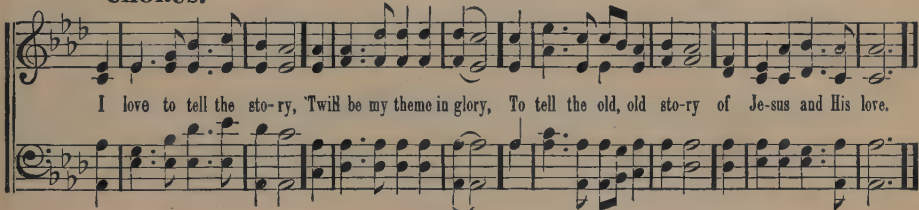
711

TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.

W. G. FISCHER.



CHORUS.



Per. of W. G. FISCHER.

- 2 I love to tell the story:
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story:
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation,
 From God's own holy word.—Cho.
- 3 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story
 That I have loved so long.—Cho.

K. Hankey,

I brought my soul to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.

Cho.—No righteousness, no merit,
 No beauty can I plead;
 Yet in the cross I glory,
 My title there I read.

- 2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in peace unshaken,
 Till with Him, ne'er to part;
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing His wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

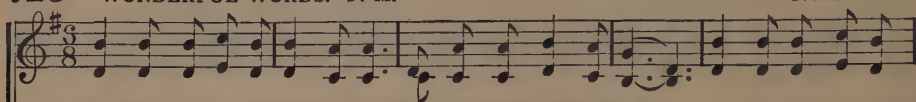
Cho.—I love the cross of Jesus.
 It tells me what I am;
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb.

712

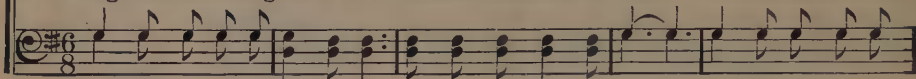
- 1 I saw the cross of Jesus,
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus,
 To give me peace within;

WONDERFUL WORDS. P. M.

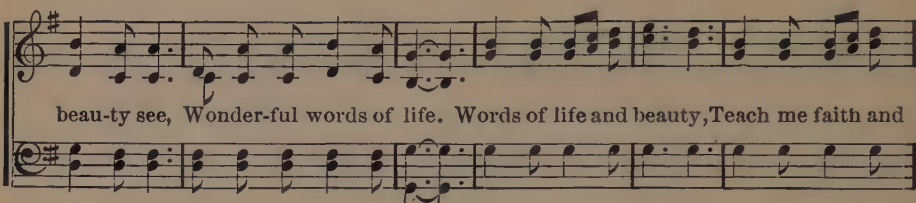
P. P. BLISS.



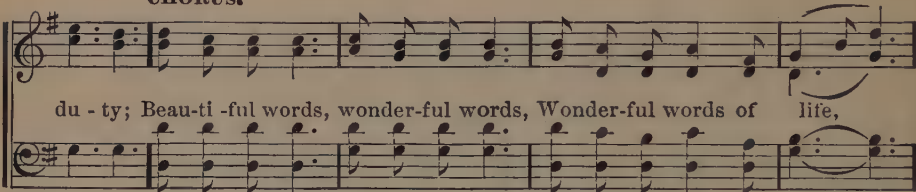
1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of life, Let me more of their



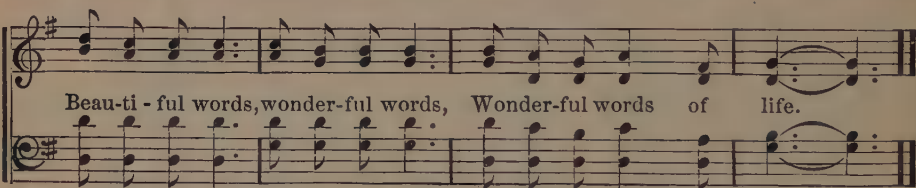
beau-ty see, Wonder-ful words of life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and



CHORUS.



du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words, wonder-ful words, Wonder-ful words of life,



Beau-ti - ful words, wonder-ful words, Wonder-ful words of life.

Per. of THE JNO. CHURCH CO.

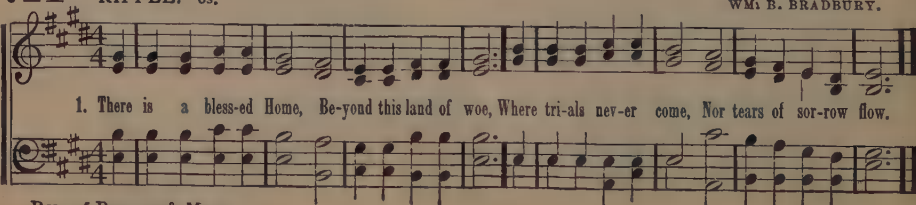
2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.—CHO.

3. Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.—CHO.

P. P. Bliss.

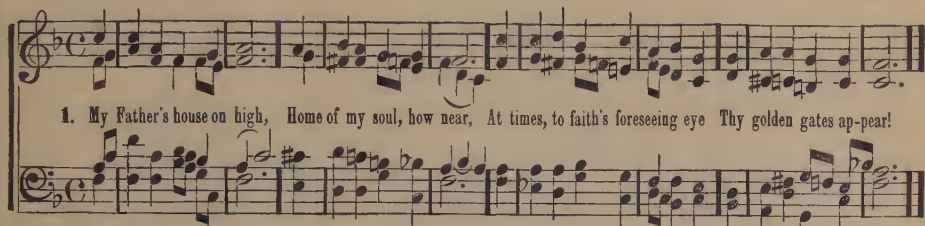
RIPPLE. 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. There is a bless-ed Home, Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow,

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.



1. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times, to faith's foreseeing eye Thy golden gates ap-pear!

2 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet, clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

4 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;

While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

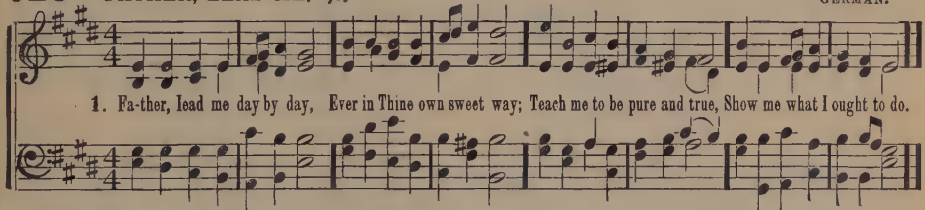
5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then I feel that He—
Remembered or forgot—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

716

FATHER, LEAD ME. 7s.

GERMAN.



1. Fa-ther, lead me day by day, Ever in Thine own sweet way; Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save:
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;

And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

714 Continued.

2 Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

3 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;

4 Around its glorious throne,
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

5 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,

And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;

6 To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

7 Look up ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe.

8 Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker, 1861.

S:

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. S. I did not love my Fath-er's voice,

Fine.

D. S.

I would not be con- trolled: I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a- far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar, 1844.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let a blessing fall on me, } E-ven me, E-ven me, Let a blessing fall on me.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I am longing for Thy favor; [REF.
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [REF.
Speak some word of power to me.—

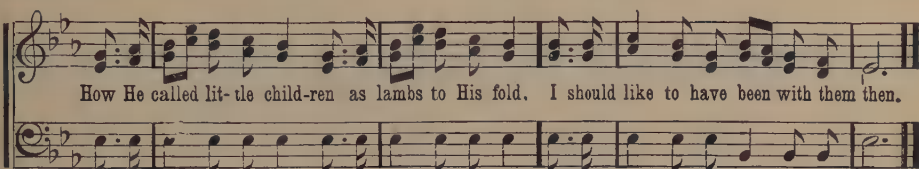
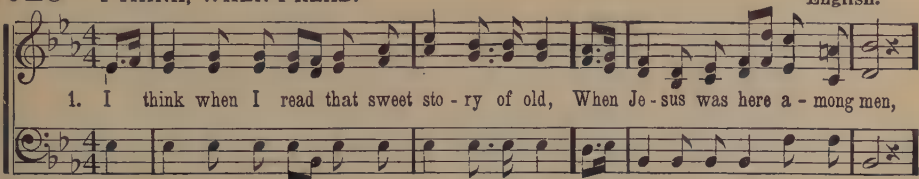
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.—REF.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

719

I THINK, WHEN I READ.

English.



2 I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head, [me,

That His arms had been thrown around
And that I might have seen His kind
looks when He said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,

And ask for a share in His love;

And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone
to prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering
here,

"For of such is the kingdom of heav -
en."

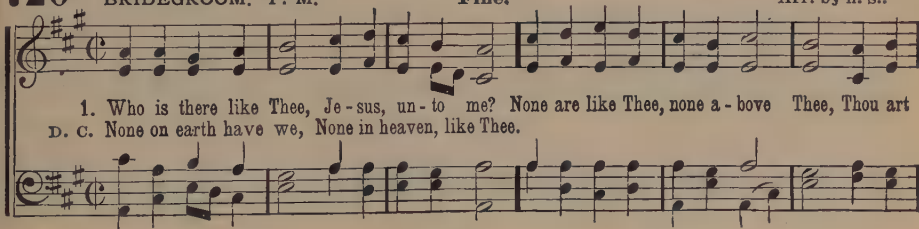
Mrs. Jemima Luke.

720

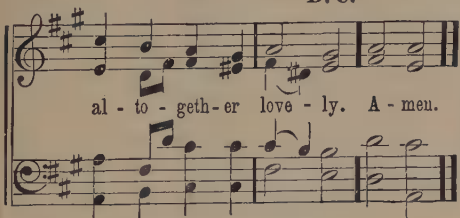
BRIDEGROOM, P. M.

Fine.

Arr. by H. S.



D. C.



2 Love that warmly glowed,
Blood that freely flowed,
Life that stooped to death to save me,
And a deathless being gave me,
Bore my guilty load,
Brought me back to God,—

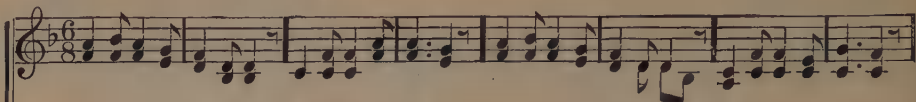
3 Plant Thyself in me;
I will learn of Thee
To be holy, meek, and tender,
Wrath, and pride, and self surrender;
Nothing shouldst Thou see
But Thyself in me.

4 When on death's cold strand
I one day shall stand,
Let Thy presence go beside me,
Through the gloomy waters guide me;
Grant me then to stand,
Lord, at Thy right hand.—

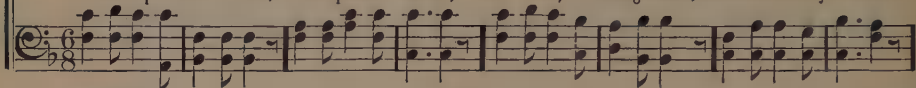
721

NEAR THE CROSS P. M.

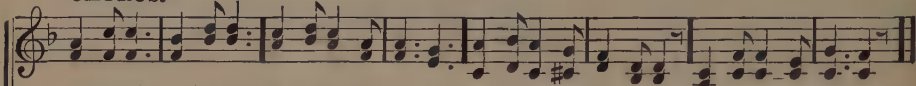
W. H. DOANE.



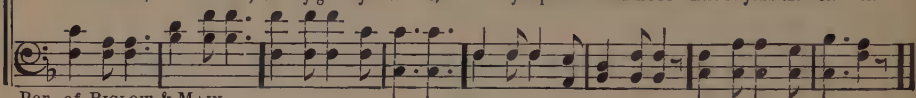
1. Je-sus keep me near the cross; There a precious fount-ain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.



CHORUS.



In the cross, In the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—Cho.

3 Near the cross, oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—Cho.
Fanny J. Crosby.

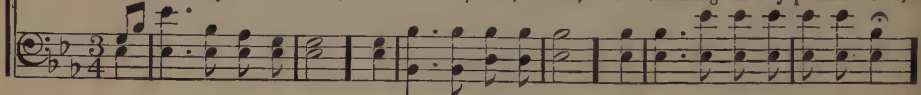
722

I AM COMING. P. M.

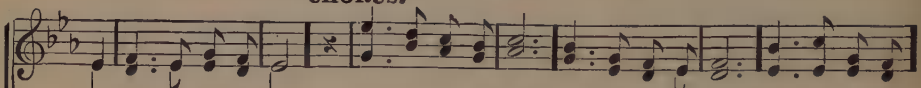
L. HARTSOUGH.



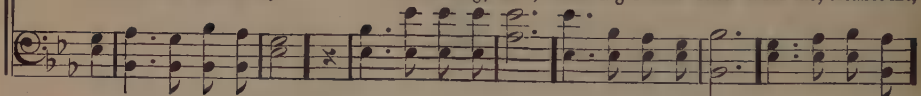
1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood,



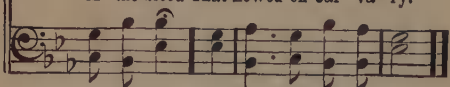
CHORUS.



That flowed on Cal-va-ry. I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me,



in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry!

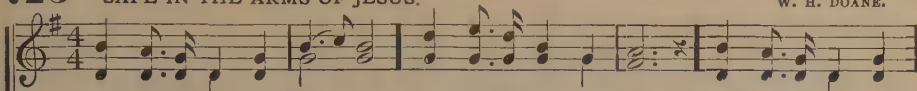


2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;

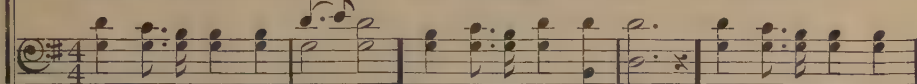
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.—Cho.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—Cho.

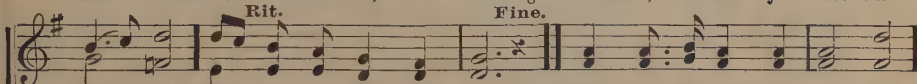
4 All hail! atoning blood,
All hail! redeeming grace,
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.—Cho.
L. Hartsough.



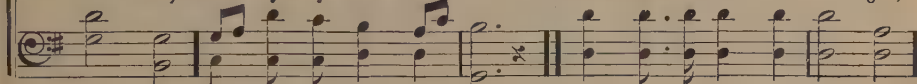
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er-



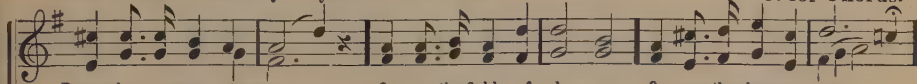
Cho. - Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er-



sha - ded, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,



sha - ded. Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.



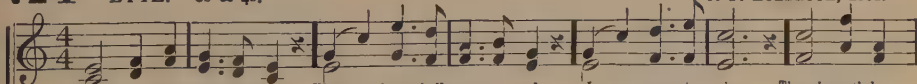
Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.—Cho.

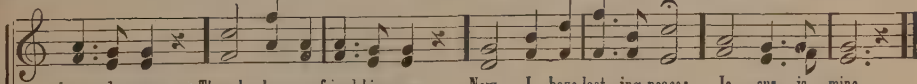
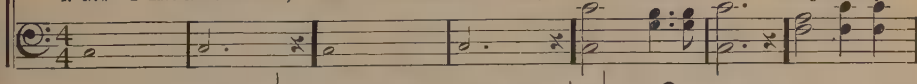
3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—Cho.

Fanny J. Crosby.

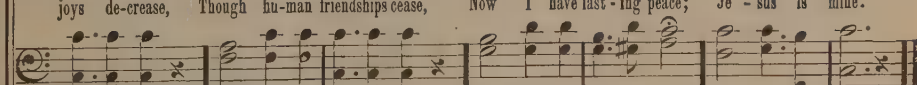
J. P. HOLBROOK, 1864.



1. Now I have found a Friend, Whose love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine. Though earth-ly



joys de - crease, Though hu - man friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace; Je - sus is mine.



Per. of Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

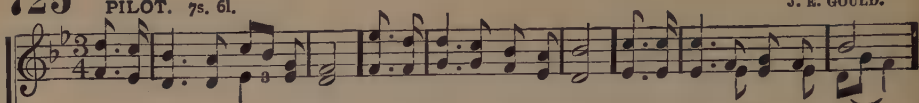
3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Henry J. M. Hope.

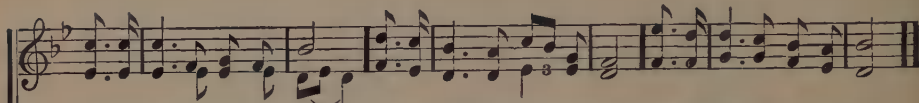
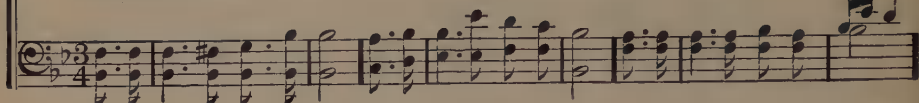
725

PILOT. 7s. 6l.

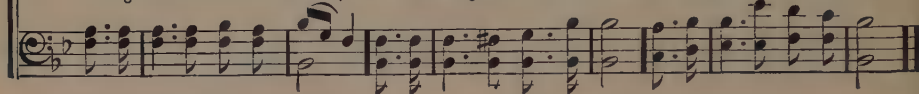
J. E. GOULD.



1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O-ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,



Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass come from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Bestill!"
Wondrous sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

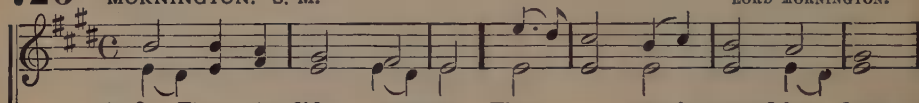
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

E. Hopper, 1818.

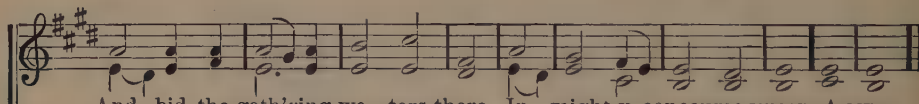
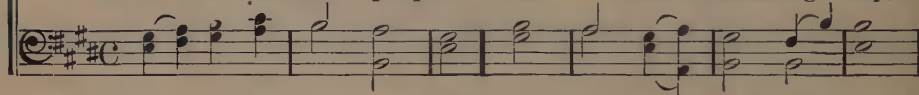
726

MORNINGTON. S. M.

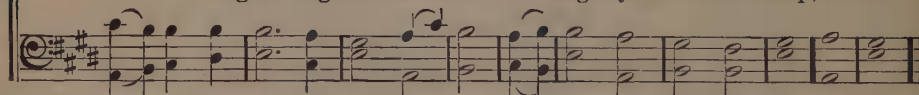
LORD MORNINGTON.



1. O Thou who didst pre-pare The o - cean's sound-ing deep,



And bid the gath'ring wa - ters there In might-y concourse sweep; A-MEN.



2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to Thee.

3 Jesus is nigh, who trod
Of old that foaming spray,

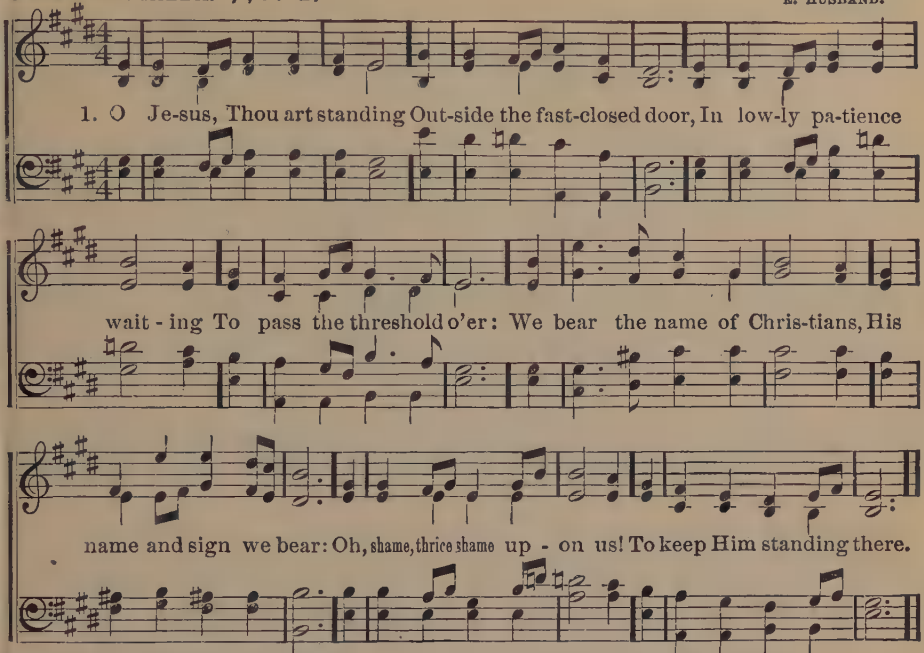
Whose billows owned th' incarnate God,
And died in calm away.

4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust His love. AMEN.

Charlotte E. Tonali.

727 ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.

E. HUSBAND.



1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep Him standing there.

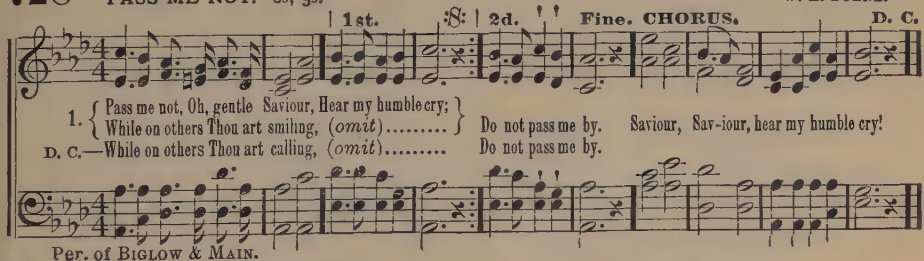
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
“I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

W. W. How, 1854.

728 PASS ME NOT. 8s, 5s.

W. H. DOANE.



1. { Pass me not, Oh, gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; }
While on others Thou art smiling, (omit) Do not pass me by. Saviour, Sav-iour, hear my humble cry!
D. C.—While on others Thou art calling, (omit) Do not pass me by.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—Cho.
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—Cho.
4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me.
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!—Cho.

Fanny J. Crosby.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s, 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our griefs and sins to bear! What a priv - i-lege to
D. S. All be-cause we do not

Fine.

car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit,
car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what need-less pain we bear,

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

730

TRUSTING. 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
REF—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

Per. of WM. G. FISCHER.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—Ref.
3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;

Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine forevermore.—Ref.
4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—Ref.

731

INVITATION. C. M. D.

LOUIS SPOHR.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down
D. S. I found in Him a rest - ing - place,

Fine.

D. S.

Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad;
And He hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one;
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream: [lived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

732

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

From MENDELSSOHN

1. Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy-seat Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r; There hum - bly fall be -

fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.

2 Thy promise is mine only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

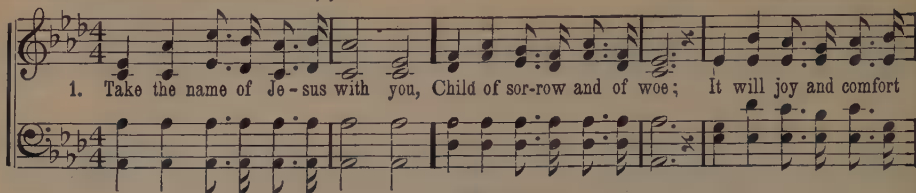
4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—Thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

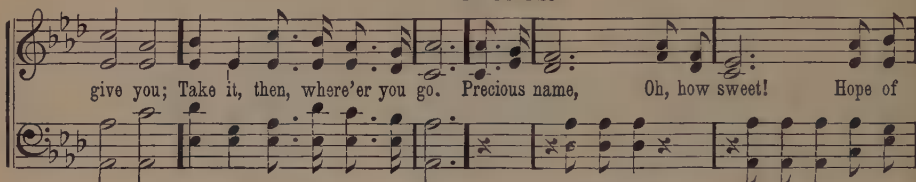
J. Newton.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8s, 7s.

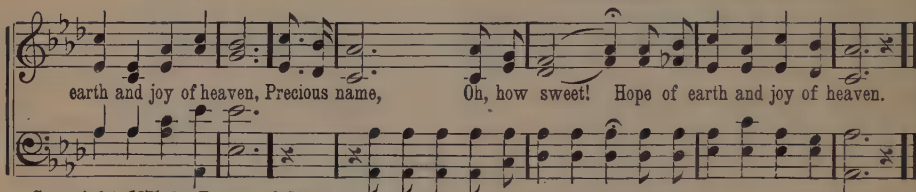
WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.



CHORUS.



Precious name, Oh, how sweet!



Copyright, 1871, by BIGLOW & MAIN. Precious name, Oh, how sweet, how sweet!

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations round you gather, **CHO.**
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,

When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

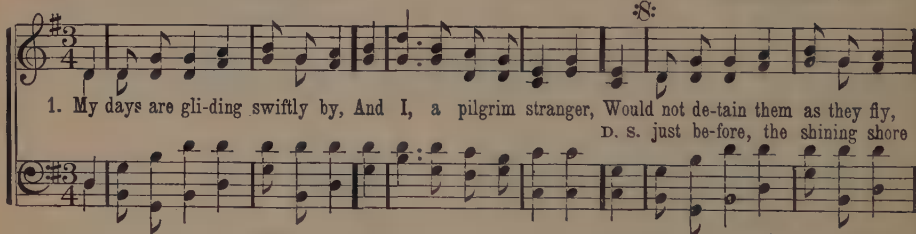
4 At the name of Jesus bowing, **[CHO.]**
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. **CHO.**

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

734

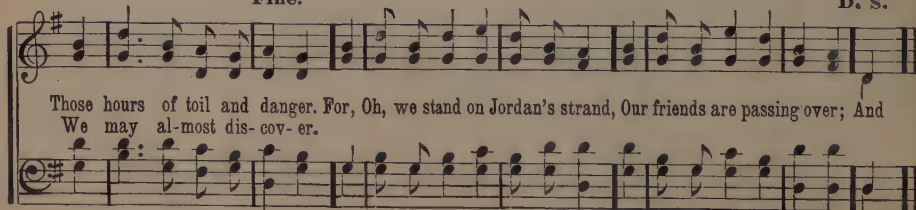
SHINING SHORE. P. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859.



Fine.

D. S.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

735

MY REDEEMER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-d'rous love to me; On the cru-el cross He suffered,

CHORUS.

From the curse to set me free. Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re -

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh!

blood.....

- deem - er, With His blood He purchased me, He purchased me;..... On the blood..... He purchased me;

sing of my Re-deem-er, With His blood He pur-chas'd me, With His blood He pur-chased me; On the

Repeat pp after last verse.

cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt, And made me free, and made me free.

Per. of JNO. CHURCH CO.

cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free,

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,

How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath bro't me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

734 Continued.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—Ref.
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. Ref.
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever, oh, forever!

David Nelson, 1835.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

WM. G. FISCHER, 1872.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I would Thou for - ev - er, should's

live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be Whi - ter than snow. whi - ter than snow, yes,

whi - ter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.

Per. of WM. G. FISCHER.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho

737

RESCUE THE PERISHING. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive,
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

CHO.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can re-
store:

Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more. CHO.

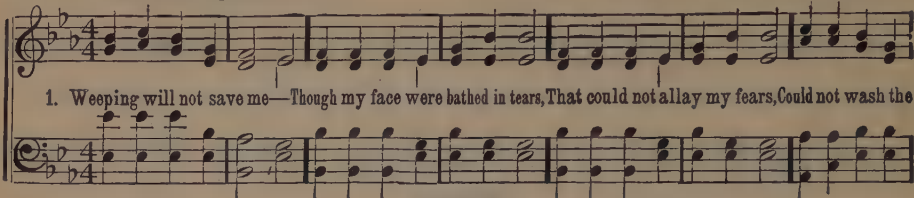
4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [vide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them; [died. CHO.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has

Fanny J. Crosby.

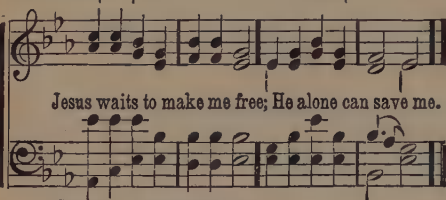
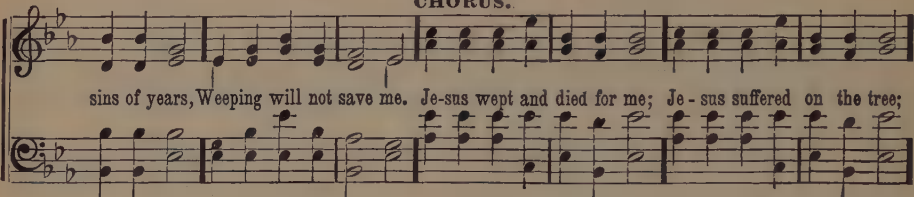
738

NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

R. LOWRY.



CHORUS.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Honest thoughts and feelings too,

Cannot form my soul anew,—
Working will not save me.—Chor.

- 3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In mine ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—

Waiting will not save me.—Chor.

- 4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust Thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that He has done;
To His arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—Chor.

R. Lowry.

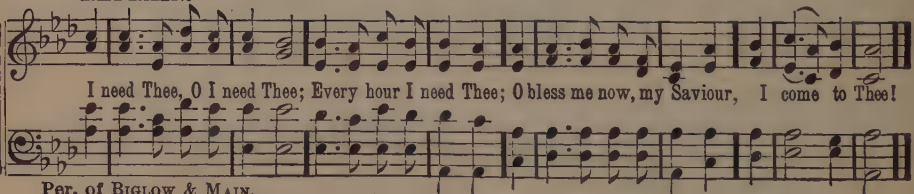
739

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.



REFRAIN.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh. REF.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide;
Or life is vain. REF.

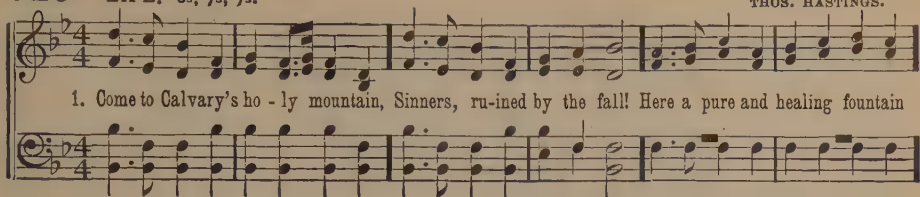
- 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill. REF.
- 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed.
Thou blessed Son! REF.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

740

LIFE. 8s, 7s, 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ru - ined by the fall! Here a pure and healing fountain



Flows to you, to me, to all,— In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Sav - iour died,



O - pened when our Sav - iour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,

Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more—

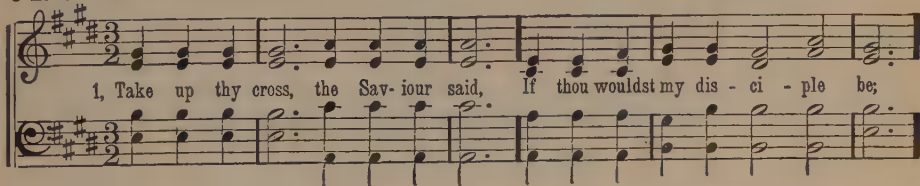
3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

J. Montgomery,

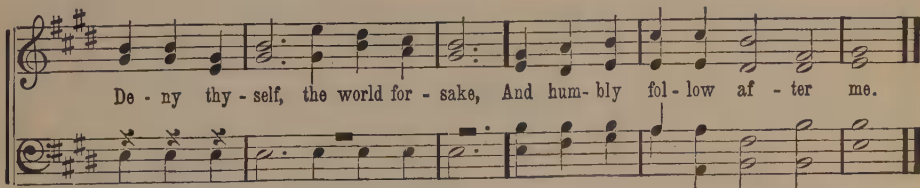
741

NESTOR CHANT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1, Take up thy cross, the Sav - iour said, If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;



De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me.

Per. of BIGEOW & MAIN.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:
My strength shall bear thy spirit up, [arm.
And brace thine heart and nerve thine
3 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;

'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
Charles W. Everest, 1833.

HOME. 11s.

HENRY R. BISHOP, 1829.

1st. 2d. 8:

1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, { To find at the
How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with [Omit.] saints; { And feel in the
D. S. Pre-pare me, dear

1st. 2d. D. S.

ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,
pres-ence of Je-sus at [Omit.] home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Sav-iour, for glo-ry, my [Omit.] home.

- Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all mine afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 4 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

David Denham, 1877.

743

BAXTER. 6s.

U. C. BURNAP, 1868.

1. My spir-it longs for Thee To dwell within my breast; Al-though unworthy I Of so divine a guest!

Of so divine a guest Unwor-thy though I be, Yet hath my heart no rest Un-til it come to Thee! A - men.

Per. of U. C. BURNAP.

- 2 Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
But in Thy bleeding love,
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

744

FREDERICK. III.

1st.

2d.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. { I would not live alway; I ask not to stay }
 { Where storm af-ter storm rises (Omit.)..... } dark o'er the way: The few lu-rid
 mornings that dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. *W. A. Muhlenberg.*

745

THY WILL BE DONE. CHANT.

LOWELL MASON.

A - MEN.

"Thy will be | done!" | In devious way | This prayer will make it more divine— |
 The hurrying stream of | life may | run; | "Thy will be | done!"
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
 "Thy will be | done." | 3 "Thy will be | done!" | Tho' shrouded o'er
 Our path with | gloom, | one comfort—one
 Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
 "Thy will be | done." *J. Bowring.*

2 "Thy will be | done!" | If o'er us shine
 A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, |

746

DAUCHY. 7s. D.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng Round the al - tar, night and day
D. S. Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain,

Organ.

Fine.

Hymn - ing one tri - umphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glo - ry, power, A - MEN.
New do - min - ion eve - ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs—
Perfect love dispel all fears—
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

J. Montgomery.

J. H. WILCOX.

747

FABEN. 8s, 7s. D.

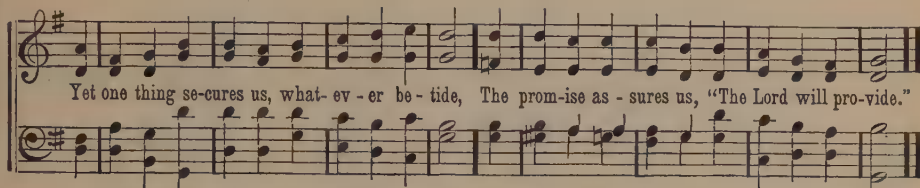
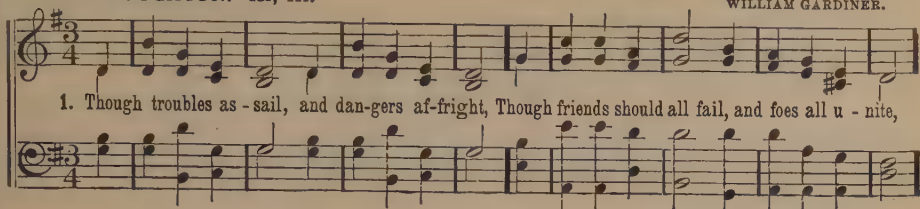
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea: There's a kind-ness in His
jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more
gra - ces for the good; There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. F. W. Faber.

HOUGHTON. 108, 118.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

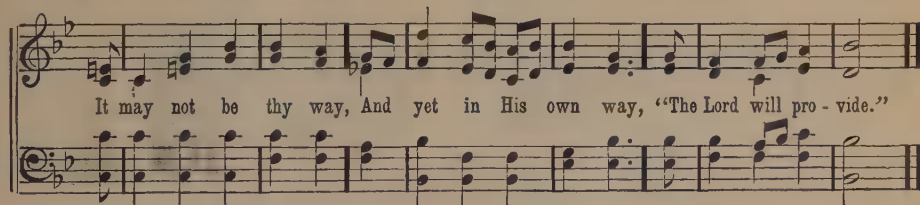
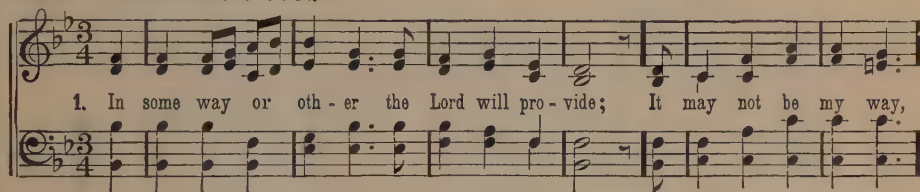


- 2 The birds, without barn or store-
house are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will
provide."
- 3 When life sinks apace, and death is
in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort
us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord
will provide."

J. Newton.

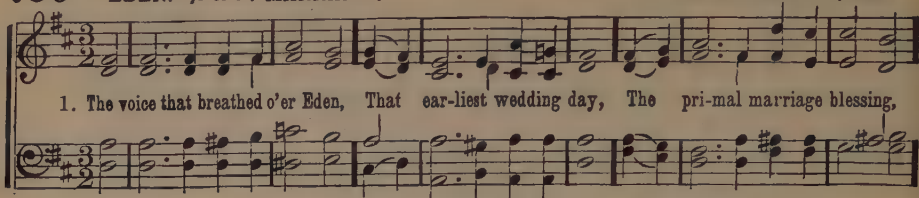
749

PROVIDENCE. P. M.

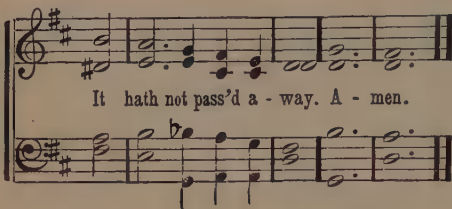


- 2 At some time or other the Lord will
provide:
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet, in His own time,
"The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will
provide:
And this be the token,
- No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."
- 4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea
shall divide:
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Martha Walker Cook, 1864.



- Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid;
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.



- 3 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallow'd path they trace.

- 4 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness

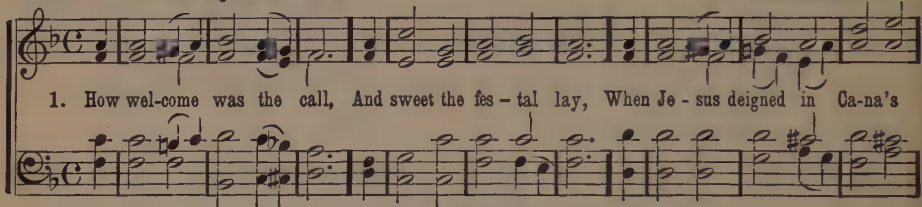
With Christ's own bride they rise. AMEN.

John Keble, 1857.

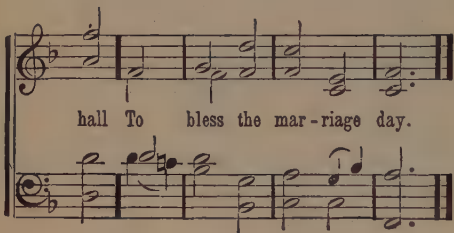
751

HARLEM SQUARE. S. M.

D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.



- O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.



- 3 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

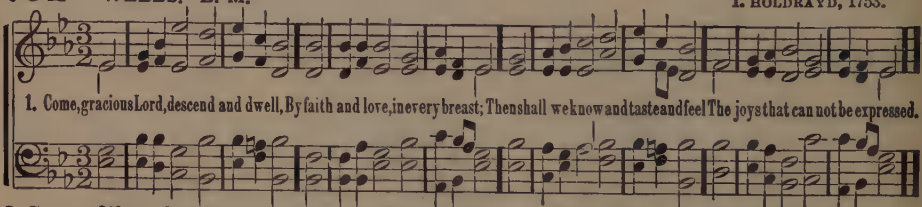
- 4 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

H. W. Baker. 1861.

752

WELLS. L. M.

I. HOLDRAYD, 1753.



- 2 Come, fill our hearts with in ward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

753

LOGOS. 6s & 4s.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth reply, "Praise ye His name!" His love and

grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing loud forevermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

Rit.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 While they around the throne

Cheerfully join in one,

Praising His name,—

Ye who have felt His blood

Sealing your peace with God,

Sound His dear name abroad,

"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,

Our Lord and God to bless:

Praise ye His name!

In Him we will rejoice,

And make a joyful noise,

Shouting with heart and voice,

"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place

Yet will we never cease

Praising His name:

To Him our songs we bring;

Hail Him our gracious King;

And through all ages sing,

"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. Allen.

754

1 O Holy Lord, our God,

By heavenly hosts adored,

Hear us, we pray:

To Thee the Cherubim,

Angels, and Seraphim,

Unceasing praises bring—

Their homage pay.

2 Here give Thy word success;

And this Thy servant bless;

His labors own;

And while the sinner's friend

His life and words commend,

Thy Holy Spirit send,

And make Him known.

3 May every passing year

More happy still appear

Than this glad day;

With numbers fill the place,

Adorn Thy saints with grace;

Thy truth may all embrace,

O Lord, we pray.

755

WELLS. L. M.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?

Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly,

And will my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,

And I my heart the closer lock?

He still is waiting to receive,

And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give

No heed; but still in bondage live?

I wait, but He does not forsake;

He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;

My heart I yield without delay:

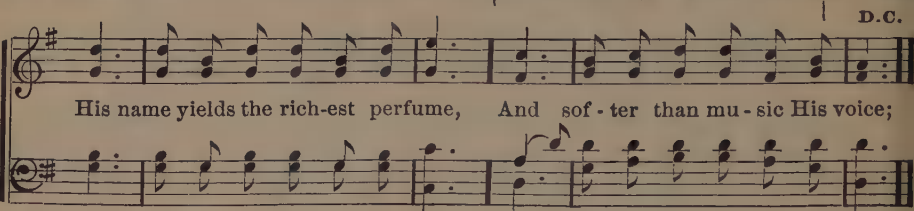
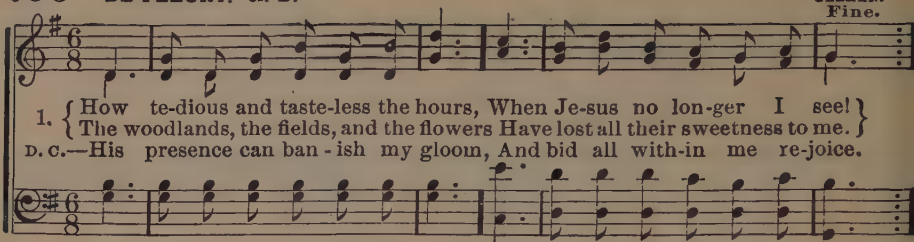
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;

The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Tersteegen, 1730, Trans. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

756

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

GERMAN.
Fine.

- 2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 And Thou art my light and my song;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or bid me soar upward on high,
 Where winters and storms are no more.
Newton.

- 2 When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline,
 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me Thy brightness be poured
 I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
 I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

- 3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose:
 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone;
 Oh, bear me, ye Cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne!

William Cowper.

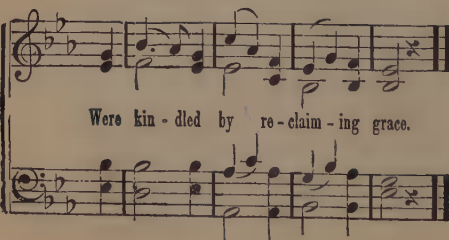
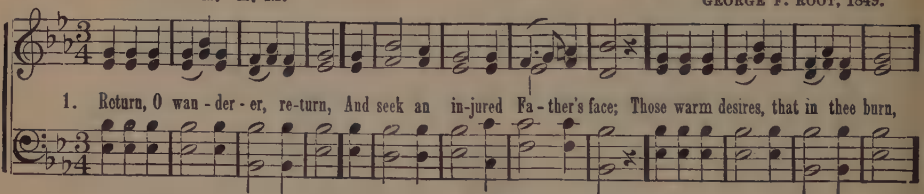
757

- 1 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power,—
 Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in Thee;
 Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free!

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1849.

758

ROSEDALE. L. M.



- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear:
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer. 1812.

759

SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816-1863.

1st. 2d.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, }
 { And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and [Omit. . . .] } wish-es known;
 D. C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet [Omit. . . .] hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer.

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

May I thy consolation share;
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford, 1846.

760

WOODLAND. C. M.

J. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for
 souls dis - tressed A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,—
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan, 1889.

761

TERSANCTUS.

CONTRIBUTED.

Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Je - ho - vah of hosts! the whole earth is full of Thy glo - ry, the whole earth is

full of Thy glo-ry. Ho-ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Lord God the Al - might - y, Lord God the Al - might-y, who

wast and who art, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, and who art to come. A - - men.

762

GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

GREATOR EX COL. IRR.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be-

- gin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end..... A - men, A - men.

763 SERAPHIC HYMN.

HOWARD.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-ba-oth; Heav-en and earth are
full, are full of the maj-es-ty of Thy glo-ry. Ho-san-na, ho-
san-na, ho-san-na in the highest! Blessed is He that com-eth in the
name of the Lord. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the high-est!

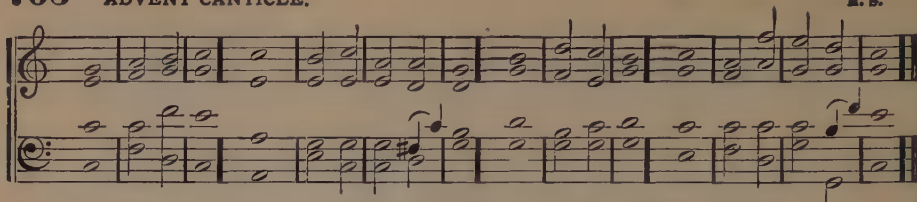
764 TRISAGION.

R. TAYLOR.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy
glo-ry: Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A-men, A-men.

ADVENT CANTICLE.

H. S.

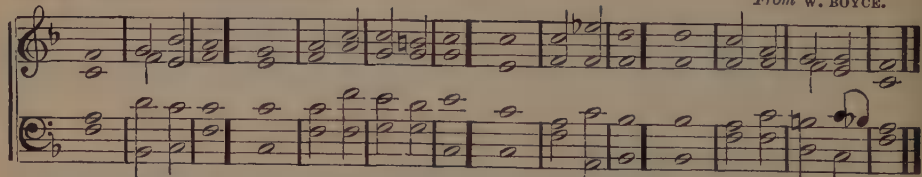


1. Sing unto the Lord a new song; and His praise from the | end of the | earth, |
ye that go down to the sea, and | all that | is there- | in.
Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift | up their | voice; || let the inhabi-
tants of the rock sing, let them shout | from the | tops of the | mountains.
2. Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare His praise a- | mong the | hea-
then. || The Lord hath | comforted | His— | people;
He hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of | all— | nations: || and all the
ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.
3. Say to the Daughter of Zion, behold, thy sal- | vation | cometh; || behold, His
reward is with Him, | and His | work be- | fore Him.
Fear thou not; for | I am | with thee; || be not dismayed; for | I am | thy— | God:
4. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will | help— | thee. || Unto you that fear My name
shall the Sun of righteousness arise with | healing | in His | wings!
The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all | flesh shall | see it. || Death
shall be swallowed up in victory, and God will wipe a- | way all | tears from
our | eyes.
5. And it shall be said in that day, Lo! | this is our | God; || we have waited for
Him, | and— | He will | save us;
This is the Lord; we have | waited for | Him, || we will be glad and re- | joice
in | His sal- | vation.
6. Sanctify and prepare yourselves to look upon the glory of our God; for the |
Lord— | cometh. || Prepare ye the way of the Lord and | make His |
paths— | straight.
Let us serve Him with gladness, and come before His | presence with | sing-
ing! || Blessed is He that cometh in the | name— | of the | Lord!
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A— | men.

766

CHRISTMAS CANTICLE.

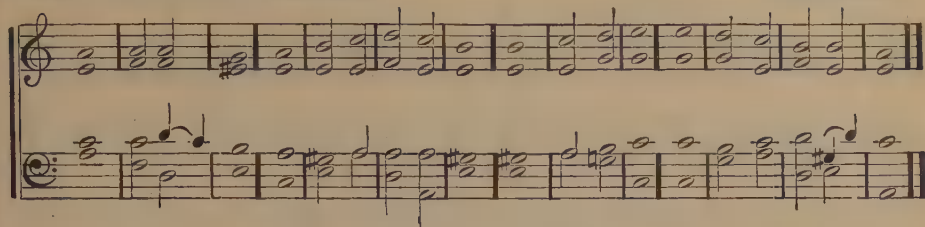
From W. BOYCE.



1. Behold, I bring you good tidings | of great | joy; || for unto you is born this
day a Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord!
Glory to God | in the | highest, || and on earth, | peace, good | will toward |
men!
2. The Lord hath remembered His | cove- | nant || and sent sal- | vation | to His |
people.
Israel is saved | by the | Lord || with an | ever- | lasting sal- | vation.

GOOD FRIDAY CANTICLE.

From S. BACH.



1. Christ our Passover was offered for us | on this | day. || He was delivered for |
our of- | fen— | ses.
He bore our sins in His own body | on the | tree, || and the Lord hath laid on
Him the in- | iquit-y | of us | all.
2. He hath trodden the winepress alone, and of the people | there was none | with
Him. || He was taken from prison and from judgment; He was cut off | out of
the | land of the | living.
Thou wast slain, and hast re- | deem-ed | us || out of every kindred, and tongue,
and | people, | and— | nation.
3. Thou hast loved us, and washed us from our sins in | Thine own | blood; || and
hast made us unto our God, | kings— | and— | priests.
Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain || to receive power, and riches, and wis-
dom, and strength, and honor, and glory, for- | ever and | ev— | er.
4. Now is come sal- | vation and | strength, || and the kingdom of our God, and
the | power of | His— | Christ.
Death shall be swallowed | up in | victory, || and God shall wipe away all |
tears— | from our | eyes.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

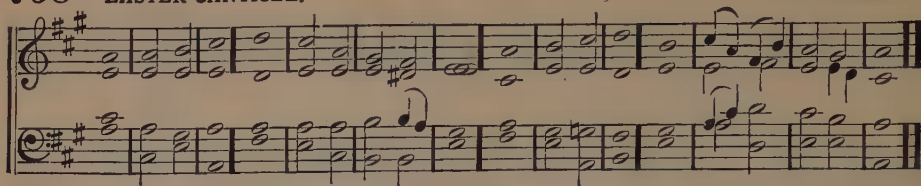
766 Continued.

3. This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous | in our | eyes. || This is the day the
Lord hath made; we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.
Let the voice of rejoicing and sal- | vation be | heard, || in the taber- | nacles |
of the | righteous.
4. Blessed is He that cometh in the name | of the | Lord! || Blessed be the king-
dom of our father David! Ho- | sanna | in the | highest!
Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will enter in and | praise the | Lord, || and
say among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth. Let the multitudes of the |
isles be | glad there- | of.
5. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad. || He shall judge the world
with righteousness; and the | people | with His | truth.
Blessed be His glorious name for- | ever and | ever: || and let the whole earth
be | filled with | His— | glory.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

768

EASTER CANTICLE.

J. F. PETEL.



1. Christ our Passover | has— | risen. || He was dead, and behold He is alive for-
evermore, and hath the keys of | hell— | and of | death.

Christ our Passover was dead, a sacrifice | for our | sins. || He was put to death
in the flesh, but was | quickened | by the | Spirit.

2. Christ is risen from the dead, and henceforth | dieth no | more; || death hath no
more do- | minion | over | Him.

He died unto sin once, but now He liveth | unto | God; || the Prince of Life
could not be | holden | of— | death.

3. God did not leave His soul | in the | grave, || nor suffer His Holy One to | see— |
cor- — | ruption.

Christ is risen, the first fruits of | them that | slept. || Since by man came death,
by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

4. Death is swallowed | up for- | ever! || O death, | where— | is thy | sting?

O grave, | where is thy | victory? || Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the
victory, | through our Lord | Jesus | Christ.

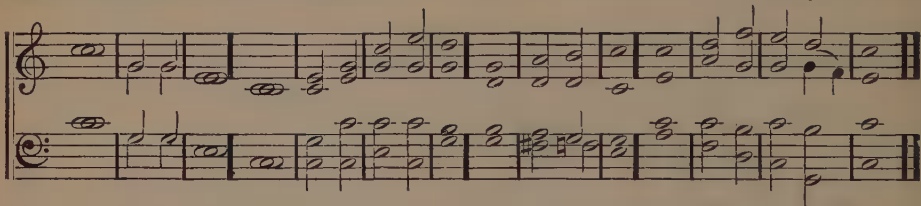
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A— | men.

769

ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE.

Arr. by J. F. P.



1. Oh clap your hands, | all ye | people. || Shout unto God with the | voice— |
of— | triumph!

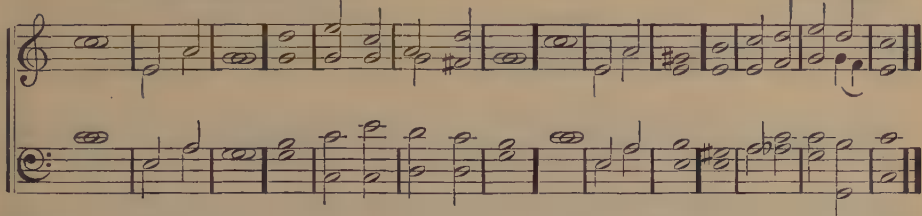
God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound | of a | trumpet. || Lift
up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and
the King of | glory | shall come | in!

2. Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty; | He is the | King
of | glory.

Sing praises to God, and unto our King! | Sing— | praises! || For He is the |
King of | all the | earth.

3. God reigneth | over the | heathen; || He sitteth upon the | throne of | His— |
holiness.

Let all the world bow | down be- | fore Him, || and all the angels of | God— |
worship | Him!

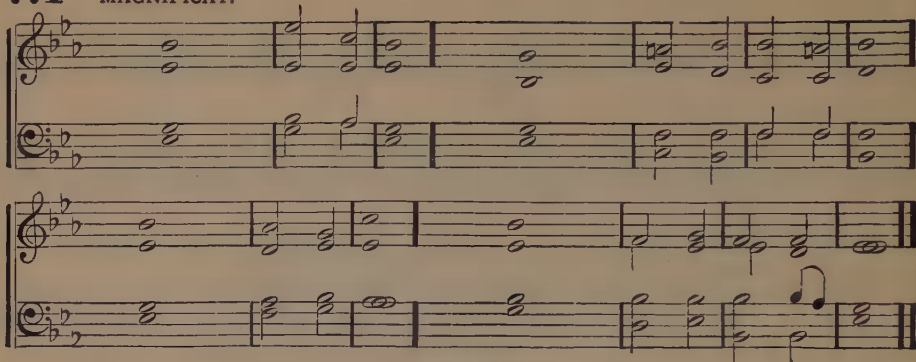


1. Let us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt His | goodness. || Let us come before Him
with songs of | praise, and | hymns of thanks- | giving.
God hath raised up His holy Child Jesus, who, being by His right hand exalt-
ed, shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- | on the a- | postles, || so
that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and | wonders | in His
name.
2. He gave power to the testimony | of His | servants. || The kingdoms of the
earth, the people and | nations have | heard His | voice,
And have rendered obedience | unto our | Lord, || and | to— | His— | Christ.
3. We render thanks unto | Thee, O | Lord, || who art the Alpha and Omega, the |
first— | and the | last,
That Thou hast re- | vealed Thy | power, || and entered | upon | Thy— |
kingdom.
4. Thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, || even the Spirit of truth, that He
may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.
Thou hast sent the Spirit of Thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry unto
Thee: | Abba, | Father. || It is the Spirit, which witnesseth with our spirits,
that | we are the | children of | God.
5. The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, || and with groanings, which cannot
be uttered, | maketh inter- | cession | for us.
We wait for the redemption | of our | body, || and for the manifestation of the
glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.
6. The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance; || whereby also we
are sealed | unto the | day of re- | demption.
O Lord, we praise Thee, and | render Thee | thanks, || that Thou hast | given |
us the | Spirit.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A— | men.

769 Continued.

4. Thy throne, O God, is for- | ever and | ever; || the sceptre of Thy kingdom || is
a | right— | sceptre.
Thou lovest righteousness and | hatest | wickedness; || therefore God, Thy God,
hath anointed Thee with the oil of | gladness a- | bove Thy | fellows.
5. Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive. Thou hast
received | gifts for | men. || Thou hast entered into Thy Father's house, to
pre- | pare a | mansion for | us.
Thou hast prepared Thy throne | in the | heavens; || and Thy kingdom | rul-
eth | over | all.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A— | men.

MAGNIFICAT.



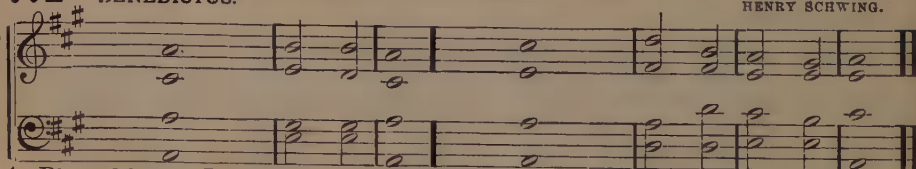
St. Luke i. 46.

1. My soul doth magni- | fy the Lord,
And my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God
my | Saviour.
For He | hath re- | garded
The low e- | state of | His hand- | maiden.
2. For behold, | from hence- | forth
All gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.
For He | that is | mighty,
Hath done to me great things; and | holy | is
His | name.
3. And His mercy is on them | that fear | Him,
From gene- | ration | to gene- | ration.
He hath shewed strength | with His | arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- |
nation | of their | hearts:
4. He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats,
And exalted | them of | low- | degree.
He hath filled the hungry | with good | things,
And the rich He | hath sent | empty a- | way.
5. He hath holpen His | servant | Israel,
In re- | membrance | of His | mercy.
As He spake | to our | fathers,
To Abraham, | and his | seed for- | ever.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son: |
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: |
World without | end.— | A— | men.

772

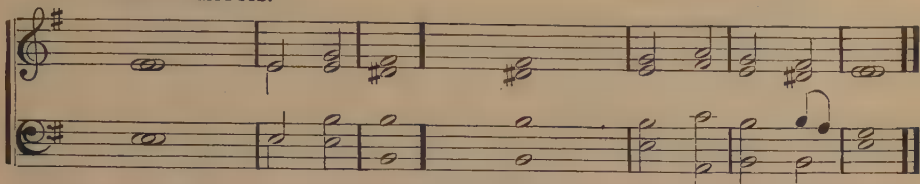
BENEDICTUS.

HENRY SCHWING.



1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for He hath visited | and re- | deemed
His | people;
2. And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us, || in the house | of His | ser-
vant | David;
3. As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets, || which have been | since
the | world be- | gan;

NUNC DIMITTIS.



1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace,: || ac- | cording | to Thy | word.
2. For mine eyes have seen | Thy sal- | vation, || which Thou hast prepared be- | fore the | face of all | people;
3. To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles: || and to the glory of Thy | people | Isra- | el. Glory be to the Father, &c.—

774

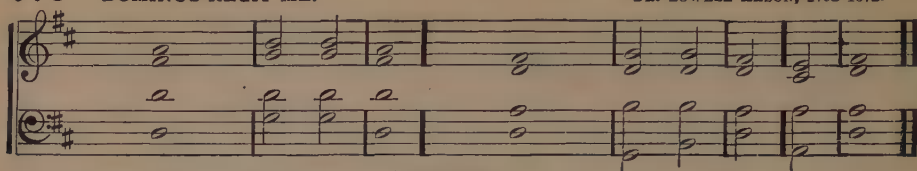
Isaiah, 53.

1. He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions;
He was bruised for | our in- | iqui- | ties.
2. The chastisement of our peace | was upon | Him,
And with His | stripes — | we are | healed.
3. All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray;
We have turned every | one to | his own | way;
4. And the Lord hath | laid on | Him
The in- | iquity | of us | all.
5. He was oppressed, and He | was af- | flicted,
Yet He | opened | not His | mouth.
6. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as
a sheep before her | shearers is | dumb,
So He | opened | not His | mouth.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World without | end. — | A — | men.

772 Continued.

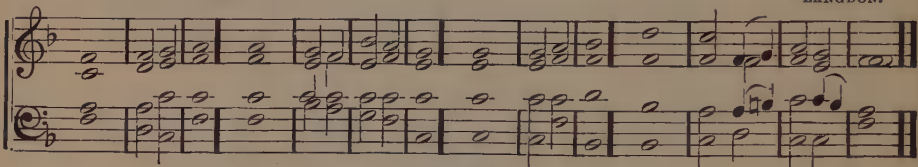
4. That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us;
5. To perform the mercy promised | to our | fathers, || and to remember His | holy | cove- | nant:
6. The oath | which He | sware || to our | father | Abra- | ham.
7. That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand | of our | enemies, || might | serve Him | without | fear,
8. In holiness and righteousness be- | fore — | Him, || all the | days — | of our | life.
9. And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet | of the | Highest; | for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to pre- | pare — | His — | ways;
10. To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people, || by the re- | mission | of their | sins.
11. Through the tender mercy | of our | God; || whereby the Day-spring from on | high hath | visited | us;
12. To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow of | death, || to guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. — | A — | men.



Psalm 23.

1. The Lord | is my | Shepherd; || I | shall — | not — | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in | green — | pastures:
He leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.
3. He re- | storeth my | soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil:
For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my | life:
And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.



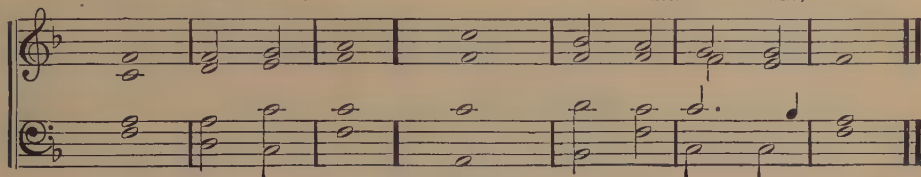
Psalm 51.

1. Have mercy upon me, | O — | God, || according to | Thy — | loving | kindness:
According unto the multitude of Thy | tender | mercies || blot | out — | my trans-
gressions.
 2. Wash me thoroughly | from mine | iniquity, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin.
For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my sin is | ever be- | fore — | me.
 3. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in Thy | sight: || that Thou
mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear when | Thou judg- | est.
Behold, I was | shapen in | iniquity; || and in sin did my | mother con- | ceive — | me.
 4. Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts: || and in the hidden part Thou
shalt | make me | to know | wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean; || wash me, and I shall be | whi- — | ter
than | snow.
 5. Make me hear | joy and | gladness; || that the bones which Thou hast | broken | may
re- | joice.
Hide Thy face | from my | sins, || and blot | out all | mine in- | iquities.
 6. Create in me a clean | heart, O | God: || and renew a right | spirit with- | in — | me.
Cast me not away | from Thy | presence; || and take not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
 7. Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation: || and uphold me | with Thy | free- | spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors | Thy — | ways; || and sinners shall be con- | verted |
unto | Thee.
 8. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and my
tongue shall sing aloud | of Thy | righteous- | ness.
O Lord, open | Thou my | lips, || and my mouth shall | shew forth | Thy — | praise.
 9. For Thou desirest not sacrifice: else | would I | give it: || Thou delightest | not in |
burnt — | offering.
The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart, O God, |
Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
 10. Do good in Thy good pleasure | unto | Zion: || build Thou the walls | of Je- | rusa- | lem.
Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering
and | whole burnt | offering: || then shall they offer bullocks | upon | Thine — | altar.
- Glory be to the Father, &c.

777

DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT, 1530-1580.

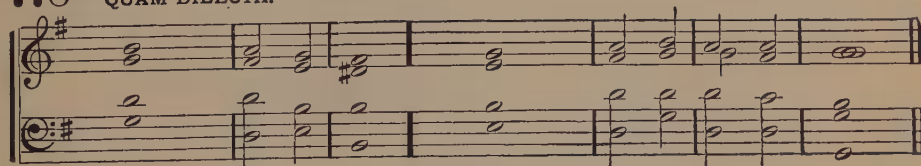


Psalm 67.

1. God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us:
2. That Thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3. Let the people praise | Thee, O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
4. O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy:
For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon |
earth.
5. Let the people praise | Thee, O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
7. God | shall— | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | Him.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

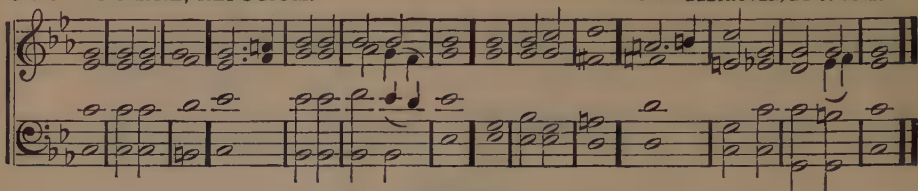
778

QUAM DILECTA.



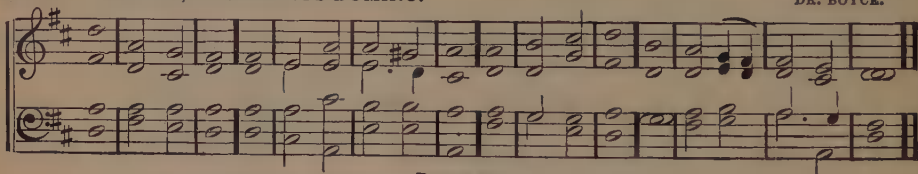
Psalm 84.

1. How amiable are Thy | taber- | nacles,
O | Lord— | of— | hosts!
2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts of the | Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
3. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may | lay her | young,
Even Thine altars; O Lord of hosts, my | King— | and my | God.
4. Blessed are they that dwell | in Thy | house:
They will be | still— | praising | Thee.
5. Behold, O | God our | shield,
And look upon the | face of | Thine A- | nointed.
6. For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the |
tents of | wicked- | ness.
7. For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from |
them that | walk up- | rightly.
8. O | Lord of | hosts,
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | Thee.
Glory be to the Father, &c.



Psalm 90.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our | dwelling | place || in | all— | gen-e- | rations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth |
and the | world, || even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.
 2. Thou turnest man | to de- | struction || and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children of | men.
For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday | when it is | past || and
as a | watch— | in the | night.
 3. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they | are as a | sleep; || in the morn-
ing they are like | grass which | groweth | up;
In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is cut |
down and | wither- | eth.
 4. For all our days are passed away | in Thy | wrath; || we spend our years as a |
tale— | that is | told.
The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || and if by reason of |
strength they be | fourscore | years,
 5. Yet is their strength | labor and | sorrow; || for it is soon cut off | and we | fly
a- | way.
So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts— | un-
to | wisdom.
- Glor-y be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

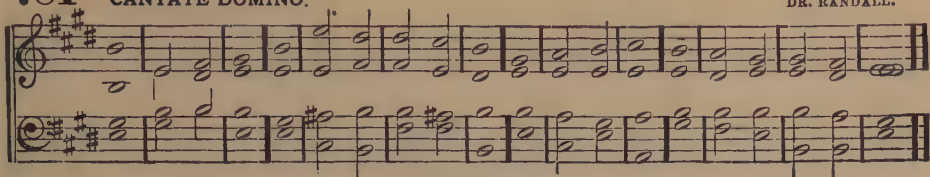


Psalm 95.

1. O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock
of | our sal- | vation.
Let us come before His presence | with thanks- |
giving.
And make a joyful noise | unto | Him with | psalms.
2. For the Lord is a | great — | God,
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth:
The strength of the | hills is | His — | also.
3. The sea is His, | and He | made it:
And His hands | formed the | dry — | land.
O come let us worship | and bow | down:
Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

CANTATE DOMINO.

DR. RANDALL.



Psalm 98.

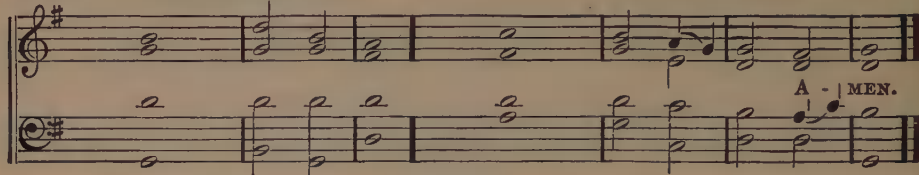
1. O sing unto the Lord | new — | song;
For He hath | done — | marvelous | things:
His right hand and His | holy | arm,
Hath | gotten | Him the | victory:
2. The Lord hath made known | His sal- | vation:
His righteousness hath He openly showed in
the | sight — | of the | heathen.
He hath remembered His mercy and His truth
toward the | house of | Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- |
vation | of our | God.
3. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth:
Make a loud noise and re- | joice — | and
sing | praise.
Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp;
With the harp, and the | voice — | of a | psalm.
4. With trumpets and | sound of | cornet
Make a joyful noise be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
Let the sea roar, and the | fulness there- | of:
The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
5. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be
joyful together be- | fore the | Lord;
For He | cometh to | judge the | earth.
With righteousness shall He | judge the | world,
And the | people | with — | equity.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World without | end. — | A. — | men.

780 Continued.

4. For He | is our | God;
And we are the people of His pasture; and the | sheep
of | His — | hand.
To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts
as in the provocation, and as the day of temptation |
in the | wilderness: | when your fathers tempted
me, | proved me, and | saw my | work.
5. Forty years long was I grieved with this gene- |
ration, and | said,
It is a people that do err in their heart, and
they | have not | known my | ways.
Unto whom I swear | in my | wrath,
That they should not | enter | into my | rest.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

782

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

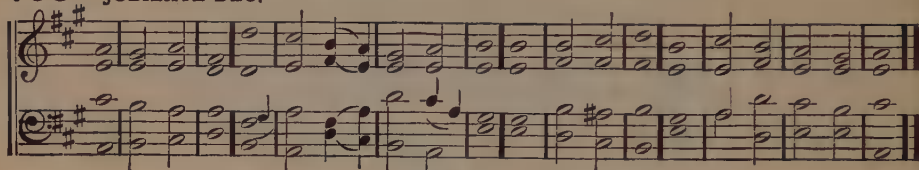


Psalm 92.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord,
And to sing praises unto Thy | name, — | O Most | High.
2. To show forth Thy loving kindness | in the | morning,
And Thy | faithful-ness | every | night.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery;
Upon the harp | with a | solemn | sound.
4. For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | work.
I will triumph in the | works — | of Thy | hands.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

783

JUBILATE DEO.—



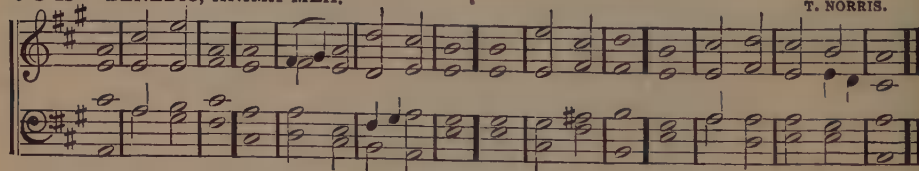
Psalm 100.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands
Serve the Lord with gladness; come be- | fore
His | presence with | singing.
Know ye that the Lord | He is | God:
It is He that hath made us, | and not | we our- | selves;
2. We | are His | people,
And the | sheep — | of His | pasture.
Enter into His gates | with thanks- | giving,
And | into His | courts with | praise:
3. Be thankful | unto | Him, || and | bless — | His— | name.
For the Lord is good; His mercy is | ever- | lasting,
And His truth endureth to | all — | gene- | rations.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

784

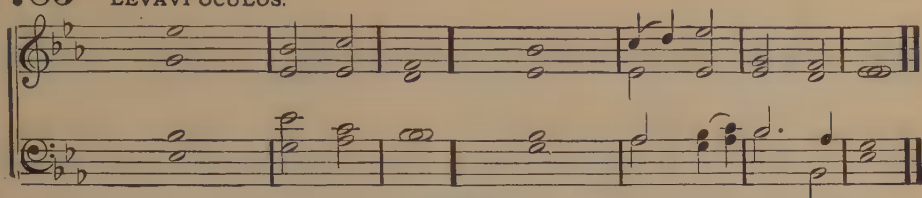
BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

T. NORRIS.



Psalm 103.

1. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me, | bless His | holy | name.
Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all His | ben-e- | fits:
2. Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; || who | healeth all | thy dis- | eases:
Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with loving |
kindness and | tender | mercies;
3. The Lord hath prepared His throne | in the | heavens; || and His kingdom | ruleth | over | all.
Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that do His command-
ments, hearkening unto the | voice— | of His | word!
4. Bless ye the Lord, all | ye His | hosts! || ye ministers of | His, that | do His | pleasure!
Bless the Lord, all His works! in all places of | His do- | minion: || bless the | Lord,— |
O my | soul! Glory be to the Father, &c.

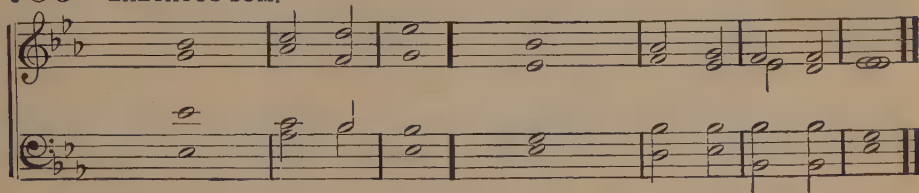


Psalm 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven and | earth.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.
3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon | thy right | hand:
The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon by | night.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth,
and | even for- | ever- | more.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

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LAETATUS SUM.

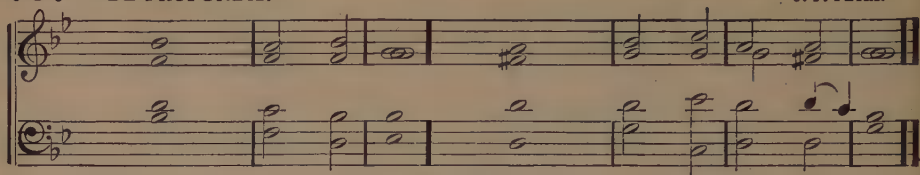


Psalm 122.

1. I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the |
house of the | Lord.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je-^r rusa- | lem.
2. Jerusalem is builded | as a | city
That | is com- | pact to- | gether:
3. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes | of the | Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks |
unto the | name of the | Lord.
4. For there are set | thrones of | judgment,
The | thrones of the | house of | David.
5. Pray for the peace | of Je- | rusalem:
They shall | prosper that | love— | Thee.
6. Peace be with- | in thy | walls,
And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
7. For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes,
I will now say, | Peace be with- | in — | thee.
8. Because of the house of the | Lord our | God
I will | seek — | thy — | good.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World without | end. — | A- — | men.

DE PROFUNDIS.

J. F. PETRI.

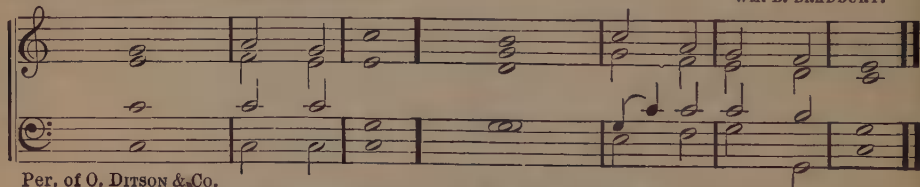


Psalm 130.

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord.||Lord, | hear— | my— | voice.
 2. Let Thine ears | be at- | tentive || to the | voice of my | suppli- | cations.
 3. If Thou, Lord, shouldest | mark in- | iquities,||O | Lord,— | who shall | stand?
 4. But there is for- | giveness | with Thee, || that | Thou— | mayest be | feared.
 5. I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and in His | word— | do I | hope.
 6. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch | for the | morning:||
I say more than | they that | watch for the | morning.
 7. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord | there is | mercy, || and with | Him is | plenteous re- | demption.
 8. And He shall re- | deem— | Israel || from | all— | his in- | iquities.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A — | men.

I AM THE RESURRECTION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

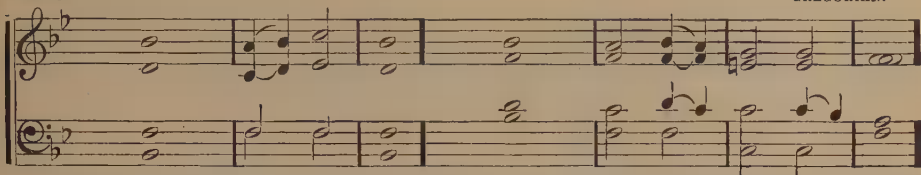


Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

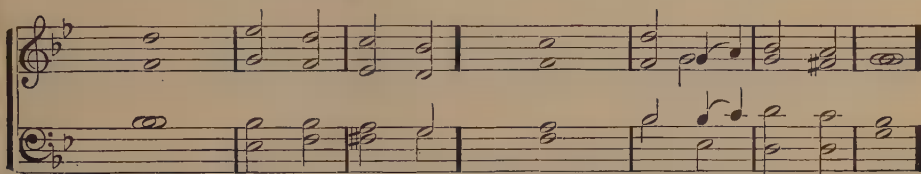
1. I am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord;
He that believeth in me, though he were |
dead, yet | shall he | live.
2. And whosoever | liv— | eth,
And believeth in | me, shall | never | die.
3. None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth
| to him- | self:
For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and
whether we die, we | die un- | to the | Lord:
4. Whether we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's;
For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and
revived, that He might be Lord | both of
the | dead and | living.
5. And now is Christ risen | from the | dead,
And become the first | fruits of | them that | slept.
6. O death, where | is thy | sting?
O grave, where | is thy | victo- | ry?
7. Thanks be to God, which giveth | us the | victory
Through our Lord | Jesus | Christ! A — | men.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World without | end. — | A — | men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

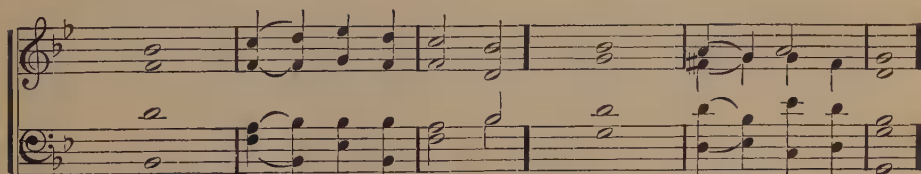
GREGORIAN.



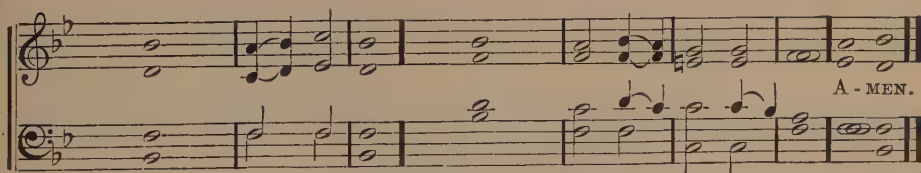
Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give thanks
 to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King || God the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty!
 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son— |
 of the | Father,



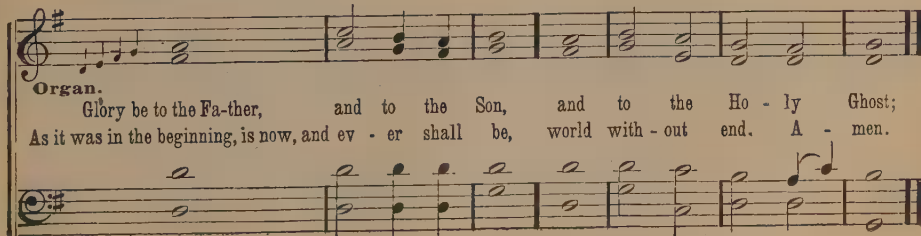
That takest away the | sin of the | world, || have mercy | up-on — | us.
 Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world, || have mercy | up-on — | us.
 Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | up-on — | us.



A - MEN.

For Thou only | art— | holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.
 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God
 the | Father. || A— | MEN.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.



Organ.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

790

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - MEN.

2 Just as I am, and | waiting | not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each
| spot,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

3 Just as I am, though | tossed a- | bout
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
Fighting and fears with- | in, with- | out,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, | wretched, | blind,
Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind—

Yea, all I need—in | Thee to | find,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

5 Just as I am Thou | wilt re- | ceive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- |
lieve;

Because Thy promise | I be- | lieve,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy | love un- | known
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be Thine—yea, | Thine a- | lone—
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

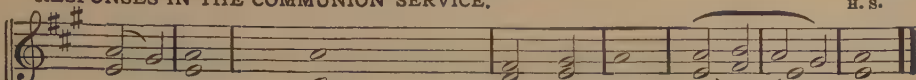
Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

791

KYRIE.

O God, the Father in Heaven, have mer-cy up - on us, O God, the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mer-cy up - on us.

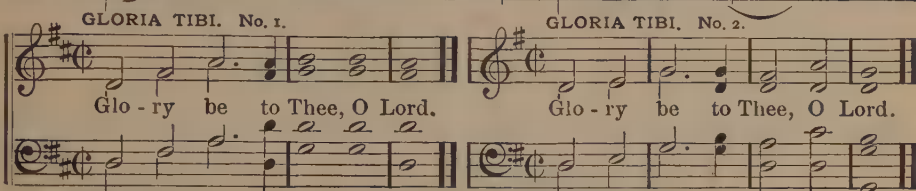
O God, the Holy Ghost, have mer - cy up - on us, and grant us Thy peace. A - men.



A - men. { 1. And with Thy Spirit. } A - - men.
 2. We lift them up un - to the Lord.
 3. It is meet and right so to do.
 The Lord's name be praised.
 Have mercy up - on us.
 Good Lord, de - liver us.
 Spare us, good Lord. &c.

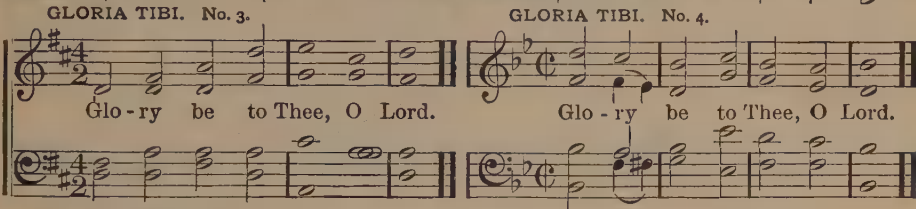


GLORIA TIBI. No. 1. GLORIA TIBI. No. 2.



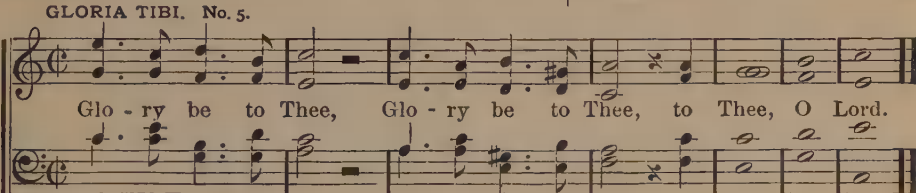
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 3. GLORIA TIBI. No. 4.



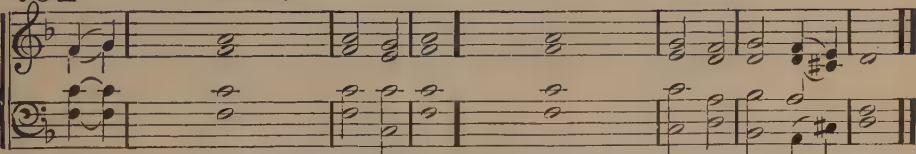
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 5.



Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord.

792 FUNERAL CHANT.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I am the resurrection and the life, saith
 the Lord;
 He that believeth in me, though he were
 dead, yet shall he live.</p> <p>2 And whosoever liv- — eth,
 And believeth in me, shall never die.</p> <p>3 None of us liveth to himself, and no man
 dieth to him- self:
 For whether we live, we live unto the
 Lord, and whether we die, we die un-
 to the Lord.</p> <p>4 Whether we live therefore or die, we
 are the Lord's;</p> | <p>For to this end Christ both died, and rose,
 and revived, that He might be Lord
 both of the dead and living.</p> <p>5 And now is Christ risen from the dead,
 And become the first fruits of them that
 slept.</p> <p>6 O death, where is thy sting?
 O grave, where is thy victo- ry?</p> <p>7 Thanks be to God, which giveth us the
 victory
 Through our Lord Jesus Christ. A-
 men.
 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

JESUS LIVES.

Je-sus lives! Je-sus lives! No longer now Can thy terrors, death, ap - pal us. Jesus lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le - lu - ia!

■ Jesus lives! | henceforth is death
But the grace of life im - mortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy | portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! | for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus | living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Savior | giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! | our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall | sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping | ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! | to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in | heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757. Trans. by Frances E. Cox, 1841.

IRR.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

ff Glory be to the Father, Glory be to the Son, Glo-ry be to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, As it was in the be-
As it was in the beginning, is now,

gin-ning, is now, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, world without end,
As it was in the be-gin-ning, A - men, A-men, world

A-men, world without end, world without end, world without end, Amen, A-men, A - men, world without end, A - men.
without end,

794 SANCTUS.

OLD ENGLISH.

Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - aoth! Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy glo - ry; Heav'n and earth are full, are full of Thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, to Thee, O Lord most high. Glo - ry be, etc.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 1.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep all these laws. A - men, A - men.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 2.

Lord have mercy upon us, and in - cline our hearts to keep these laws.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 4.

GRMATOREX COLL. IRR.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 5.

IRR.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men.

795

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THOMAS TALLIS.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done on | earth as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give
our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A - | men.

L. M.

1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

L. M. 6l.

2. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

C. M.

3. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

C. M. D.

4. The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

5. To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honors done.

H. M.

6. To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

6s, 4s.

7. To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

7s.

8. Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s. 6l.

9. Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him all below the sky,
Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

7s. D.

10. Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

8s & 7s.

11. Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

8s, 7s & 4s.

12. Glory be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son:
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

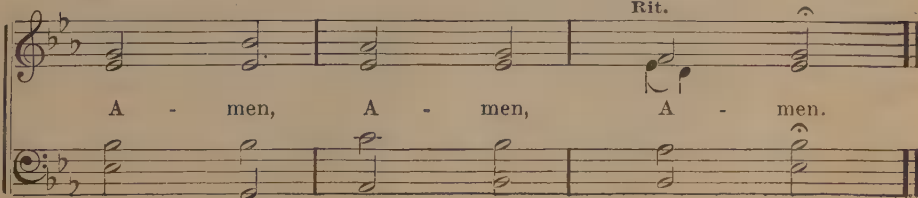
7s & 6s.

13. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise Thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

10s.

14. To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be address;
From age to age, ye saints, His name
adore, [no more.
And spread His fame, till time shall be

Rit.



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